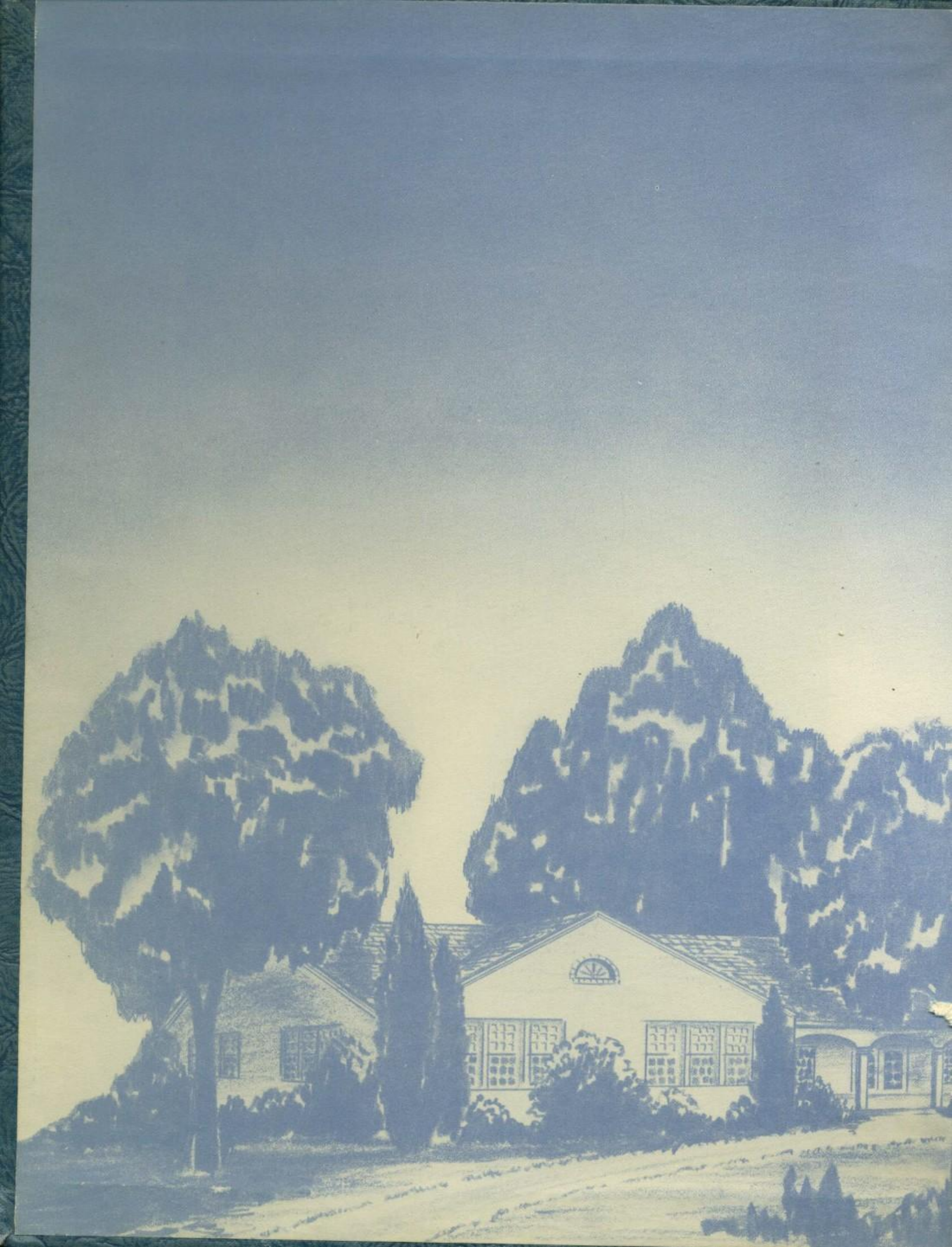
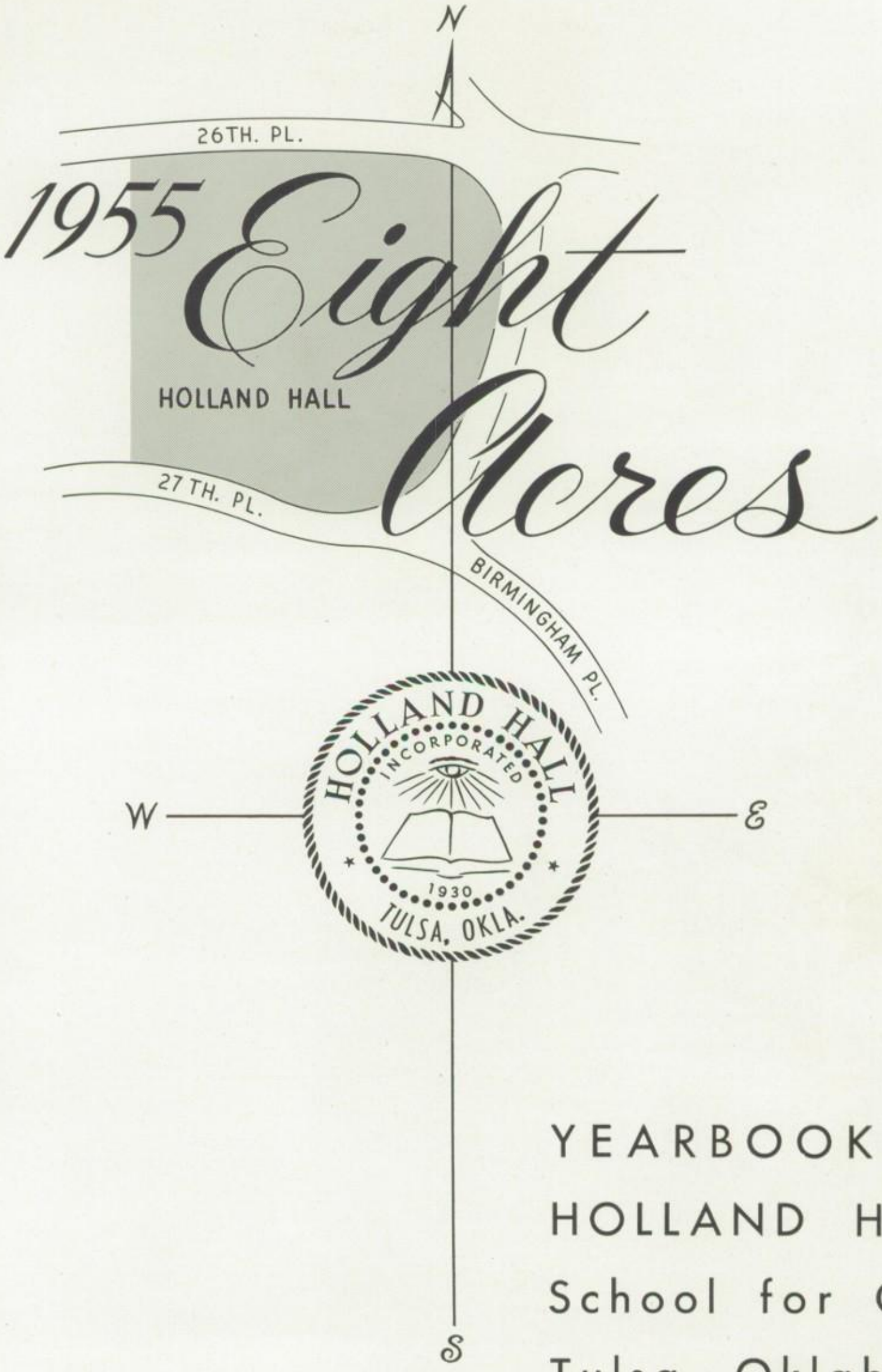
Eight Acres

1955



HOLLAND HALL



YEARBOOK OF HOLLAND HALL

School for Girls

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Upper School in Summer

Founded in 1922 by Winifred Shursmann, Holland Hall is located at 2640 South Birmingham Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Originally the school grounds included eight acres, thus giving our yearbook its name.

Holland Hall is divided into an Upper and a Lower School. From the eighth through the twelfth grade only girls attend.

The enrollment in the Upper School, during 1954-55 was sixty-nine girls. Most of the faculty, composed of twenty-four members, have masters' degrees.

Field House

Upper School in Winter

Lower School (Front)

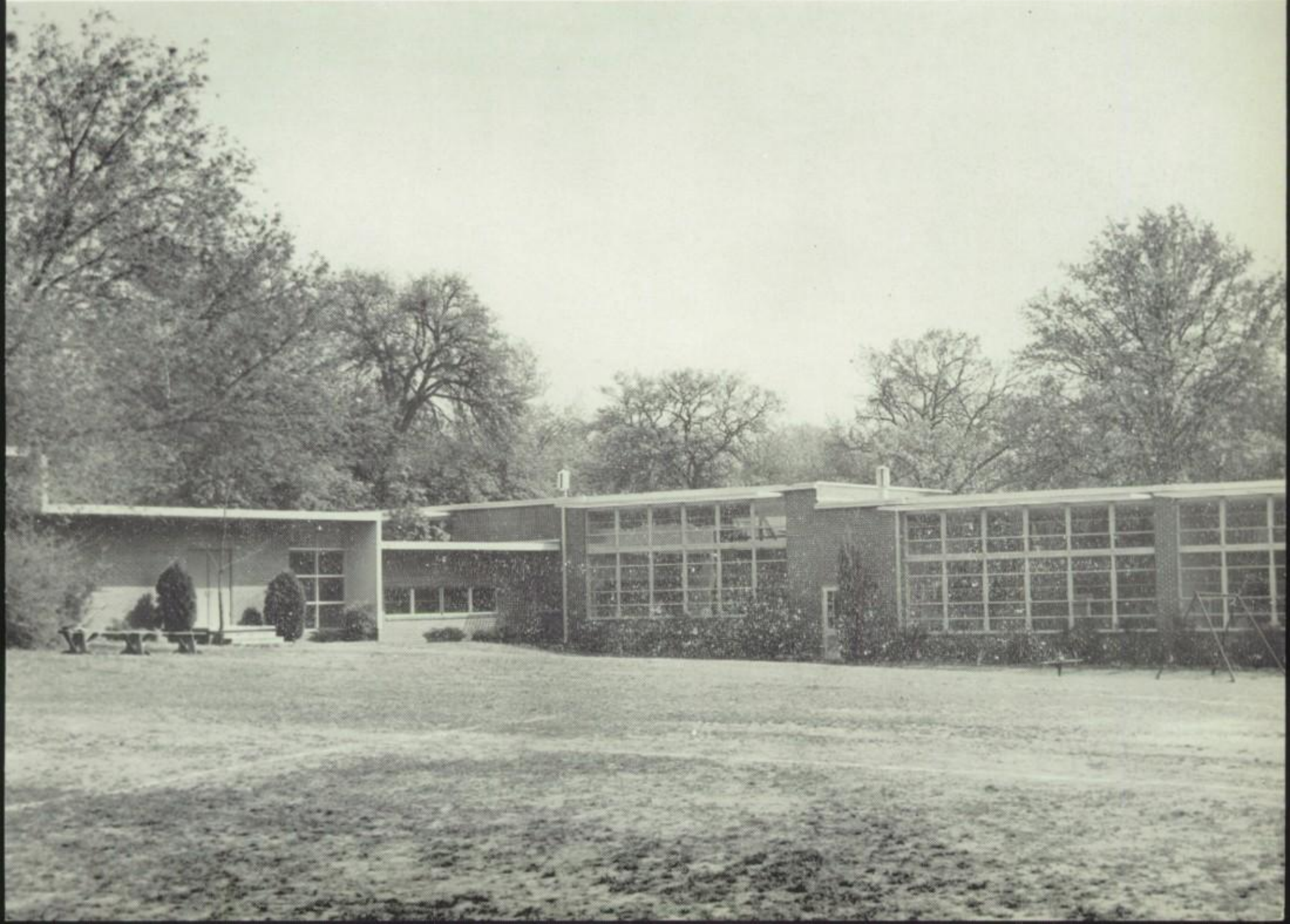
In 1950 two wings were opened for use, the old building was remodeled, and a new lighting system was installed throughout.

The Lower School occupies the new addition.

Holland Hall is a private coeducational school from the Junior Kindergarten through the sixth grade.

The Lower School (kindergarten through the seventh grade) had an enrollment of two hundred pupils, during 1954-55.

Lower School (Back)



Foreword

The Publications Staff has attempted in this fifteenth volume of EIGHT ACRES to present Education through Communication of Ideas and Ideals, as expressed by the Administration, Faculty, Classes, Activities, and Alumnae of Holland Hall, the telephone motif being used as a symbol of such communication.

Elated
Producers of
"Eight Acres"

Dedication

To BILLIE BENTLEY KIKER

Who has long communicated worthwhile ideas and ideals generously, effectively, buoyantly, and who has given unstintingly of herself and her varied talents to help all with whom she comes in contact, we affectionately dedicate the 1955 EIGHT ACRES.

Contents

ADMINISTRATION

	Page
Board of Trustees	10
Parents' Association	10
Principal	11

FACULTY

Teaching Staff	14-16
Office Staff	16

CLASSES

Upper School	19-50
Lower School	51-62

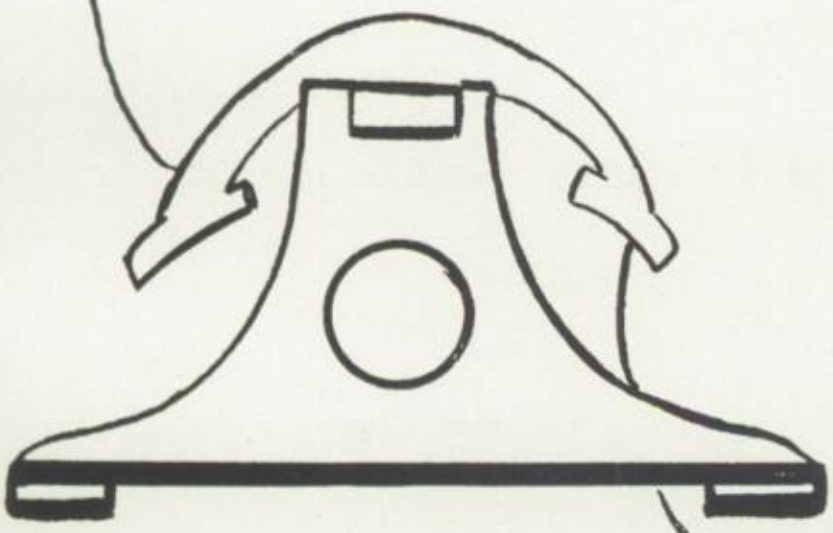
ACTIVITIES

Student Council	64-65
Publications	66-67
Art	72-73
Music	74-75
Physical Education	76-81

FEATURES

Queens	81-85
Musical Productions	86-89
May Fete	90-91
Awards	93
Class Day	95-104

Administration



Board of Trustees

Seated: Mr. Dan Davisson, Mrs. Walter Helmerich, Mr. William Daniel, Mrs. Raymond Hall. Standing: Mr. Howard Grubb, Mr. Donald McCormick, Mrs. Eliza Bennett Heavey, Mr. A. W. Chandler, Jr., Miss Joan Kennedy, Mrs. James Diggs, Jr., Mr. Forrest Lindsay.

Mrs. Raymond Hall

Officers of Parents' Association

President ..... Mrs. Raymond Hall

Vice-President ..... Mrs. Robert H. Christman

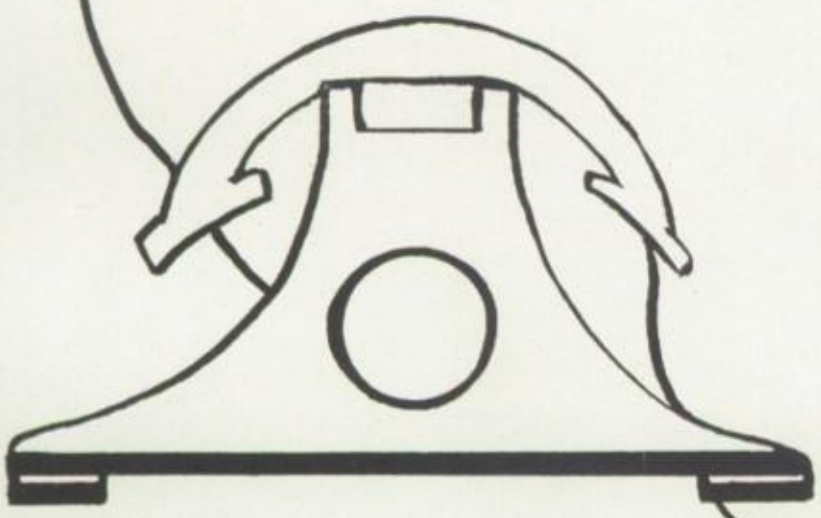
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Mrs. J. Leslie Seidenbach

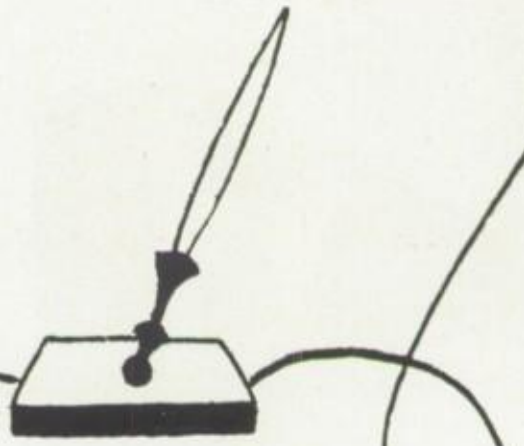
ELIZA BENNETT HEAVEY
PRINCIPAL OF HOLLAND HALL

Goucher College, B.A.
Northwestern University, M.A.
University of Wisconsin
University of Tulsa

ASSEMBLY

Faculty





MARGUERITE ANDRE
Paris Sorbonne, D.E.S.
Middlebury College, Vermont, M.A.
Columbia University
New York University
Cornell University
French

GERALDINE LONG BAILEY
Colorado State Teachers College, M.A., M. Pd.
University of Dijon, France
Columbia University, M.A.
New York University
Latin

JOSEPHINE L. BEATTIE
University of Tulsa, B.A., M.A.
Diploma, Paris Div. of New York School of Fine and Applied Art
Art

LULU B. BECKINGTON
Northwestern University, B.A.
University of Chicago
Columbia University, M.A.
English and Publications

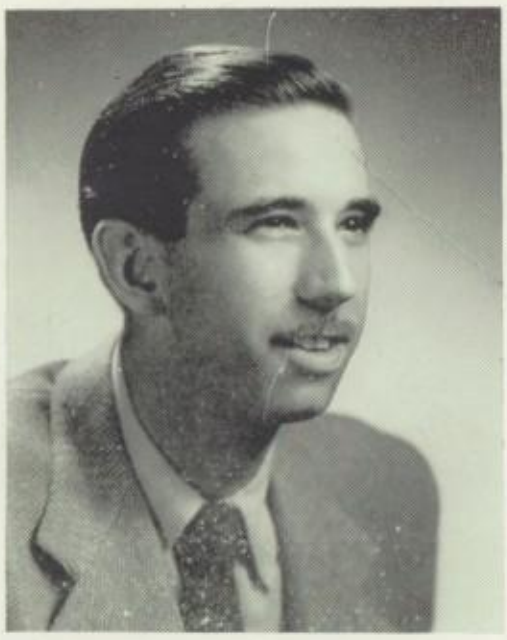
DOROTHY A. CALDWELL
Oklahoma A. and M. College, B.S.
Oklahoma A. and M. College, M.A.
Third Grade

BETTY KENNEDY COLE
University of Texas
University of Arkansas, B.A.
George Peabody College
Library

JOHN DAVENPORT
University of Tulsa, B.A.
Eight Grade History and Boys' Athletics

DOROTHY GUYOT ECKEL
Southwestern College
Kansas State Teachers College
Universities of Kan., Houston, Tulsa
Second Grade

JAMES QUENTIN GRAHAM, JR.
Columbia University, B.S. and M.A.
Fifth Grade and Senior History



EDWARD B. HITCHCOCK, JR.
Amherst College, M.A.
New School for Social Research
Sixth Grade and History

ELISABETH HITCHCOCK
Westbrook Junior College
Nursery Training School of Boston
Junior Kindergarten

MARGARET WARNER KABOTH
Salem College, B.A.
University of Southern California
Girls' Physical Education

BILLIE BENTLEY KIKER
Abilene Christian College, B.A.
Peabody College for Teachers, M.A.
Junior Dramatics with Margo Jones
Seventh Grade

MARGARET J. MOULTON
Bates College, B.A.
Wellesley College, M.A.
Chemistry and Biology

BETTY MACKAY
University of Tulsa, B.A.
Spanish

BEATRICE L. McINERNEY
State College, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
St. Norbert College, B.A.
University of Hawaii
University of Wisconsin
First Grade

CHARLOTTE S. ROCKWOOD
American Intern't'l College, B.A.
Springfield College, M. Ed.
Yale University
English and History

RUTH PURCELL ROSS
Cincinnati College of Music
University of Cincinnati
Mushingum College
Denison University
Music

AMANDA C. RUTLEDGE
School of Modern Kindergarten Training, Rochester, N. Y.
Senior Kindergarten

EVELYN BERSON SHARP
Randolph-Macon
University of Tennessee, B.A.
Mathematics

ALICE HAGLER WHITE
Southwestern College, Memphis, B.A.
Vanderbilt University, M.A.
George Peabody
Fourth Grade

MRS. DAVID V. WILLIAMS
Westminster Choir College, B. Mus.
Piano

VERA MALOCH ROARK
Financial Secretary

BETH RANSDELL
Secretary

BERNICE RUTH HARE
Secretary

BETTY KNIGHT BROACH
Secretary

DOROTHY THOMAS
Typing

Mrs. McInerney Assists

Mrs. Rutledge, Guardian of Kinders

Table-Top Teaching with Mrs. Kiker

Jack, a Stranger in Paradise

Dressed Up With Mrs. Hitchcock

Mrs. Kaboth in Rare Form

Mrs. Thomas, Type Teach

Fall of the Mighty Mr. Graham

Wind Up With Mrs. Eckel and Mrs. Caldwell

Our Versatile Miss Beattie

Mrs. White, Caught in the Act

Mrs. Ransdell and Mrs. Hare,
Office Experts

Our Musicians, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Williams

Mrs. MacKay, Spanish Specialist

Mrs. Potorff, Songstress

Mrs. Bailey, Latin Linguist

Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. McInerney,
Volleyball Enthusiasts

HONOR
LOYALTY
COURTESY
HH
Senior

SENIOR CLASS COMMUNICATE THROUGH SONG

Seated at piano: Jean Campbell. First row, left to right: Joann Fenton, Mary Nesbitt, Ann Maness, Mariellen Smith, Penny Wolaver. Second row, left to right: Marsha Lackey, Kay Stover, Penny Meadows, Jolene Haynes, Jenny Alcott, Cathy Crouch.

Mrs. Rockwood, Our Sponsor

Class Sponsor ..... Charlotte S. Rockwood

Class Flower ..... Forget-me-not

Class Color ..... Light Blue

Class Motto ..... "We've got the world on a string."

Class Mascot ..... Cibidae, a Plush Monkey

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Kay Stover

Vice-President ..... Ann Maness

Secretary ..... Mary Nesbitt

Treasurer ..... Penny Meadows

PENNY MEADOWS' LUNCHEON AT VILLA VENICE

Front row, left to right: Penny Wolaver, Joann Fenton, Jolene Haynes, Mariellen Smith, Cathy Crounch. Back row: Jenny Alcott, Ann Maness, Penny Meadows, Mary Ruth Nesbitt, Kay Stover.

GENEVIEVE ANN ALCOTT

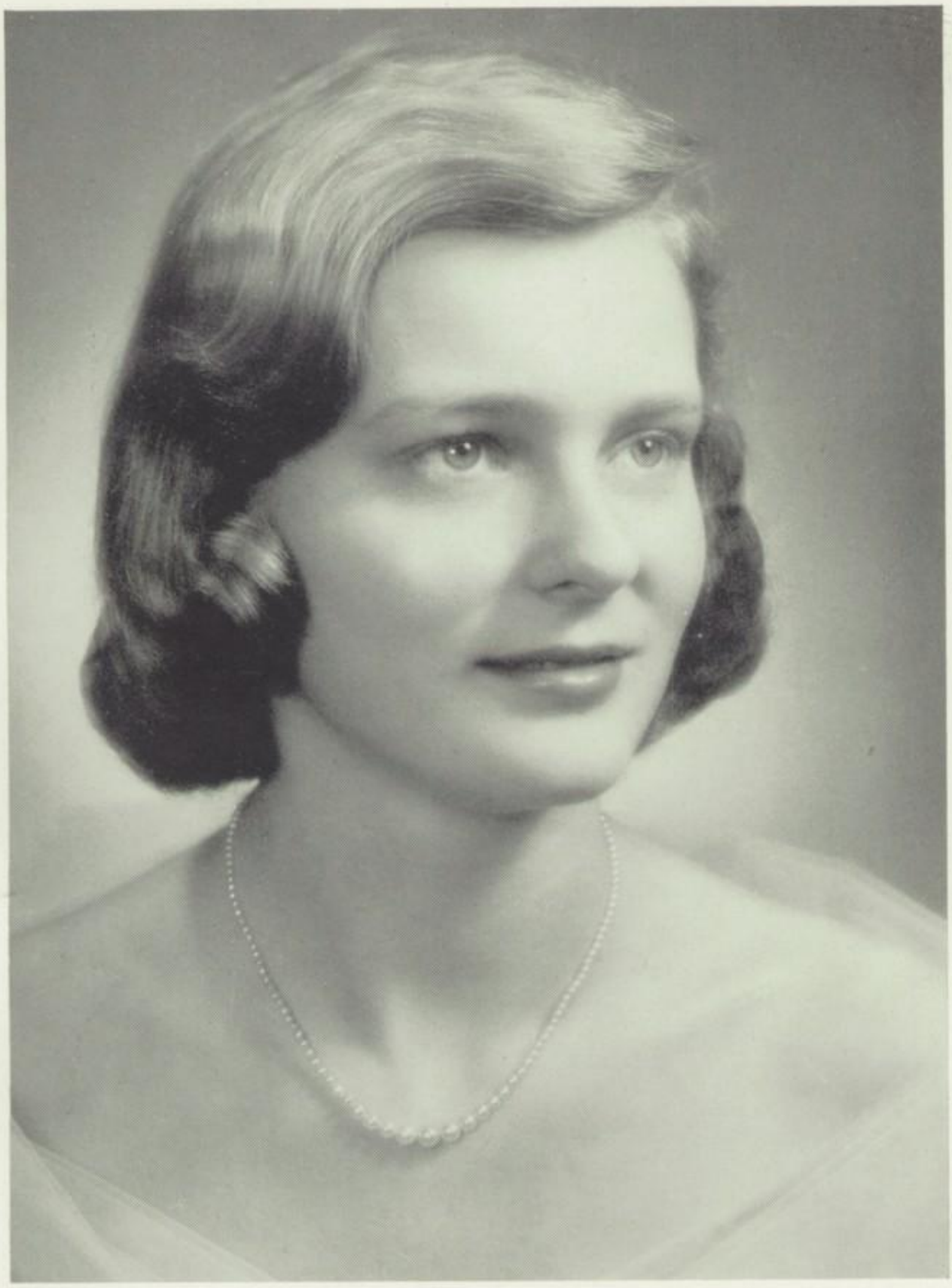
"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair."

"Jenny"

Glee Club:
- "Trial by Jury," chorus ..... '53
- Pops Concert, chorus ..... '53

Art work for "Eight Acres" ..... '53, '54
Christmas Cover Contest: Runner-up ..... '54
Publications Staff ..... '54, '55
Student Council Representative ..... '55
Academic Honors: Semester I ..... '55
High Honors:
- Semester I ..... '53, '54
- Semester II ..... '53, '54

Inherent to Jenny's nature is a passion for neatness and perfection which makes her do things well or not at all. Jenny has learned that silence is truly golden, but those who know her well realize how enthusiastically she can talk on any subject which she considers worth-while. She has the mature good taste to prefer a few fine things to many less perfect ones. Her avocation is the accordion, and those who have heard her play agree that it may well become her vocation.



JEAN GAGE CAMPBELL

"She is pretty to walk with,
and witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

"Urch"

Glee Club:
- "H.M.S. Pinafore," chorus ..... '52
- "Princess Ida," chorus ..... '54
- Pops Concert, Soloist ..... '52, '54

Academic Honors: Semester I ..... '52, '54, '55
Publications Staff ..... '52, '54, '55
Class Vice-President ..... '54
Sakawa Captain ..... '55
Citizen of Quarter ..... '55

No one in our class is more fun-loving or more popular than "Urch." Jean has been on the honor roll every year for her high grades and the fine job she has done as Sakawa captain this year has given evidence to her athletic ability. She has kept us laughing this year with her "Heave-Ho" articles and witticisms. We admire Jean for her ability to get a job done and get it done well. Jean will be remembered for her lovely blond hair, her good sportsmanship, and her ability to stick to her convictions and hold her own in any discussion.

ALICE CATHERINE CROUCH

"How brilliant is the morning star,
The evening star how tender—
The light of both is in her eyes,
Their softness and their splendor."

"Puddin'"

Glee Club:
- "H.M.S. Pinafore," Hebe ..... '52
- "Trial by Jury," Bridesmaid ..... '53
- "Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," Josephine ..... '55
- Pops Concert, Soloist ..... '53, '54, '55

Class Vice-President ..... '53
Field Day Queen ..... '53, '55
Class Secretary ..... '54
Athletic Association Treasurer ..... '55
Christmas Carol Director ..... '55
Cover Girl, Valentine Issue, "Miss Holland Hall' ..... '55

Surely one of the most attractive seniors, Cathy also provides an original spark to our class. She was chosen as cover girl for the Valentine magazine, one of the reasons being that she seems to grow prettier every day. A real fan of anything that includes a good laugh, Cathy is almost invariably found in the center of any happy circle. One of her talents lies in singing, and many will remember her lovely voice in the operetta and in the Christmas services where she sang solos. Good luck always, Cathy.

JOANN CAROL FENTON

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to so ereign power."

"Dutchie"

Red Cross Representative ..... '53
Publications Staff ..... '53, '54, '55
Class Treasurer ..... '54
Associate Editor, "Eight Acres" ..... '54
Student Council President ..... '55
Tulsa "Tribune" Correspondent ..... '55
Academic High Honors:
Semester I ..... '53, '54, '55
Semester II ..... '53, '54

Joann, employing discretion and leadership has wisely guided the student body this year, serving as president of the Student Council. She has instigated ideas for the betterment of the entire school. Joann's friendliness is hard to exhaust while talking on the phone, her favorite pastime. Seemingly tireless, her gay infectious humor may arise at any moment. She should receive only the best from life and we feel sure that her high scholastic record attained at Holland Hall will continue with future study at Northwestern.

JOLENE JOY HAYNES

"Well built and tall she was,
And handsome, too."

"Jo"

Publications Staff ..... '54
Glee Club ..... '54
Athletic Association Representative ..... '54
Wanata Captain ..... '55
Christmas Cover Contest Runner-up ..... '55

Jolene is our all-round athlete. She has shown her skill and leadership by being a fine Wanata captain this year. In horsemanship and ice-skating she excels. Her stunning figure, graceful walk, and smartly tailored clothes are the envy of all. She has done much modeling locally and plans to continue a career as a model. She has displayed marked talent in art, and her original ideas of decorating for school functions aided us many a time.

MARSHA WINTERSMITH LACKEY

"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."

"Punkin"

Publications Staff ..... '52, '53
Student Council: Representative ..... '52
Secretary ..... '53
Glee Club:
"H.M.S. Pinafore," Buttercup ..... '52
"Trial by Jury," lead—Bride ..... '53
"Princess Ida," Princess Ida ..... '54
"Gilbert and Sullivan Revue" ..... '55
Pops Concert, Soloist ..... '52, '53, '54, '55
Class Secretary-Treasurer ..... '53
Christmas Queen ..... '53
Academic Honors: Semester I and II ..... '52, '53, '54, '55
High Honors: Semester I ..... '52
Class President ..... '54
Sakawa Co-Captain ..... '54
Athletic Association President ..... '55

Always laughing and full of pep is Marsha. She has a beautiful singing voice and plans to study music in college. She hopes to become a professional singer. She has shown her athletic ability in all sports, being exceptional in baseball and tennis.

ANN MARGARET MANESS

"Her manner is calm and pleasant,
Her sweetness ever present."

"Ann"

Citizen of Quarter ..... '54
Publications Staff ..... '54

Academic High Honors:
Semester I ..... '54, '55
Semester II ..... '54

Editor, "Miss Holand Hall" ..... '55
Class Vice-President ..... '55

Our class could very well have a budding journalist in Ann. She has proved herself a capable writer this year as Editor of "Miss Holland Hall." Last year she won Honorable Mention for a story submitted at the University of Tulsa's annual Press Day. In addition to her work on publications, Ann has maintained a high standard of academic work while at Holland Hall. This fact has been evidenced by her winning two college scholarships. Ann will always be remembered for her sympathetic and understanding nature, her good manners, and her pleasant disposition.

MARGARET ANN MEADOWS

"She doth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone."

"Penny"

Student Council Representative ..... '53
Publications Staff ..... '53
Glee Club:
"Trial by Jury," chorus ..... '53
"Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," chorus ..... '55
Pops Concert, chorus ..... '53, '55
Academic Honors:
Semester I ..... '54, '55
Red Cross Representative ..... '54
Class Treasurer ..... '55

The business-like manner in which Penny has served as treasurer of the senior class indicates her calm good sense, her ability to take responsibility, and her love of the methodical. Envied by all for her ownership of various cars from time to time and for her gorgeous Florida tans, Penny has suddenly become very ambitious, taking both riding and music lessons. Next year when she is at Rollins, she will be missed, along with that much-used phrase, "Penny, will you take me?"

MARY RUTH NESBITT

"Life will be sweeter and more
worth the living
Because of you."

"Puddin' Foot"

Athletic Association Treasurer	'53
Publications Staff	'53
Glee Club:	
"Trial by Jury," chorus	'53
"Princess Ida," chorus	'54
"Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," chorus	'55
Pops Concert, chorus	'53, '54, '55
Student Council Representative	'54
Academic Honors: Semester I	'54, '55
Class Secretary	'55
Citizen of Quarter	'55

Mary has been a conscientious class secretary for the Seniors. She loves long, dangling earrings, and her beautifully-groomed, long hair is the envy of many a girl. Her innate consideration for others, her generosity, and her cheerfulness of disposition have made her a favorite with both Upper and Lower School students and teachers.

MARIELLEN SMITH

"Lovely, blooming fresh and gay."

"Scooter"

Glee Club:
- "H.M.S. Pinafore," chorus ..... '52
- Pops Concert, chorus ..... '52

Cotillion Club: Dance Committee ..... '52
Field Day Queen Runner-up ..... '54
Valentine Queen Attendant ..... '55
Red Cross Representative ..... '55
Publications: "Heave-Ho" Staff ..... '55
Academic Honors: First Quarter ..... '55

Mariellen is best known for her naturally curly hair, her beautiful figure, and perfect grooming. She has distinguished herself this year by appearing in one of the Little Theater plays and by modeling in the Saturday style shows at the Terrace Room of the Mayo Hotel. Mariellen loves champagne-colored clothes and white Jaguar convertibles and her pet peeve is pretence in any form. To continue with her modeling career and become famous is Mariellen's ambition and we feel sure that she will become our class celebrity.

KATHERINE ANN STOVER

"A witty woman is a treasure;
A witty beauty is a power."

"Kay"

Class Reporter ..... '52
Publications Staff ..... '52, '54
Academic Honors: Semester II ..... '52
High Honors:
- Semester I ..... '52, '53, '55
- Semester II ..... '53

Class President ..... '53, '55
Glee Club:
- "Trial by Jury," chorus ..... '53
- Pops Concert, chorus ..... '53

Student Council Vice-President ..... '54
Valentine Queen Attendant ..... '55
Editor, "Eight Acres" ..... '55

A valuable asset to any class, Kay, serving as our president, has been the moving force behind the senior activities. Her capability as a leader is recognized both in her editorship of "Eight Acres" and her attainment of scholastic honors. Her happiness and gay laughter are ever present, and that repertoire of funny stories is infinite. Although indefinite about the immediate future, Kay need hold no fear for surely her future is insured.

EDITH MARIE WOLAVER

"Not over serious, not too gay,
But a rare good fellow."

"Penny"

Glee Club:
"H.M.S. Pinafore," chorus ..... '52
Pops Concert, chorus ..... '53

Class Reporter ..... '53, '54

Valentine Queen ..... '55

Fire Captain ..... '55

Academic Honors:
Semester I ..... '55

With her shining black hair and sparkling blue eyes Penny was a picture of loveliness as our Valentine Queen. She has an attractive slender figure despite the fact that she is the last to leave the luncheon table. We shall always remember her for her quiet, friendly ways and her good-humored kidding. Whenever and wherever there is work to be done Penny is present, and she never leaves her tasks for others to finish.

A Jolly Trio: Penny, Mary, and Jean
Gene and Cathy Taken Unaware

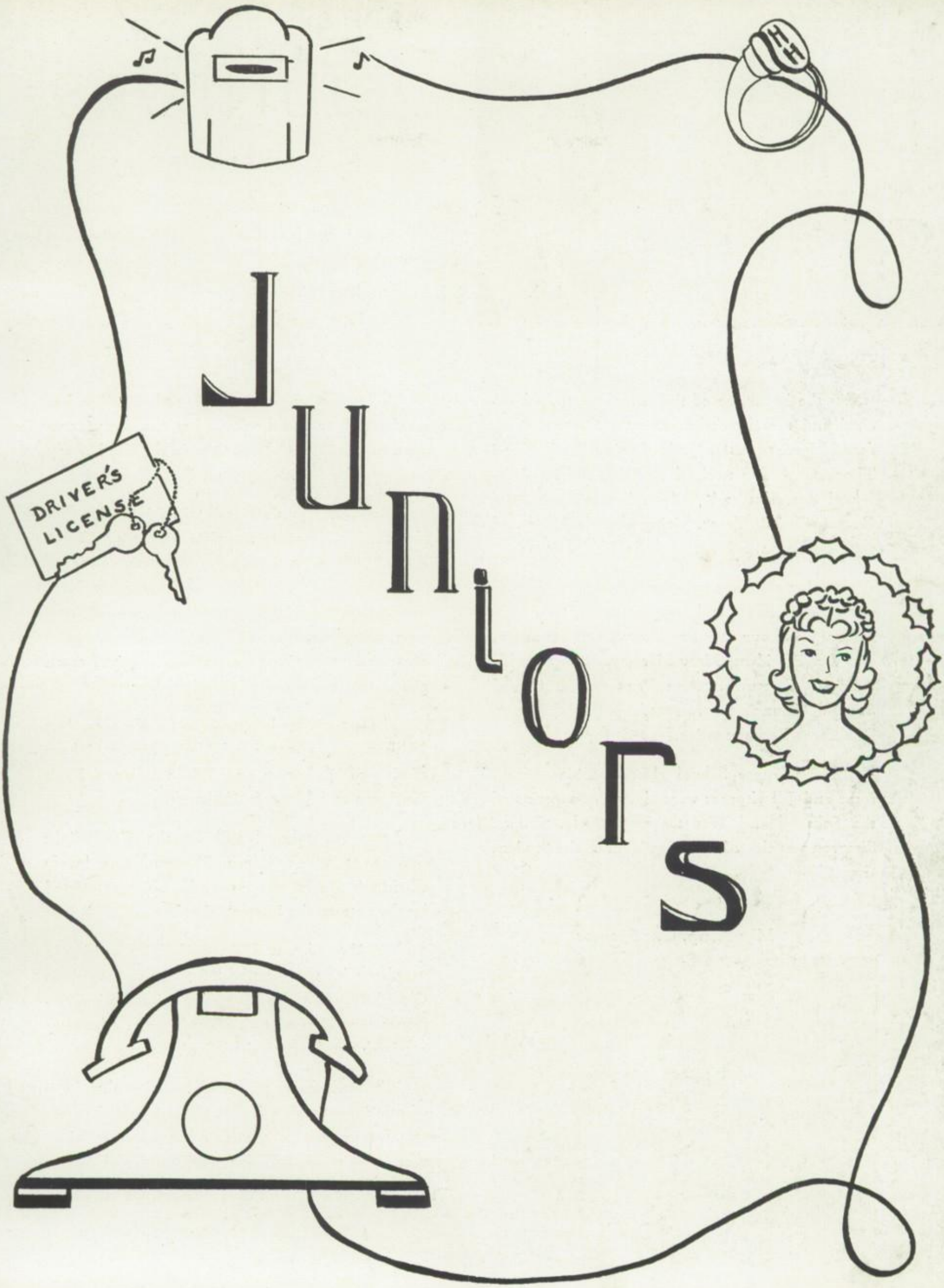
Cathy Crouch, Field Day Queen

Marsha and Billy Take Time Out
Jean and Jimmy Properly Posed

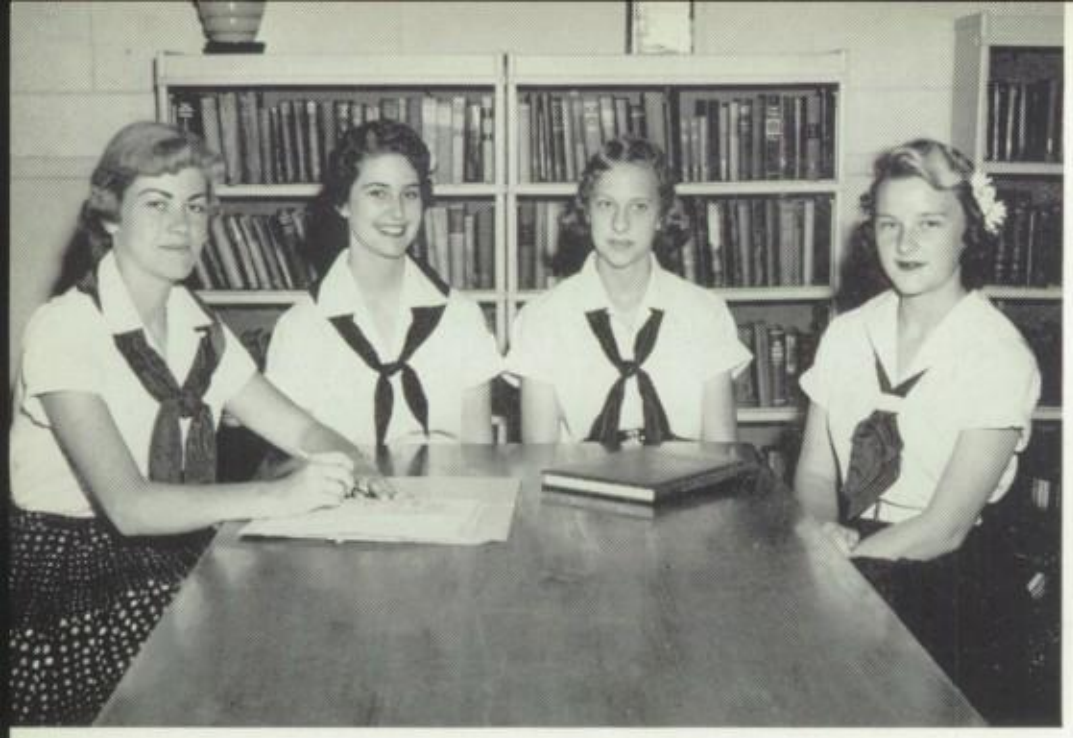
Kay Stover and Mariellen Smith, Queen Attendants
Kay and Ned Enjoy a Joke

Penny Wolaver, Valentine Queen

Harlan Reames, Queen's Escort
Marsha and Penny Get Book-larnin'



Juniors



JUNIORS

OFFICERS

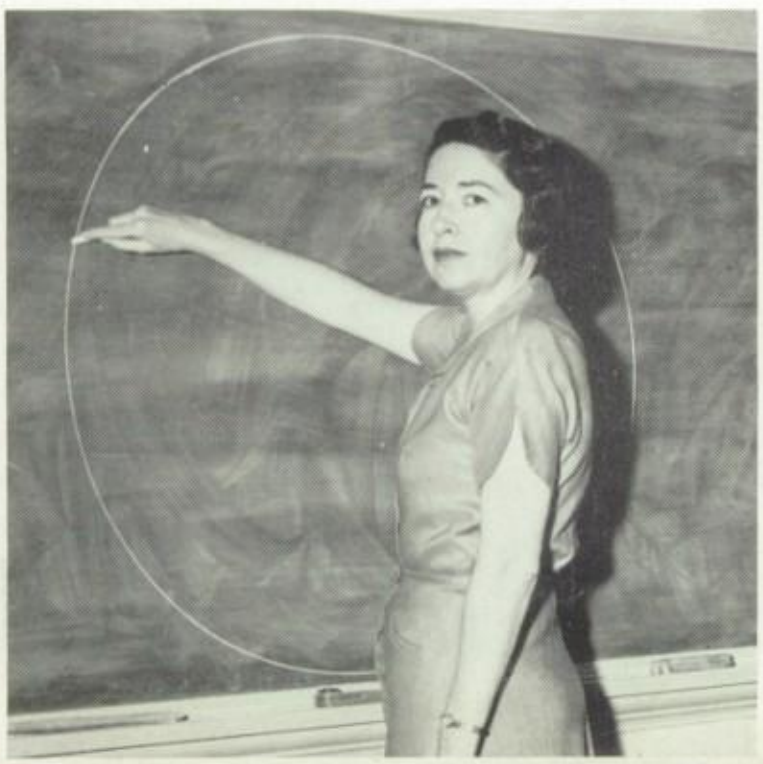
Mary Jo Kellough ..... President
Faith Blocksom ..... Vice-President
Mary MacKay ..... Secretary
Jill Kreager ..... Treasurer
Miss Evelyn Sharp ..... Sponsor

At the beginning of the school year eight excited juniors welcomed newcomers, Carolyn Bradford, Harriet Gates, Judy Iverson and Nanci Thomas. A few weeks later Susie Schempf rejoined our class and Barbara Potter came from Corpus Christi, Texas, giving our class a grand total of fifteen.

Starting the year off with a bang, we elected our various officers and representatives. Mary Jo Kellough was our class President; Faith Blocksom, our Vice-President; Mary MacKay, Secretary; Jill Kreager, Treasurer. Ann Winters was elected Student Council Representative; Paula Pinson, Red Cross Representative.

In the Upper School elections Faith Blocksome and Jill Kreager were elected co-captains of the Sakawas and Wanatas respectively. Eileen Simpson was elected Vice-President of the Student Council.

Miss Sharp, Our Sponsor



To increase our treasury on Field Day we had a cake walk and sold cokes. Later in the year we sponsored a Coca Cola machine in the Field House and sold food at the Annual Pops Concert.

This year's Juniors active in Publications included Jill Kreager, associate editor of "Eight Acres," Mary Jo Kellough, associate editor of "Miss Holland Hall," Faith Blocksom, advertising manager of "Eight Acres" and Ann Winters, advertising manager of "Miss Holland Hall." Barbara Potter joined the publications staff as an expert typist when she arrived in January.

Those receiving honors were Jill Kreager, Ann Millison, Ann Winters and Mary MacKay. Those receiving high honors were Eileen Simpson, Faith Blocksom and Mary Jo Kellough.

Long remembered will be the Candlelight Service at which Eileen Simpson, our lovely Christmas Queen was crowned. She was elected by the vote of the Upper School.

We showed our literary skill by writing a prophecy for the class of '55 to be presented on Class Day. We also gave the Seniors their Commencement Dance at the Sky Terrace where we received our long awaited Senior rings.

We shall always remember the thoughtfulness of our sponsor Miss Sharp. We regretted to see our Junior year pass so fast but we must admit that we have waited for that wonderful Senior year a long time.

Faith Blocksom

Carolyn Bradford

Harriet Gates

Judy Iverson

Mary Jo Kellough

Jill Kreager

Mary MacKay

Off For a Joy Ride

Ann Millison

Paula Pinson

Barbara Potter

Susie Schempf

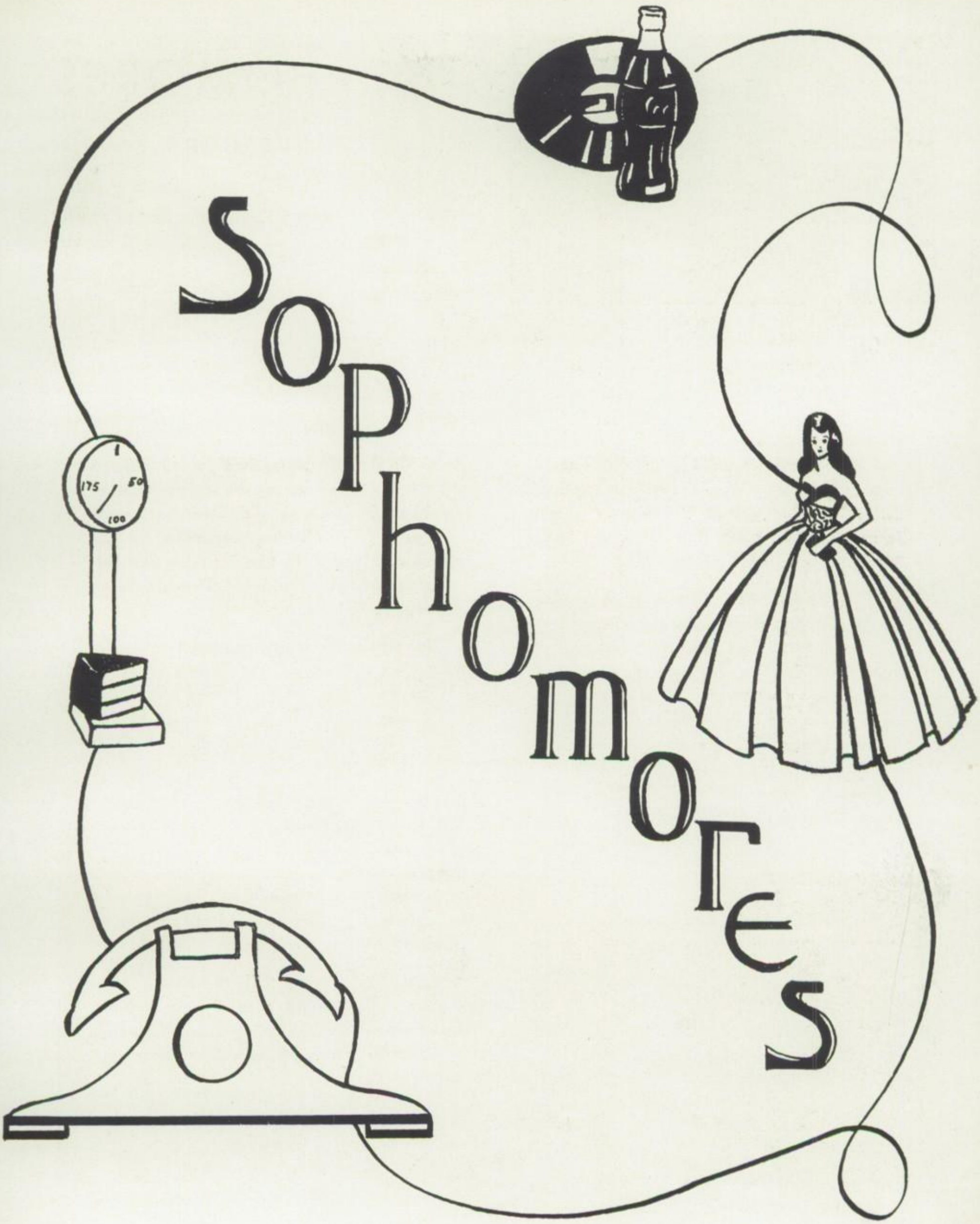
Eileen Simpson

Nanci Thomas

Rebecca Traband

Ann Winters

Sophomores



SOPHOMORES

OFFICERS

Peggy Seay ..... President
Barbara Jo Davis ..... Vice-President
Patti Young ..... Secretary
Lorise Snow ..... Treasurer
Miss Marguerite Andre ..... Sponsor

For those of us who are superstitious, the class of 1957 would seem to be an unlucky group. This year we total thirteen, since seven of us veterans were on hand to welcome the six new members: Barbara Jo Davis, Patti Young, Pat Wright, Joanne Williams, Linda Schoenfeld, and Lorise Snow.

We started the year off with gusto by electing the following officers: President, Peggy Seay; Vice-President, Barbara Jo Davis; Secretary, Patti Young; and Treasurer, Lorise Snow. Besides the class officers we are represented in various school offices by Gwynne Fuller, Student Council Representative; Peggy Seay, Secretary of Student Council; Nancy Meadows, Secretary of the Athletic Association. The artists in our class are Gwynne Fuller, Judy Adams, and Barbara Jo Davis. Those who are trying to hit the high and low notes in Glee Club are Linda Schoenfeld, Peggy Seay, Lorise Snow, Joanne Williams, and Sylvia McCormick. On the Publications Staff Joanne Williams and Pat Wright are among the top typists along with Nancy Meadows, who did an exhaustive study through letters on what has happened to the past editors, and Betsy Cole, who has religiously contributed to the "Miss Holland Hall" section known as Junior Bookshelf.

Our scholastic standing enjoyed a substantial boost when the first semester Honors and High Honors were announced. Gwynne Fuller and Peggy Seay received High Honors, and Honors went to Lorise Snow, Betsy Cole, and Sylvia McCormick.

On Field Day our unlucky streak again showed itself when our beautifully decorated red and white booth blew over in a gust of wind. This dampened our spirits considerably, but it seemed to increase the eagerness of the consumers for buying our wares and we filled our undernourished treasury with a substantial "meal."

In the "Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," an operetta presented by the Glee Club in February, two of our number had leading parts: Peggy Seay as "Ruth" and Sylvia McCormick as "Buttercup."

With the help of our sponsor, Miss Andre, we have enjoyed a most profitable and rewarding year, and we are looking forward to two more happy years in Holland Hall.

Miss Andre, Our Sponsor

Judy Adams

Elizabeth Callahan

Betsy Cole

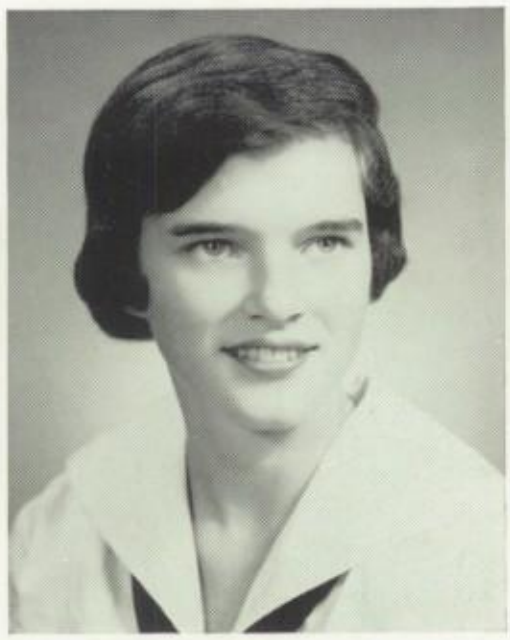
Barbara Jo Davis

Gwynne Fuller

Nancy Meadows

Sylvia McCormick

Linda Schoenfeld



Peggy Seay

Lorise Snow

Joanne Williams

Pat Wright

Patti Young

Fresh men

FRESHMEN

OFFICERS

Della Jane Dunkin ..... President
Margaret Billingslea ..... Vice-President
Louise Gish ..... Secretary-Treasurer
Miss Lulu B. Beckington ..... Sponsor

When the doors of Holland Hall swung open September 8, 1954, sixteen eager freshmen scurried to Room 5 to find out who had returned and who had been added to their number. To our surprise we had lost two members of last year's class and gained three newcomers: Barbara Bungardt from Cassidy School in Oklahoma City, Barbara Gussman and Jill Berghuis from Horace Mann. After Easter vacation Trish McClintock returned to Holland Hall after attending Ethel Walker School in Simsberry, Connecticut, the first of the school year. We now boasted of being the largest class in the Upper School, with seventeen members.

We were well represented in the Student Council by Trinka Bush and in the Athletic Council by Judy Pat Johnson. By a vote of the Upper School Della Jane Dunkin was elected Treasurer of the Student Council.

Field Day found us busily selling homemade candy and conducting a ring-toss, a putting game and a raffle to add shekels to our treasury.

The second quarter was highlighted for our group by Malissa Billingslea's being chosen citizen of the quarter. During the third quarter there were the Operetta, the Talent Show and a trip to Dallas for two of our group. Many of the leads in the Operetta were from our class. Margaret Billingslea played Phyllis, Della Jane Dunkin was Yum Yum, Nancy March played Mabel, and Diane Davies and Barbara Bungardt were two of the three little maids. Trinka Bush, Ruthie Broach, Louise Gish, Judy Pat Johnson, and Judy Nelson were sailors, and Malissa Billingslea, Gretchen Barnes, and Penny Soule were pirates. In the Talent Show, Judy Pat Johnson led the audience on a "Lion Hunt," and Louise Gish played the piano.

Della Jane Dunkin and Trinka Bush, our Student Council representatives, along with the Upper School Student Council, took a trip to Dallas, Texas, for four days, to represent Holland Hall in the inter-school day at Hockaday School.

Along with our studies we have to agree, "It has been a wonderful year. Thank-you Miss Beckington.

Gretchen Barnes

Jill Berghuis

Malissa Billingslea

Margaret Billingslea

Ruthie Broach

Barbara Bungardt

Trinka Bush

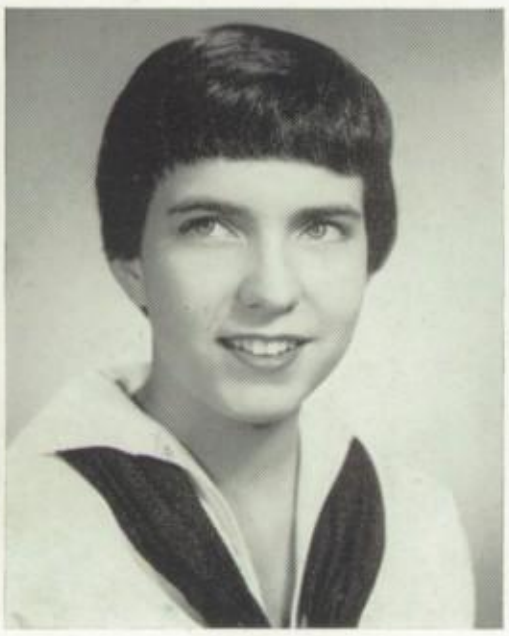
Diane Davies

Miss Beckington, Our Sponsor

Della Jane Dunkin

Louise Gish

Barbara Gussman



Judy Pat Johnson

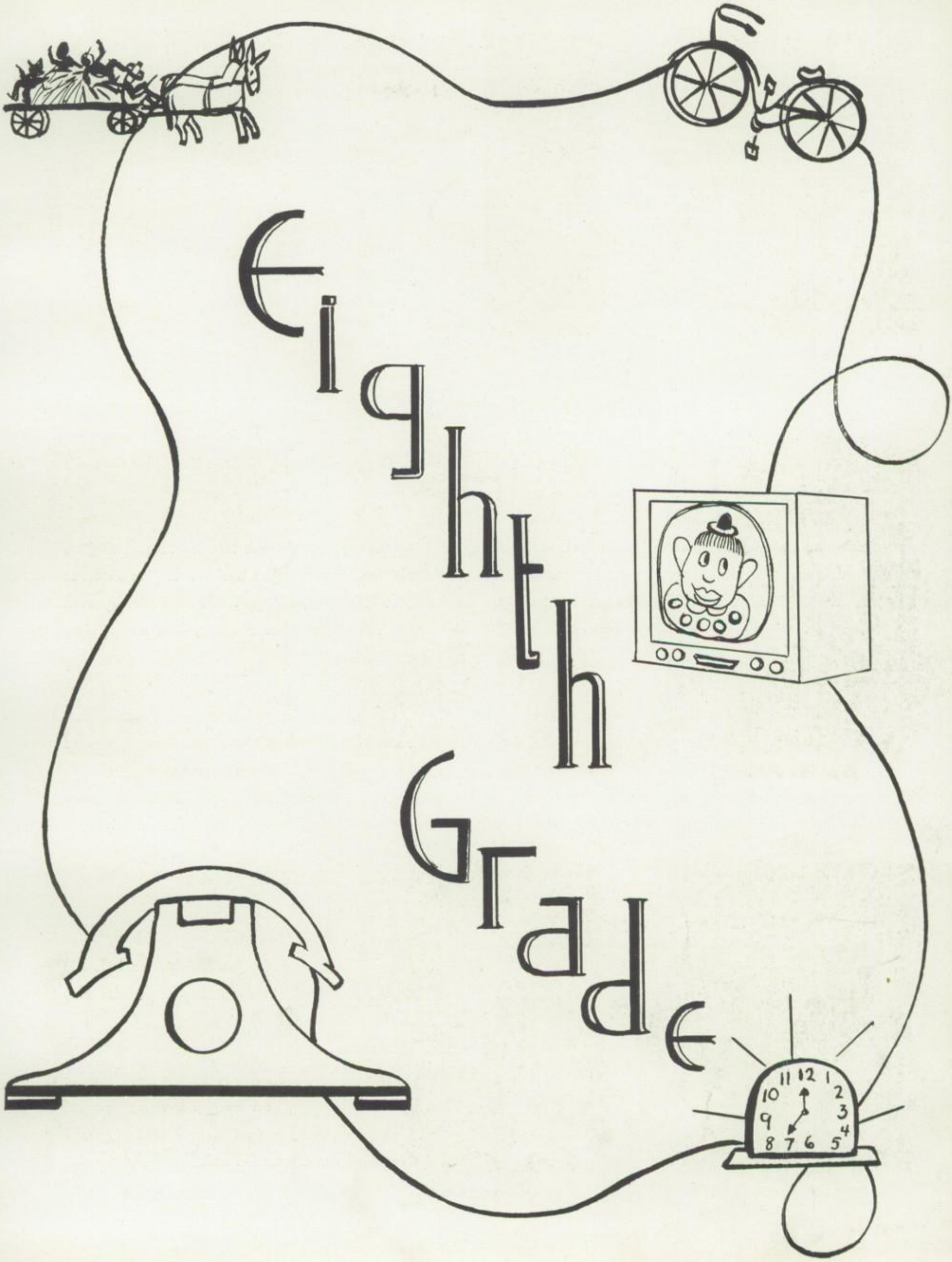
Nancy March

Trish McClintock

Judy Nelson

Molly Shearer

Penny Soule


Eighth
Grade
11 12 1
10 2
9 3
8 7 6 5 4

EIGHTH GRADE

OFFICERS

Judy McDonald ..... President
Dana Jones ..... Vice-Presidnt
Julie Kay Russell ..... Treasurer
Marsha Moore ..... Secretary
Miss Margaret Moulton ..... Sponsor

As Eighth Graders we started our year by being different! After the ten "old girls" welcomed Linda Bragg, Leslie Holmes and Judy McDonald, who boosted our number to thirteen, we busied ourselves with projects for Field Day. We decided on two projects, one the traditional candied apples, and the other something new—Sno-Cones. Although Field Day was somewhat windy, the Sno-Cones sold well and along with our candied apples netted us a tidy sum.

Our class officers this year were as follows: first semester, president, Carol Seidenbach; secretary, Elizabeth Mulford; and treasurer, Julie Kay Russell. Second semester, president, Judy McDonald; vice-president, Dana Jones; secretary, Marsha Moore; and treasurer, Julie Kay Russell. We were represented in the Student Council by Lucy Diggs and in the Athletic Council by Marsha Moore.

Miss Moulton, Our Sponsor

Although all this year has been interesting we think that the highlight was our trip to Natchez and Vicksburg, Mississippi. We were accompanied by our principal Mrs. Heavey, and our history teacher, Mr. Davenport.

In Natchez we stayed at beautiful ante-bellum Stanton Hall. Back in school on Monday, we had many amusing incidents to report, and our room was filled with postcards and folders illustrating picturesque Natchez. We owe thanks to all our teachers and parents, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Diggs who furnished their cars.

Our operetta, "Margie Goes Modern," was highly successful with Jan Smith and Leslie Holmes in the title roles, assisted by Julie Kay Russell at the piano.

Our year has been a very happy one, but not without hard work, and we are looking forward to Commencement when we shall be officially made members of the Upper School.

Linda Bragg

Vikki Cole

Lucy Diggs

Mary Eckel

Leslie Holmes

Dana Jones

Judy McDonald

Linda Mole

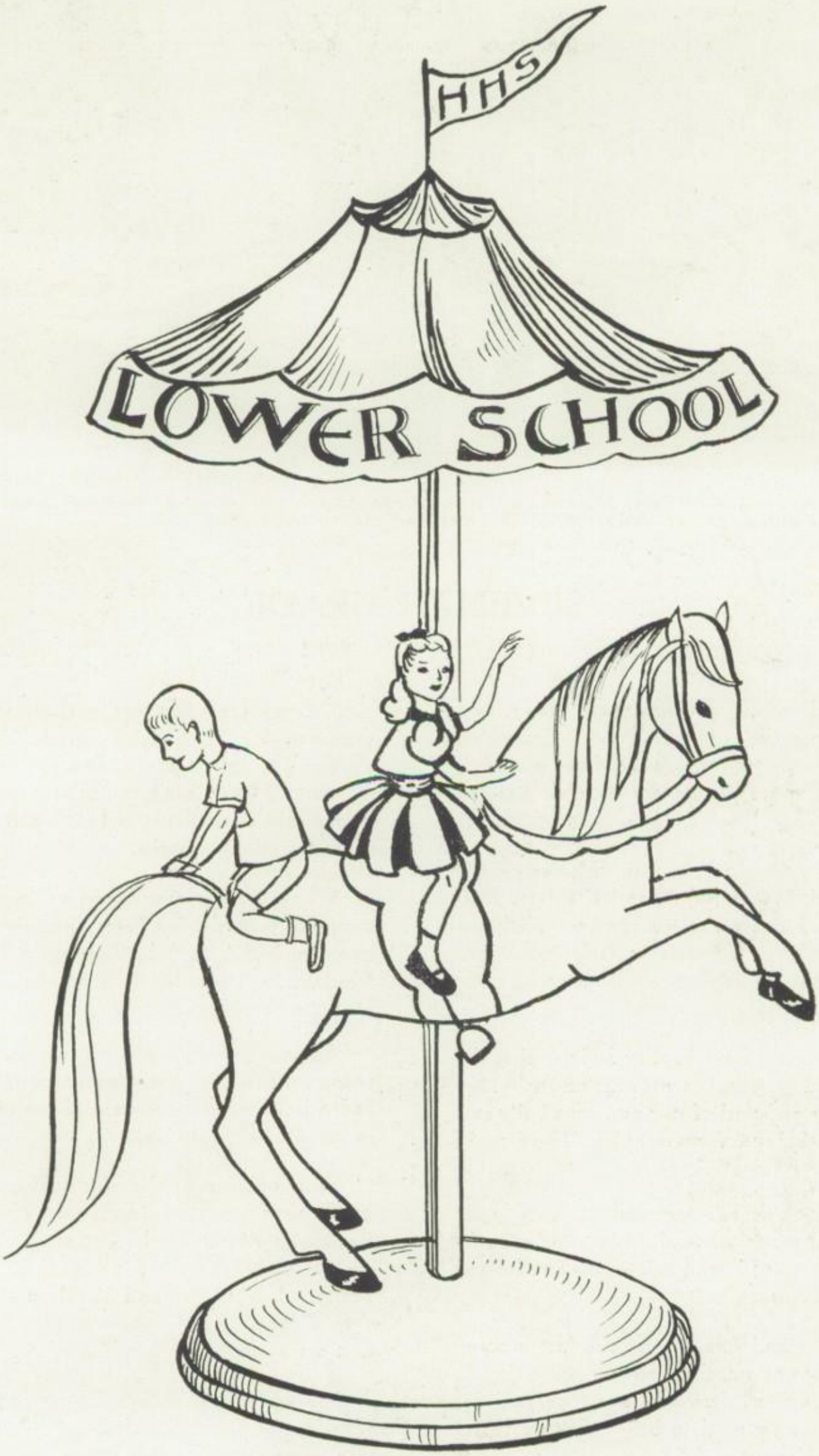
Marsha Moore

Elizabeth Mulford

Julie Kay Russell

Carol Seidenbach

Jan Smith


HHS
LOWER SCHOOL

Front row, left to right: Mary Moore, Patricia Brown, Marian Cole, standing. Back row: Susan Lindstrom, Sharon Parker, Mary Ellen Slemaker, Marcia Smith, Marty Bish.

SEVENTH GRADE

Mrs. Billie Kiker, Teacher

We started out our Seventh grade year with a voluminous number of rules and regulations, which by this time have narrowed down considerably. But our motto has continued to be "Readers Make Leaders."

Newcomers Patricia Brown, Marian Cole, Karen Kimmel, Marcia Smith, and Kathleen Walton have added interest to our group. Kathleen is from Palembang, Sumatra in Indonesia. She has told us many interesting facts concerning their unique customs and ancient arts.

Various projects have kept us so busy that the year has soared by. Success was ours on Field Day for we quickly disposed of our pop corn balls and netted a profitable sum from our play "The Greedy Goblin."

During Book Week we assisted the lower grades in their preparation of a play, "The Bookworm." We painted huge book covers and helped to assemble costumes.

Helping the Red Cross cheer the Veterans of Foreign Wars was another project we enjoyed. We made place mats, decorated nut cups, and designed favors to be used to brighten their tables on special holidays.

"Margie Goes Modern" was our chief musical production. The Eighth grade designed our smocks for this performance and we cut them all out. Mrs. Chandler, Susan's mother, made some of the ties, collars, and cuffs and made button holes for all our smocks.

When spring burst upon us, we turned our thoughts toward May Fete. Luckily our reading program had included Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" for that was the theme chosen for May.

As our parting gift we are leaving to the room ten new Webster's International dictionaries and a linoleum covered area above our lockers to be used in art activities.

Class officers for the four quarters of the year in the order they presided are: Susan Chandler, President; Marian Cole, Secretary; Mary Moore and Patricia Brown, Marian Cole and Marcia Smith, Mary Moore and Kathleen Walton. Student Council Representatives were Marian Cole, first semester, Susan Lindstrom, second semester.

We have enjoyed our happy and prosperous year, but we heartily welcome the idea of a summer vacation.

SIXTH GRADE

Mr. Edward Hitchcock, Teacher

We of the Sixth Grade have had a busy and productive year. When we arrived at school in September, we discovered that we were the proud possessors of a shining new room. We were also glad to welcome five new students to our ranks: Marsha Eddins, George Elder, Suzanne Jones, Pat McInerney, and Sande Soule.

The first organized activity was our participation in Field Day. We got some practical sales experience with our two booths. The girls sold balloons and held a raffle, while the boys conducted a dart-throwing contest with comic books as prizes. Despite a high wind that persisted in stealing our balloons, the day ended with our class coffers enriched and our minds working in rather businesslike channels.

During the late fall and winter, the class presented a number of plays under the benign guidance of Mrs. Kiker. We also participated in a highly successful lower school operetta. For weeks we looked forward to a spring outdoor presentation of Tom Sawyer as well as to the traditional May Fete.

The athletic abilities of the class were of a very high order. In the fall the football fortunes of Holland Hall were in the hands of our boys. The season was a successful one with two outstanding games with Lee on the schedule. Spring athletics included track, softball, basketball, and tennis, all of which contributed to keeping us active. Incidentally we have all been impressed with the agility of Misses Billingslea, Davisson, and Soule around the high jump pit.

A wonderful Christmas party in our room climaxed 1954. We are all very grateful for the help of our home room mothers, Mrs. Feagin and Mrs. Harder.

Early in 1955 we spent an unusually interesting afternoon at the B'Nai Emunah Synagogue as part of our social studies class. A little later we invited our parents to a program and exhibit in our room on the Roman Empire.

We have learned much that will be helpful to us from our ordinary classroom routine, in addition to the many outside activities that we have enjoyed. In view of the fact that Holland Hall does not admit boys beyond the sixth grade, we want to wish the boys who leave our school this year the best of good things in the years ahead.

Front row: Poppe McCormick, Sharon Jacobson, George Elder, Vaylord Cox, Penny Beach. Second row: Pat McInerney, Steve Janco, Donnie Feagin, Robert H. Christman, Jr., Susan Billingslea. Third row: Marvin Parker, Suzanne Jones, Lili Grubb, Nancy Daniel, Benny Briggs. Fourth row: Sande Soule, Viva Lee Kennedy, Fulson Collins, Suzanne Davisson, Pam Carlson. Back row: Chris Stowell, Beverly Lindsay, Stephanie Hewitt, Marsha Eddins. Absent—Hope Harder.

Left to right, front row: Judy James, Ronda Cushing, J. G. Morris, (standing), Paul White. Second row: Nancy Deaton, Karol McAllister, Tom McInerney, Jananne Stambough. Third row: Gary Susott, Leslie McMillin, Mike Hare, Cynthia Seidenbach. Back row: Sandy Work, Johanna Singletary, Andy Pope, Bruce Garbade.

FIFTH GRADE

Mr. James Q. Graham, Teacher

The first semester began with an enrollment of ten boys and eight girls. The two new members of the class, Tom McInerney and David Poulton, were somewhat comforted by the fact that their teacher was new, too.

Our varied program has included language, arithmetic, social studies, fractions, Roman number system, and American history. We combined learning with enjoyment and put on an operetta, "The Garden of the Gods,"and several plays under the direction of Mrs. Kiker and Mrs. Ross.

Our first group project was Field Day. According to tradition, the fourth and fifth grade girls joined forces to sell cakes and cookies; the boys of the two grades set up a booth where visitors tried to shave a lathered balloon. Although the boys' booth drew more onlookers the girls made a greater profit at the close of the day.

After the New Year we returned somewhat lessened in numbers. David Poulton had returned to Venezuela with his parents. His loss was atoned for by the return of Serge Scherbatskoy, and the arrival of Mary Petty from Venezuela.

The new semester was spent in a closer study of our country. We made many projects on the various states and their industries. Map and memory work helped us in this process. In our spelling work we challenged the sixth grade to a spelling bee and almost defeated them. More was learned about fractions and several boys brought in business graphs to illustrate the use of graphs in industry.

As the baseball season opened, the boys of the fifth grade were excited by the fact that Holland Hall was to have a team in the midget league this year.

This year we can look back with pleasure to much hard work and a great deal of enjoyment. The problems that were difficult for us at the beginning of the year became surprisingly easy. More important than the actual course work we covered, is the fact that we have learned valuable lessons in working and playing together, which, after all, is the aim of every good school.

FOURTH GRADE

Mrs. Alice Hagler White, Teacher

As the year began, we were twenty-two strong, with five of our number boys. We welcomed to our group Vannesa Allen and Jimmy Perry. In October the boys' number was increased by one, when Danny Purifoy was with us for a month. In the second semester we acquired two new members—Jim Buckwaltz and Dianne Walton. We felt sad at losing Judy Wright, when she moved to New York.

The first all-school project in which we participated was Field Day. The girls joined the fifth grade girls to sell cakes and cookies and the boys of the two classes ran various games of chance and skill.

At Christmas we took part in the Lower School carol program.

In the spring we, along with the fifth and sixth grades, took part in an operetta, "The Golden Apple," which was a great success.

We next worked out a play of our own, based on the pioneer study which was a part of our year's project. We had lots of fun participating in the May Fete as ten-pins, crows, and dogs.

Special skills have also been developed. The developing the art of living happily together, while our social studies and language work, including reading and creative writing, have been coordinated with this aim. We have learned of the people who discovered our land and came to live in it, of their bravery and ingenuity, and of the traits they brought here which made them good neighbors to each other and which they handed down to us through the generations.

Special skills have also ben developed. The dictionary and encyclopedia have become familiar helpers, and hardly an hour goes by in which someone does not pipe up with "Let's look it up."

It has been a good year—filled with much discussion, much activity, and much growth.

Front row, left to right: Dana Schempf, Joanne Kennedy, Karen Hamilton, Gwen Dyer, Carolyn Born, Janice Holliman, Gay Soule, Ann Carlson. Second row: Diana Hall, Danny Purifoy, Beverly Collins, Marilyn Locke, Dick Dericks, Sarah Butler, Caroline Owens. Back row: Hal Balch, Robin Flint, Jimmy Perry, Jerry First, Judy Wright, John Stambaugh, Janie Stauss. (Absent when picture made—Vannesa Allen. New class member—James Buckwalter.)

First row, left to right: Pat Hare, Gay Lynn Parrish, Christi Seger, Cheryl Mandel, Sandra Drake, Linda Richards, Toni Drewry, Nancy Allison. Second row: Michael Kerr, Tony Teichman, Eric Oliphant, Mike Dixon, Robert Owens, JoAnne Gillespie, Martha Manhart, Pam Duke. Third row: Keenan Barnard, Paul Brockwell, Melanie Moore, Belinda Bates, Larry Aspin. Absent when the picture was taken: Nancy Chandler, Jimmy Diggs, Timmy Pentecost.

THIRD GRADE

Mrs. Dorothy A. Caldwell, Teacher

The Third Grade was composed of thirteen girls and eleven boys until Christmas when Gay Lynn Parrish left with her parents to spend the winter in Florida. Eric Oliphant and Tony Teichman were new pupils at the beginning of the year, and Jimmy Diggs and Timmy Pentecost joined the group in November.

Field Day was the first special school activity in which they partcipated. The fish pond was a truly successful and rewarding project. A "Book Week" program for the mothers was given with the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades participating. At Christmas the children learned songs and dances for the Christmas Fantasy, which was given at night for the parents. The third grade, along with the entire school, entered wholeheartedly into the May Day festivities.

In the fall, Mr. Drewry, Toni's father, invited the children to be his guests at a special showing of the movie "Hansel and Gretel" at the Majestic Theatre. Again Mr. Drewry surprised them, at their Christmas party, by bringing a miniature tank to school and giving each child an exciting ride.

Particular emphasis was placed on reading for information and enjoyment, and on interpreting what was read both aloud and silently. Poems, stories, and plays were written. Interest was stimulated and independent reading was done by each child for two written reports. The subjects ranged from pre-historic animals and underwater creatures to baseball players. Field trips were taken, displays of articles from foreign countries were constantly on the library tables, and oral reports were given about a variety of subjects.

Gym and art classes ran arithmetic a close race for first place in the hearts of this wide-awake group of children. So many new phases of numbers were introduced that an active interest was maintained throughout the entire year.

A spelling contest was entered by all the children during the final period of the year. It culminated in a party given by the loser.

As a whole, this was a well-rounded and very satisfactory year.

SECOND GRADE

Mrs. Dorothy Eckel, Teacher

The second grade has had a very busy and progressive year. New additions to our number are Sidney Born, Steve Cullinan, Henry Eddins, John Gibson, Gayle Hall, Jean MacKay and Susan Robertson. Mary Jo Poulton was with us for a month before returning to her home in Venezuela. In February Robert Mallen joined our group and added much interest to our class with his fluent Spanish. The total number enrolled was twenty-six children.

The goals of developing well-rounded boys and girls were set up. These included accent on citizenship, consideration for others, and building a desire to find out about many things. Since reading opens many doors, much stress was placed upon it. Second graders have made real growth in independent reading, undertaking of numbers and their application, and an awareness of the world about them. To bring about these things, we employed the use of library books in extra reading, world games and movies, and a study of cotton and wool.

With the addition to our faculty of Mrs. John Cushing as an extra teacher, it was possible to give more time to individual reading difficulties. Each child received help according to his particular need.

The most outstanding project of the year was our spring garden. A movie about gardening created an interest and was followed by a discussion and planning session. The next step was to measure and stake out the plot, followed by the actual planting and cultivating. Many discussions and student participation were the worthwhile results.

Special day activities included Field Day, the Christmas Operetta, reading programs for parents, art contests, poetry writing events, and the May Fete. These incorporated special classes of art, music, and gym.

We had a very active Brownie troop this year, with a hundred per cent membership. Mrs. Dan Davisson and Mrs. J. W. Bates, Jr., led the girls in many worthwhile projects.

Our home room mothers were Mrs. Taylor Green and Mrs. Kenneth Gibson. They have done many thoughtful things for our group. They gave us a Valentine party, and assisted us in other enjoyable projects.

First row, left to right: Timmy Hewett, Henry Eddins, Kathy Green, Melanie Bates, Linda Murdock, Alice Morrow, Jean MacKay, Susan Cheairs, Helene Lawrence. Second row: Ann Brice, Jean Grant, Gayle Hall, Suzanne Eagle, Dorrie Grant, Sidney Born, Gillian Stowell. Third row: Bob Lindstrom, Timothy Glass, John Gibson, Susan Robertson, Alene Davisson, Steve Cullinan, Charles Seger. Absent when the picture was taken: Lance Gilbert, Karen Moody.

Front row, left to right: Tommy Duke, Melinda Mize, Jim Hamilton, Linda Clark, Richard Wheeler, Anita Finston, Michael Solow, Judy Zarrow, John Holliman. Middle row: Ronni Marrin, Bill Ortenburger, Jim Hewgley, Merry Ellen Evens, Patty Akins, Virginia Carlson, Kay Wheatley, David Teichman, Kenny Teis, Sydnee Shortridge. Back row: Cynthia St. Louis, Ceci Gillespie, Zurn Johnson, Jill Campbell, Anita McMillin.

FIRST GRADE

Mrs. Bea McInerney, Teacher

In September twenty-four eager and excited first graders came to Holland Hall. It was not long until we started our first little book, and then we began to learn a basic sight vocabulary. Soon we finished one, two, and then three pre-primers and each time it was a thrill to take the finished book home and read it to Mother.

Then we received our first real book with a hard cover. We had learned many of the sounds and could attack many words on sight. We were also learning to write and to spell and even to read and write numbers. We were having lots of fun, too. We were the clean-up crew on Field Day. We had a grand Halloween party, and some of us celebrated our birthdays at school.

In November Cynthia St. Louis left us to move to San Francisco, but before long another Cynthia came to take her place—Cynthia Cashon. Then it was time to start work on our Christmas operetta. At the performance we were snowflakes, wooden soldiers, and little girls in nightgowns, and we had a star—Patty Akin, as the dancing doll. After Christmas we worked hard until Valentine's Day, when we had another fine party. We were all reading first readers by this time and reading many library books. We could write stories, spell many words and even add. We enjoyed going to gym twice a week and to music. Miss Beattie came to our room for art, and we went to the auditorium to see a movie on Thursdays. We learned many things about health and safety, birds and animals, and children of other lands from our movies.

Soon it was spring vacation and Easter. Then almost before we knew it, we were Woodland Creatures in the May Fete and the year was over.

We've learned much, and my, how we have grown! We've learned to get along with others, to be dependable, to finish our work and to do a good job. We also try to control ourselves and think of others. We're ready for second grade.

JUNIOR KINDERGARTEN

Mrs. Elisabeth Hitchcock, Teacher

The Junior Kindergarten enrollment fluctuated from sixteen to nineteen during the course of 1954-1955.

Joy Lee Parrish moved to Florida at the end of the first semester to be replaced by Bill Miller who stayed only a little over a month before moving to Alabama. In February Kim Rodolph and Timmy Scherbatskoy joined the group.

We had a good year of learning and fun, of crayoning and painting, pasting and cutting. Developing creativity grew along with ability to manipulate materials. Imagination and social growth developed in the housekeeping, dress-up and doll corner, and "over by the block shelf." Muscles grew more sure with the use of the rocking-horse, climber, and slide. Memory, self-control, and self-expression advanced with "put away time," games, telling-time, stories and music.

The various significant holidays were simply explained and celebrated to the interest and delight of all. The underwater life of our three fish were observed at close hand. The changes of nature in summer, fall, winter, and spring also were observed on our playground, through our large windows and on walks around the school. The "unfolding" of a seed to leaf, stem, and root was watched with fascination day by day.

When weather permitted, the larger freedom of our outdoor equipment was enjoyed—swings, merry-go-round, and sand-box, as well as just running and shouting! The wonderful activities of the older children at recess or gym was studied with awe and admiration.

Through all these experiences the four-year-olds learned of the joy of being with other children and the beginning of the appreciation of the rights of the individual.

In rocker: Nancy Oliphant, Duke Wheatley, Newell Williams, Sherry Smith. With horse: Danny Mayo, Bill Antry, Linda Hamilton. By slide: Tori McClintock, Gail Zarrow, Mary Eileen Burke (top), On floor: Mark Finston, Dotsy Orthwein, Joy Lea Parrish, Steve Thomas.

SENIOR KINDERGARTEN GIRLS

Top, left to right: Becky Glass, Anne Walker, Candy Thomas, Robyn Barr, Diane Lindsey, Peggy Owens. Middle: Nancy Tuttle, Susan Reeds. At table: Gay Beesley, Renee Beren, Kathy Grant, Sherry Renberg.

SENIOR KINDERGARTEN

Absent when the picture was taken, left to right: Susan Davis, Jill Collins, Ginny Daniel, Neeno Allen.

SENIOR KINDERGARTEN

Mrs. Amanda Rutledge, Teacher

The 1955 Senior Kindergarteners number thirty-one, sixteen girls and fifteen boys. They have been a happy, energetic, and challenging group. Each day has been filled with hidden schemes devised by the teachers to direct the group to worthwhile accomplishments through their play experiences. Seemingly, they are doing just what they want to do, but the teachers are guiding them to alternate between quiet and active play. Their hands are busy at drawing, painting, coloring, cutting, clay modeling, and playing with manipulative and creative toys. These activities increase small muscle dexterity, and prepare the child for the writing experience which will come in the first grade. Large muscle growth is helped through play on the jungle gym and outdoor equipment, through rhythms, and through large block building.

Telling time and showing time afford each child an opportunity to tell what he is thinking, to acquire skill in the use of words, and to speak in sentences. He learns to listen while others have their turn to talk. Through group association he learns to share, to take turns, to remember routine, and to follow directions. He learns to defend his own rights, but also to respect the rights of others.

Foremost in the teachers' mind has been the desire to make each child feel happy and at ease in the group. They strive to develop the idea that learning is fun and to encourage a zest for knowledge of the world about him.

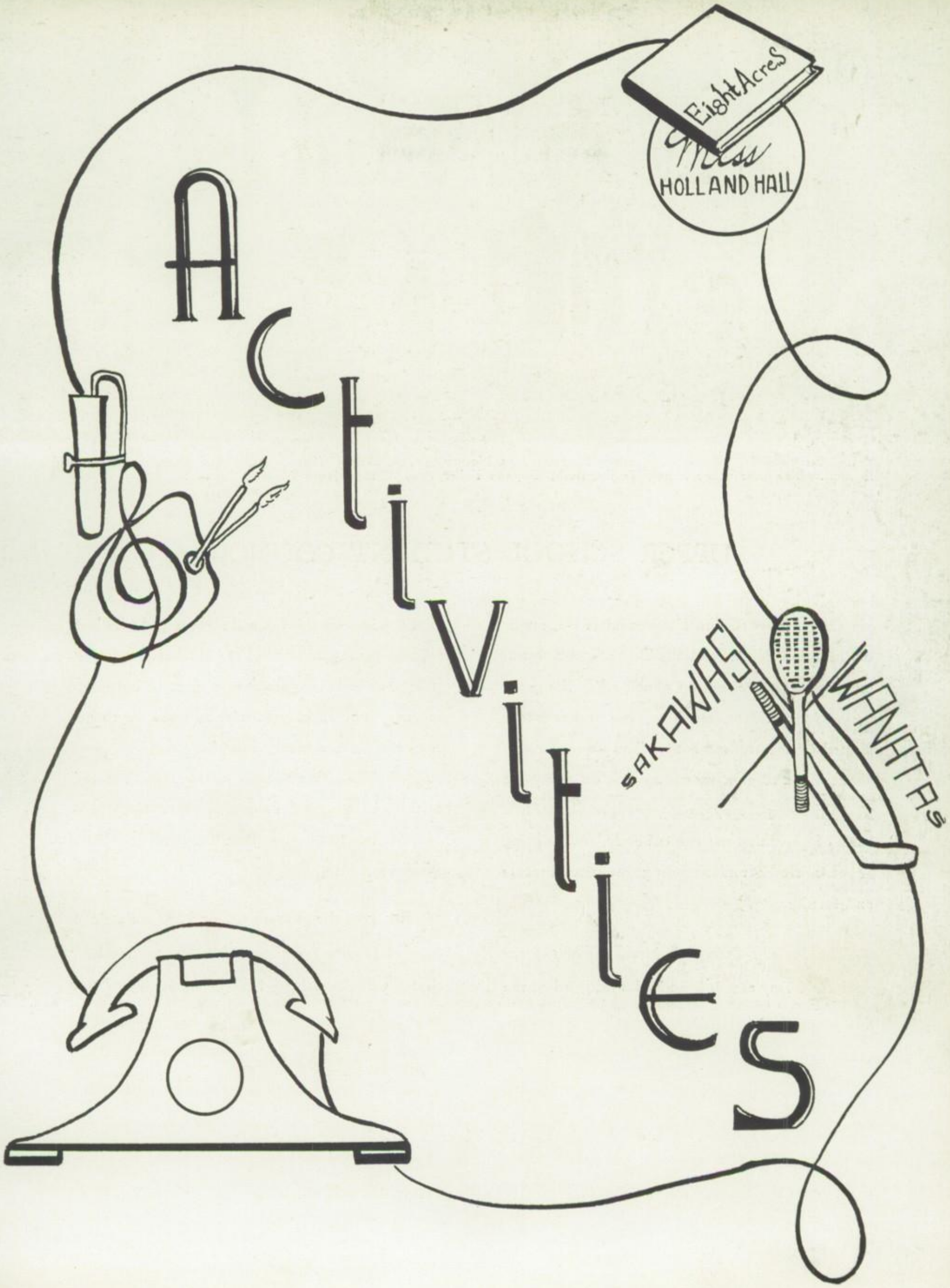
The objectives, general and specific, are interdependent, and the activities, in view of the aims, are interrelated. The fundamental philosophy is that children learn through doing; that they learn best through their own experiences, when conditions are conductive to proper habits and attitudes, and when interest is present.

There is a daily program, but it is flexible and is used as best serves the child's needs. The entire program tends to prepare the child for a happy and successful approach to reading in the first grade.

SENIOR KINDERGARTEN BOYS

Top, left to right: Randy Strainer, Tommy Williams, Bill Wolfe, Roger Mason, Tate Singletary, John Kistler, Riley O'Connor. Behind Table: Bill Kellough, Robie Lyon. At Table: Billy Cowart, Chris Miles, Frank Billingslea, Joel Janco, Larry Simmons, John Watt.

LOWER SCHOOL TOTS AT FUN AND PLAY


Eight Acres
Miss
HOLLAND HALL
Activities
SAKAWAS
WANATAS

Seated, left to right: Marian Cole, Eileen Simpson, Mrs. Heavey, Joann Fenton (President), Peggy Seay, Della Jane Dunkin. Standing: Lucy Diggs, Trinka Bush, Gwynne Fuller, Ann Winters, Jenny Alcott.

UPPER SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is considered a major organization at Holland Hall. Each class sends one representative to the Council, while the president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer are elected by the student body. The Council meets about three times a month to talk over ways in which the school may be improved, to discuss new rules of governing the student body, and to bring about a closer understanding between students and faculty.

The Student Council is in charge of the annual Field Day that is held in the fall, and of the Christmas Candlelight Carol Service. After investigating several worthy philanthropic causes, the Council, backed by the student body, decided that the Christmas money donated by the students should be given to support for one year a foster child under the Foster Parents' Plan.

Each quarter the Council elects a girl who best represents the standards of the ideal Holland Hall girl. The girls who are chosen must be outstanding in school work, must have in some way benefited the school, and must have been a good citizen. The girls who were chosen to be honored in this way for the four quarters were Mary Nesbitt, Malissa Billingslea, Jean Campbell and Faith Blocksom.

This year the Student Council has maintained high standards for the weekly Chapel services. Several ministers have been guest speakers; student leaders have given stimulating talks. The president of the Council has assumed the responsibility of providing speakers and entertainers for the weekly stdent assembly. The overall purpose of the Council has been to improve the functioning of the school.

LOWER SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Lower School Student Council, organized in the fall of the year, was made up of two representatives from each homeroom from the second through the sixth grades.

This year the council met only a few times, but accomplished much in those meetings. A student treasury was set with each homeroom's contributing a small percentage of its Field Day earnings, such money to be used for any project benefiting the entire lower school. The council encouraged suggestions from all students in lower school, many of these leading to sound safety practices. These were compiled into a list of rules which were taken back to the homeroom by the representatives.

A safety patrol was set up by the council, but this later became rather inactive. Its inactivity was due primarily to the fact that the students seldom broke the safety rules that they had set up for themselves. The safety patrol simply had little or nothing to do after the first week or so. Its members remained alert, however. Only occasionally did they find it necessary to remind their fellow classmates of sound safety practices.

Other activities of the student council this year included the election of cheerleaders and preparations for a lower school awards assembly. In this assembly students who have had any of their material appear in "Miss Holland Hall" received recognition for their accomplishments. Hope Harder, a sixth grader, was honored for her essay on thrift which won her an award in the city contest.

The citizens of the Lower School have strived to achieve the following character traits which were suggested by the Council: Honesty, Loyalty, Courtesy, Perseverance, and Service. We hope that we have succeeded in our attempts.

Left to right, seated: Ann Brice, Cynthia Seidenbach, Karen Hamilton, Sandy Soule, Paul Brockwell, Henry Eddins, Dick Dericks. Left to right, standing: Jack Davenport, Sponsor, Belinda Bates, Chris Stowell, Paul White.

Seated, left to right: Mariellen Smith, Gretchen Barnes, Faith Blocksom, Advertising Manager of "Eight Acres," Kay Stover, Editor of "Eight Acres," Ann Maness, Editor of "Miss Holland Hall," Ann Winters, Advertising Manager of "Miss Holland Hall," Jean Campbell, Editor of "Heave-Ho," Jenny Alcott, Joanne Williams. Standing: Joann Fenton, Jill Kreager, Associate Editor of "Eight Acres," Mary Jo Kellough, Associate Editor of "Miss Holland Hall," Pat Wright, Mary MacKay.

PUBLICATIONS

Holland Hall issues four publications each year: the three numbers of MISS HOLLAND HALL (Christmas, Valentine, and Easter) and the yearbook, EIGHT ACRES. The pictures on these pages give no hint of the frenzy and dishevelment of the staff members as deadlines near. The universal calm is replaced by harried countenances as deadlines fall for ads, art work, photography, copy, and proofs. Finally, the staff can relax, at least until the next deadline. As by what seems to have been a series of miracles but actually was much hard work, the publications are issued.

However, the girls know well that no publication could even begin to go to press without the help of the whole school. Every girl in the school obtained either an ad or three sponsorships. Miss Beattie and the art classes furnish all the art work, including the magazne covers which are selected by vote of the staff. But perhaps most valuable, every person in the Upper and Lower Schools has a chance to see his or her work in print, since MISS HOLLAND HALL is a literary magazine whose aim is to reflect the talents of the whole school. So it is apparent that, in a sense, the entire school are members of the publications staff.

Probably the most popular section of MISS HOLLAND HALL is the fun section entitled HEAVE-HO. Here Jean Campbell and her staff attempt to show the lighter side of our school life. Holland Hall happenings are also reported and publicized by Joann Fenton in her weekly column in the Tulsa "Tribune."

The girls wish to thank Miss Beckington, our sponsor, for her invaluable help. We do not regret having devoted so much time to the publications work because, besides the knowledge and experience which we have gained and the enjoyment we have had, we are justly proud of our labors.

PUBLICATIONS STAFF

Lulu B. Beckington
Faculty Sponsor of Publications

Kay Stover
Editor of "Eight Acres"

Ann Maness
Editor of "Miss Holland Hall"

Jean Campbell
Editor of "Heave-Ho"

Josephine Beattie
Director of Art

Jill Kreager
Associate Editor of "Eight Acres"

Mary Jo Kellough
Associate Editor of "Miss Holland Hall"

Jill Kreager
News and Sports Editor

Faith Blocksom
Advertising Manager of "Eight Acres"

Ann Winters
Advertising Manager of "Miss Holland Hall"

Jenny Alcott
Gretchen Barnes
Betsy Cole
Joann Fenton
Nancy Meadows
Mariellen Smith
Joanne Williams
Pat Wright

"HEAVE-HO" STAFF

Left to right: Gretchen Barnes, Mariellen Smith, Jean Campbell (standing), Mary MacKay, Pat Wright.

OUR EFFICIENT KITCHEN STAFF

Pearl Gaston, Dana Wirsching, Nadine Parrish, Drucilla Maines

LIBRARY

The graduating class of 1954 gave $196.20 to the library for the purchase of books and equipment. From this generous gift a new double-faced, steel bookcase was purchased as well as many new books.

Our Book Fair was held November 8-13, the week before National Book Week, in order to get book orders filled before the Christmas Holidays. It was a great success financially with over $600 worth of books being sold. Even more gratifying was the continued growth in the interest of parents and children.

Classroom libraries were set up in the fifth and sixth grades, 107 books being taken to the sixth and 86 to the fifth grade at the beginning of the year. Some of these were returned at the end of the first semester and 82 new ones were checked out to the sixth grade and 95 to the fifth. The first through fourth grades have fewer books at a time and change more frequently.

The audio visual program for Holland Hall is handled through the library. Almost all of the 154 films were shown to more than one class and many were shown to four classes.

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICAN FILM-STRIPS, put out by the Yale University Press, were given to the school by Mr. Charles W. Oliphant. They are certain to be "a vital and authentic teaching aid designed to breathe new life into our country's glorious past." For years to come students and teachers of Holland Hall will be grateful to Mr. Oliphant for this generous gift.

A new film strip and slide projector was the gift of the Parents' Association. Since this machine can be used without darkening rooms, it is now possible for teachers to show film with this added equipment. Holland Hall's audio-visual program should be greatly improved.

During the first of four months of the school year an average of 342 books a month were checked out of the main library by grades three through twelve. These were in addition to the books checked out from the classroom libraries. This year 250 new books have been added to our files.

Foreground, left to right: Linda Schoenfeld, Pat Wright, Ann Millison. Background: Eileen Simpson, Barbara Gussman, Faith Blocksom, Patti Young, Paula Pinson, Rebecca Traband, Molly Shearer. Standing: Trinka Bush, Margaret Billingslea.

Left to right: Nanci Thomas, Patti Young, Ann Winters, Eileen Simpson, Gretchen Barnes, Malissa Billingslea, Faith Blocksom, Judy Iverson, Penny Wolaver, Molly Shearer, Barbara Gussman.

TYPING CLASS

A course in typing is offered at Holland Hall as an extracurricular activity. No credit is given for the class which meets for forty-five minute periods three times weekly.

Mrs. Roark, Typing Instructor

This year Mrs. Vera Roark and Mrs. E. L. Thomas instructed us in the fundamentals of typing. At the first of the year the exercises were rather routine, since before any progress could be made in typing, we had to learn the keyboard. After some practice, we found that we could type with apparent ease, and the task of turning in perfect papers became somewhat less difficult.

Our enthusiasm mounted as we learned the correct forms for letter writing and term papers. We are extremely grateful for our typing knowledge since it is almost invaluable in preparing our English and history themes, and in our work in Publications.

CHEMISTRY

Grab your axyacetylene blowpipe; we are off to prove that hydrogen burns. Of course, without the help of our stalwart teacher, Miss Moulton, we should probably find that everything else in the laboratory burns too.

We three chemists really think of Chemistry as an interesting and rewarding subject, and one that undoubtedly will profit us both in further study in science at college and in everyday life.

Truly we have inhaled more than our share of poisonous gas on our experimental days, Tuesdays and Thursdays. All class periods have been spent in balancing exothermic equations of orthophosphoric elements until we nearly go crazy. So now we quietly fade away into a cloud of sulfur dioxide, leaving a pile of broken test tubes for next year's chemists.

BIOLOGY

Biology students are supposed to gather, observe and dissect plants and animals. This year we excelled in gathering and observing while Miss Moulton did most of the dissecting. Somehow the sight of a pithed frog produced more tendencies to nausea than feelings of great interest.

The first semester we studied the familarities and differences of living things, their self-maintenance, and their behavior. We augmented our class room studies with trips to Mohawk Zoo and the laboratories at St. John's Hospital.

Our studies of the second semester included disease, reproduction, and inheritance. The year ended with a brief study of the history of science and many vigorous discussions of anthropology and evolution.

Seated, left to right: Jill Kreager, Harriet Gates, Paula Pinson. Standing, left to right: Jean Campbell, Mary Nesbitt, Penny Wolaver, Jenny Alcott, Rebecca Traband, Carolyn Bradford, Marsha Lackey, Kay Stover, Joann Fenton.

Seated, left to right: Julie Kay Russell, Elizabeth Mulford, Jolene Haynes, Mary Nesbitt, Ann Winters, Carolyn Bradford, Elizabeth Callahan. Standing: Mary Jo Kellough, Judy Adams, Gwynne Fuller.

ART ACTIVITIES—UPPER SCHOOL

The pupils of the Upper School Art Activities classes devote much of their time to preparing posters and other forms of advertising for the all-school Field Day in the early fall. Following this, there are opportunities to work for two cover contests for the school magazine, "Miss Holland Hall." This gives pupils experience in commercial art, since they also prepare the color separations for the engraver. The yearbook division plates and some of the headings are required work.

The special scenery for operettas, designs for program covers, posters, Christmas hall decorations, and murals for school dances are worked out with the assistance of these groups and their instructor, Miss Josephine Beattie.

The girls may choose to work in various media, including plaster-of-Paris and wax for carving, melted-wax crayon or encaustic painting, water colors, inks, pastels, and ceramic clay. There is also a potter's wheel in the studio and it is popular with nearly everyone. The glazing and firing are completed in the school kiln.

Occasional visits to Philbrook are made during the school day just for pleasure and inspiration. Sketching compositions in still-life which have been set up by the class, working from a model, doing a self portrait, or painting outdoors fill out the agenda for the classes in art activities.

LOWER SCHOOL ART

Art classes in the Lower School have many "free days" on which nearly everyone chooses to work with ceramic clay. Even the most amateur efforts are fired and then may be painted or glazed. Carving wax and painting with melted-wax crayons or working with plaster of Paris are favorite activities allowed to children above the fourth grade. All classes practise painting and lettering so that legible posters and programs may be made for their Field Day, operettas, Christmas plays, and their May Fete. The "Miss Holland Hall" cover contests are entered for the experience to be derived, and all requirements and limitations as to size and number of colors are carefully considered from the second grade up. The children also help design and assist in executing the scenery for their plays and operettas.

Required work includes learning a simple manuscript lettering, drawing on a few occasions from dictation, sketching the figure, or perhaps doing a little one-point perspective with opportunities for many choices in media.

Experimentation is encouraged in painting and color work as well as in using craft materials where construction is achieved by cutting, modeling, casting, carving, or pasting.

Side table, left to right: Linda Kay Clark, Jimmy Hamilton. Front table: Karol McAllister, Alice Morrow, Jimmy Perry, Robin Flint, Linda Dale Murdock, Linda Richards. Back table: Mary Ellen Slemaker, Mary Moore, Pat McInerney, Gary Susott, Suzanne Jones.

At piano: Mrs. Ross. First row, left to right: Margaret Billingslea, Judy Pat Johnson, Mary Nesbitt, Penny Meadows, Louise Gish, Sylvia McCormick, Marsha Lackey. Second row: Barbara Bungardt, Nancy March, Diane Davies, Della Jane Dunkin, Joann Williams, Cathy Crouch, Ann Millison, Linda Schoenfeld, Ruthie Broach. Third row: Rebecca Traband, Judy Nelson, Penny Soule, Peggy Seay, Lorise Snow, Pat Wright, Jill Berghuis, Susie Schempf, Trinka Bush.

GLEE CLUB

Glee Club at Holland Hall is an extracurricular activity under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Ross. The eighteen members met twice a week to blend their voices in three-part harmony.

They have taken part in many programs this year. They appeared in the Upper School Thanksgiving chapel service singing their versions of two sacred numbers. At the Christmas Candlelight Service the beautiful "In a Manger Lowly" was sung by Marsha Lackey; and Ann Millison, as soloist, and the Glee Club rendered "From Heaven High the Angels Come." The high spot of the year was their presentation of the operetta, "The Gilbert and Sullivan Revue." Soloists included Marsha Lackey as Katisha, Cathy Crouch as Josephine and Ann Millison as the Fairy Queen. Boys from Central High School took the male parts. The Pops Concert was a great success with the Glee Club singing "Many a New Day," "Land of Hope and Glory," "This is My Country," and "The False Prophet." Marsha Lackey, Ann Millison, Margaret Billingslea, and Nancy Meadows, sang solos. The Glee Club closed the year with the Baccalaureate Service in which they sang "O Lord Most Holy" and "The Lord Bless You and Keep You."

EIGHTH GRADE MUSIC: Eighth grade music has included choral singing and musical appreciation in their course this year. They have appeared in many programs with the Glee Club. At Thanksgiving they sang a sacred anthem. During the Christmas Candlelight Service they sang "A Chinese Christmas Carol." Besides joining the Glee Club in their numbers, the eighth grade gave four novelty songs in the Pops Concert.

PIANO STUDY

Our school is fortunate in having the facilities whereby those students who are interested in piano study may avail themselves of the opportunity to take private lessons as a part of their school curriculum twice a week from Mrs. David V. Williams.

This year the students have been offered a thorough knowledge of the keyboard, rhythm, theory, and technique and have been encouraged, according to their capacities, to integrate their efforts in various phases of the musical life of their school and community.

Eighteen girls studied piano during the year, six being second graders; four, third; three, fourth; one, sixth; two, seventh; one, eighth; and one, eleventh.

An informal piano recital was presented on the evening of March 25 in the school auditorium, for the entertainment of parents and friends, who were justly proud of the students' progress.

The room in which Mrs. Williams conducts her classes is only 5x5½ feet, a fact which has both disadvantages and advantages. As to the former, there is not room for anything except the piano and stool, one collapsible chair, the pupil, and the teacher. As to the advantages, there are no distractions and no interfering spectators. Yes, there are things to be said for the cubby hole.

Standing on stage, left to right: Jeanie MacKay, Helene Lawrence, Melanie Bates, Alice Morrow, Karen Hamilton, Caroline Owens. Melanie Moore, Toni Drewry, Linda Richards, Nancy Murdock. Around piano: Mary Eckel, Poppe McCormick, Sharon Parker, Susan Lindstrom. Seated at piano: Susan Schempf. Absent when picture was taken: Belinda Bates, Janie Stauss, Ann Brice.

Kneeling, left to right: Mary MacKay, Marsha Lackey. Standing: Nancy Meadows, Jolene Haynes, Jean Campbell, Jill Kreager, Cathy Crouch, Marsha Moore, Faith Blocksom, Judy Pat Johnson.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION ACTIVITIES

"Up, down, up, down, one, two, one, two," says Mrs. Kaboth as we attempt our exercises during gym periods.

Each year the students begin their classes, all being rather stiff after a summer's rest. After the first few gym classes with Mrs. Kaboth's giving us exercises to do, we become stiffer than ever. We have learned that exercises are good for warming up before games and they also help in good posture. The deep knee bends and leg lifts are tried with many groans but these especially help our posture.

We have four regular team sports in which the two teams, Sakawas and Wanatas, compete. They are baseball, hockey, soccer, and basketball. Scholastics also enter into our physical education agenda, since at the end of each year a trophy is awarded to the team with the higher scholastic average.

Pictured above is this year's Athletic Association with representation from each Upper School class. It helps select the athletic awards and regulates intramural competition.

PLAY DAY

The two athletic teams, Sakawa and Wanata, strive during the year for the coveted Athletic and Play Day cups. During the year the teams compete in softball, field hockey, soccer, volleyball, and basketball. The team winning the events receive 100 points for each series of games toward the athletic cups. Other sports participated in are badminton and tennis.

Towards the end of the school year Play Day is the big event. This is the climax of the athletic program. The day is devoted to contests between the Sakawa and Wanata teams. Events held on the west campus of the school include tennis, softball, volleyball, deck tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, table tennis, one-hundred-yard relay race, and the fifty-yard relay. A swimming meet is held at the Y.W.C.A. pool. Diving, speed, and form are the main factors of the swimming competition.

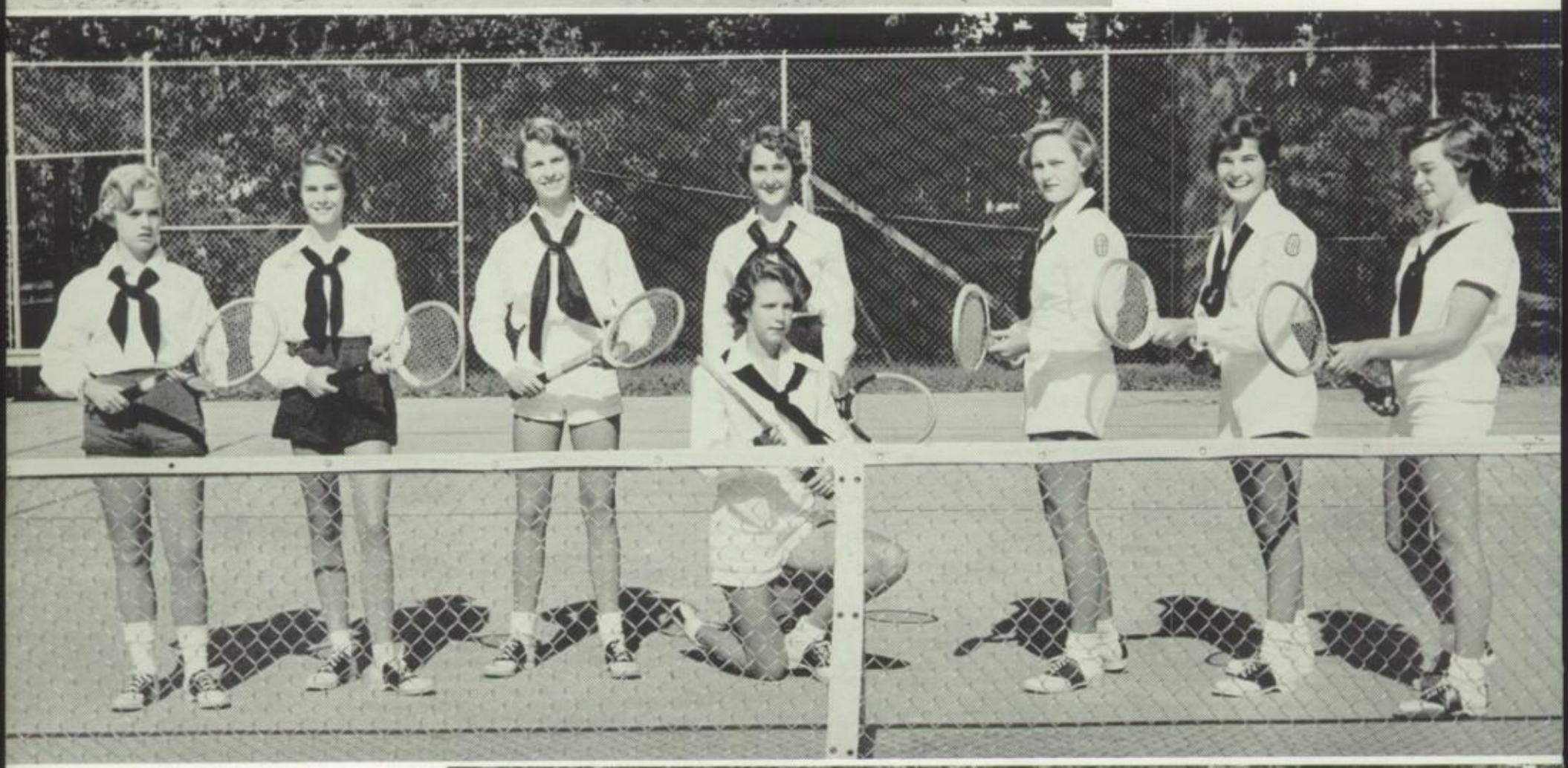
Play Day is very important, for the team that wins will probably get the Athletic and Play Day cups. The teams have to work very hard on Play Day if they want to win the cups. As always, it will be a wonderful contest of skill and sportsmanship between Sakawas and Wanatas. May the best team come out on top.

Left to right: Diane Davies, Louise Gish, Vikki Cole, Peggy Seay, Patti Young, Molly Shearer, Jean Campbell, Judy Pat Johnson, Carol Seidenbach, Gwynne Fuller, Della Jane Dunkin, Carolyn Bradford, Elizabeth Callahan, Trinka Bush, Jan Smith.

SPORTS

ARCHERY

Left to right: Mary Jo Kellough, Margaret Billingslea, Barbara Gussman, Ann Millison, Jill Berghuis, Lorise Snow, Mary Eckel.



TENNIS

Kneeling: Gretchen Barnes. Standing, left to right: Ruthie Broach, Linda Mole, Malissa Billingslea, Eileen Simpson, Sylvia McCormick, Marsha Moore, Lucy Diggs.

BASKETBALL

Left to right: Nancy March, Mary Nesbitt, Susan Schempf, Penny Meadows, Penny Soule, Trinka Bush.

WANATAS

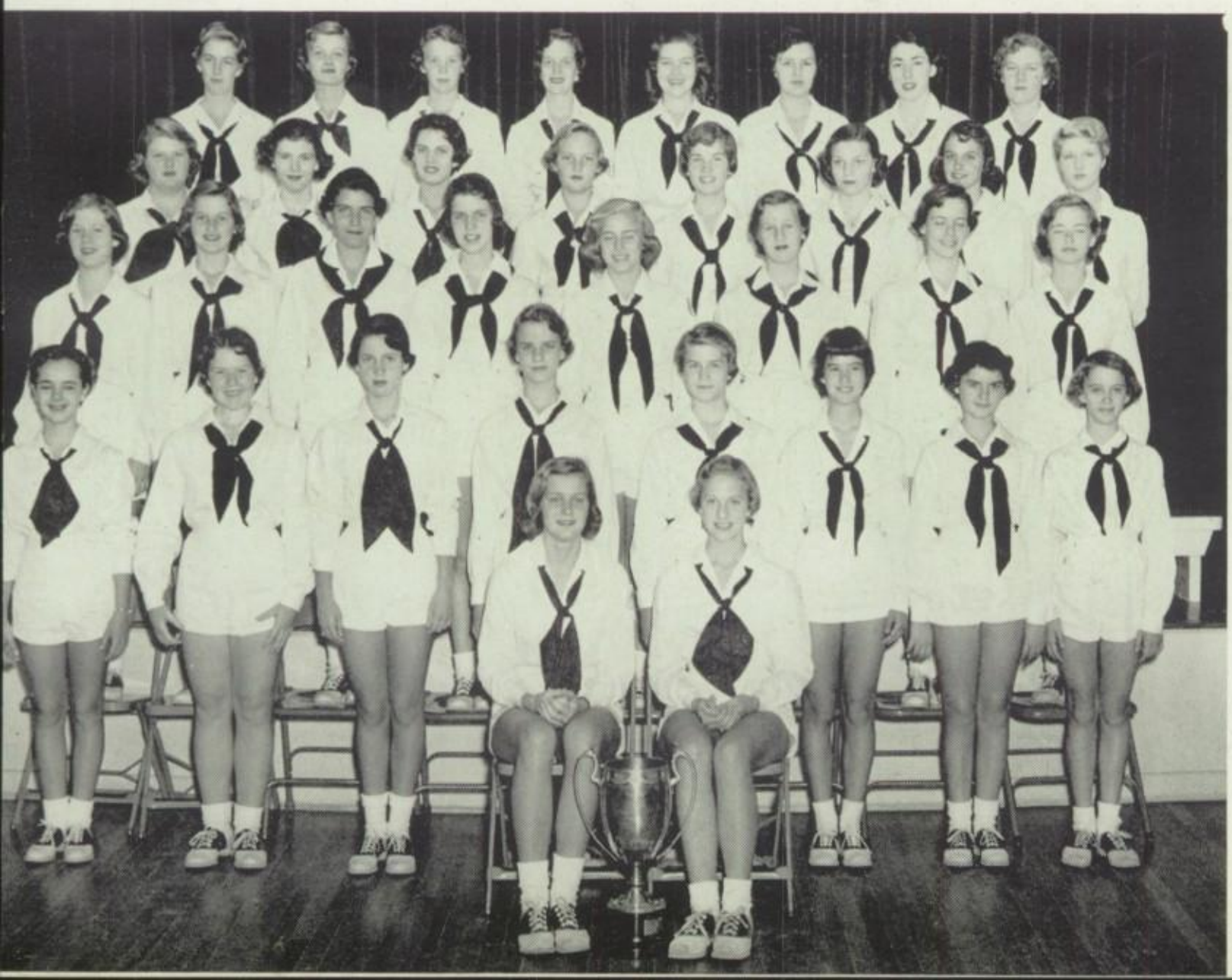
Seated, left to right: Captain, Jolene Haynes, Co-Captain, Jill Kreager.

First row: Ruthie Broach, Linda Mole, Linda Schoenfeld, Patti Young, Diane Davies, Barbara Jo Davis, Della Jane Dunkin.

Second row: Linda Bragg, Carolyn Bradford, Judy McDonald, Julie Kay Russell, Joann Fenton, Vikki Cole, Harriet Gates, Leslie Holmes.

Third row: Judy Nelson, Louise Gish, Eileen Simpson, Jill Berghuis, Nanci Thomas, Paula Pinson, Judy Iverson, Joann Williams.

Fourth row: Mary MacKay, Peggy Seay, Kay Stover, Lorise Snow, Pat Wright, Gwynne Fuller, Mary Jo Kellough, Susan Schempf.



SAKAWAS

Seated, left to right: Jean Campbell, Captain; Faith Blocksom, Co-Captain.

First row: Barbara Bungardt, Nancy March, Barbara Gussman, Malissa Billingslea, Mary Eckel, Carol Seidenbach, Jan Smith, Elizabeth Mulford.

Second row: Nancy Meadows, Ann Millison, Judy Pat Johnson, Margaret Billingslea, Marsha Lackey, Molly Shearer, Dana Jones, Lucy Diggs.

Third row: Judy Adams, Rebecca Traband, Penny Wolaver, Sylvia McCormick, Marsha Moore, Elizabeth Callahan, Cathy Crouch, Mariellen Smith.

Fourth row: Penny Soule, Trinka, Bush, Gretchen Barnes, Ann Winters, Mary Nesbitt, Penny Meadows, Jenny Alcott, Ann Maness.

FOOTBALL "A" SQUAD

Left to right: Donald Feagin, R.E.; Pat McInerney, R.T.; John Stambaugh, R.G.; Robert H. Christman, Jr., C.; Eric Oliphant, L.E.; George Elder, L.T.; Marvin Parker, L.E.; Chris Stowell, L.H.; Vaylord Cox, R.H.B.; Benny Briggs, L.H.B.; Steve Janco, F.B.

FOOTBALL "B" SQUAD

Sitting: Hal Balch, manager. Standing, First row, left to right: Pat Hare, Mike Dixon, Keenan Barnard, Paul Brockwell. Second row: Dick Derricks, Mike Hare, Bob Owens, Corky Wolaver, J. G. Morris. Third row: Andrew Pope, Jimmy Perry, Paul White, Larry Aspen, Jerry First. Fourth row: Michael Kerr, Leslie McMillin, Thomas McInerney, Bruce Garbade, Gary Suscott, Fulton Collins.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The boys' athletic program started the year with a rough-and-tough football season. The boys played seven games and scrimmages, all with large, experienced teams. The results were four wins and three losses. There were two losses to Lee squad and one to an Edison team. The Holland Hallers scored wins over teams from Eliot, Eisenhower, and two wins over a Barnard team.

The boys received minor instruction in boxing, wrestling, and gymnastics, and more extensive work in basketball.

Baseball has tended to monopolize activities. This year, Mr. Hitchcock arranged to have our boys enter a Y.M.C.A. league in baseball This team will continue to play into the summer.

Minor instruction in tennis and May Fete activities kept the athletic schedule crowded through the last two months of school, and put the final touch on a year of sports activity.

Mrs. Kaboth Exclaims

Indefatigable Seniors

Dracula Peg and Calm Callahan

Heavy-Hittin' Faith

Marsha, Athletic Prexy

Future Football Greats

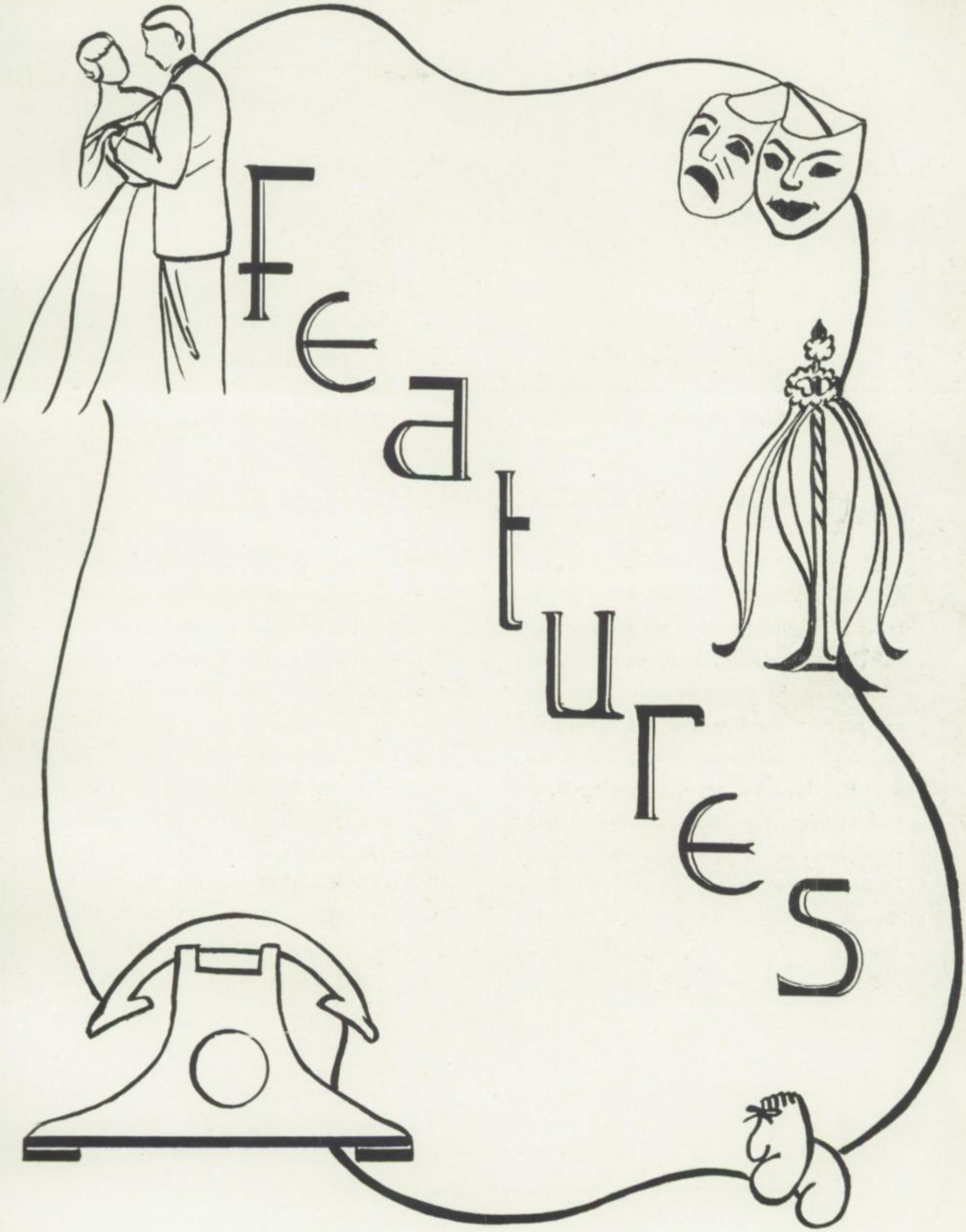
Ping Pong Champs

Fathers vs. Daughters

Prexy Shows Them How

OUR TRUSTY HELPERS

La Roye, Theodore, and Herbert, Head Custodian


features

Eileen Simpson, Christmas Queen. Attendants: Melinda Mize, Jim Hamilton.

UPPER SCHOOL CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

The annual Christmas candlelight carol service was held on Thursday, December 16. The entire upper school participated in the program which started at five o'clock. Many of the beautiful Christmas carols were sung along with special numbers from the Glee Club and eighth grade. Ann Millison and Marsha Lackey carried voice solos with Mrs. Williams accompanying Marsha while Mrs. Ross played a violin obligato. Student accompanists were Susie Schempf and Della Jane Dunkin. The director of the carols was Cathy Crouch, who was chosen by vote of the senior class.

The service came to a close with the crowning of the Christmas queen, who is traditionally chosen from the junior class. This year the honor was awarded to Eileen Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Simpson, Jr. She was crowned by Marsha Lackey, the retiring queen. Melinda Mize, of the first grade, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Mize, was flower girl and James Hamilton, also of the first grade, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, served as crown bearer. Earlier queens include: in 1937, Mary Louise Shade (Mrs. Chas. McNamara); in 1938, Jean McIntyre (Mrs. R. C. Banks); in 1939, Mary McBirney (Mrs. Richard Bryan); in 1940, Mary Ann Camp (Mrs. William Jacobs); in 1941, June Scarborough (Mrs. Karl Martin); in 1942, Marian Foster (Mrs. Frank D. Kinnie, Jr.); in 1943, Garalene Vandever; in 1944 Virginia McMillin (Mrs. Bradley C. Streeter); in 1945, Jean Ache; in 1946, Ruby Webb; in 1947, Carol Bryan (Mrs. John D. Izaird); in 1948, Pat Davis (Mrs. Jim Law); in 1949, Ann Ervine, in 1950, Cadijah Helmerich; in 1951, Pat Flint; in 1952, Sue Franklin; and in 1953, Marsha Lackey.

As in former years at the annual carol service, students contributed money to a philanthropic cause, this year to sponsor a child adopted through the Foster Parent Plan.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

"A Christmas Fantasy" was presented by children of the first, second, and third grades, December 10 at 7:30 P. M., for their parents and friends.

The Three Wise Men

The three scenes portrayed six little girls on an adventure to the North Pole where they watched Jack Frost, White Christmas, Santa Claus, Merry Christmas, and a chorus of Snow Flakes. In the other scenes they were entertained by the Brownies, Toy Soldiers, Candy Sticks, the Waltzing Doll, the Cat and Mouse, Sugar Plum Fairy and Jack-in-the-box. Each scene was announced by a page.

The rhythm band played a combination of three numbers for the overture.

The lower school Christmas carol service featured carols sung in French, German and Latin. Soloists were James Perry, J. G. Morris and Marvin Parker.

LOWER SCHOOL MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS

Jam Session

Marvin in Toga

Instrumental Ensemble

Mount Olympus was the setting for the Greek music drama "The Golden Apple," presented by the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. The Four acts were filled with the singing and dancing of Dryads, Elves, Naiads, Oreads, Gods and Goddesses. Solo parts were sung by Marvin Parker, J. G. Morris, James Perry, and Gwendolyn Dyer. The operetta was directed by Mrs. Ross, assisted by Mrs. Kaboth, dancing; Miss Beattie scenery and costume designs; and Mrs. Kiker, drama. Della Jane Dunkin played the piano accompaniment.

The musical play, "The Life of Stephen Foster" was compiled and presented by the fourth, fifth and sixth grades, May 13. The songs were studied in class and the continuity written by the students. Vaylord Cox accompanied boys of the sixth grade on his guitar in some of the well-known songs, J. G. Morris played the piano accompaniments. The instrumental ensemble played two numbers.

Gilbert and Sullivan Revue Principals: Dale Lewis, Della Jane Dunkin, Johnny Cherblanc, Marsha Lackey and James Webb

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVUE

One of the programs presented during the year was the "Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," with numbers from "The Mikado," "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Iolanthe." The male characters were portrayed by members of the Central High School Opera Club.

The scene was the deck of the H.M.S. Pinafore executed by Miss Josephine Beattie of the art department.

The performance was under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Ross, assisted by Mrs. David Williams, piano, and Mrs. Billie Kiker, drama.

CAST

The Mikado	James Webb
Katisha	Marsha Lackey
Nanki-Poo	Dale Lewis
Yum-Yum	Della Jane Dunkin
Pitti-Sing	Barbara Bungardt
Peep-Bo	Diane Davies
Captain Corcoran	John Cherblanc
Sir John Porter	Tommy Owens
Josephine	Cathy Crouch
Ralph Rackstraw	Harold Woods
Buttercup	Sylvia McCormick
The Pirate King	Richard Hill
Frederic	Jim Caldwell
Mabel	Nancy March
Ruth	Peggy Seay
The Fairy Queen	Ann Millison
Phyllis	Margaret Billingslea
Strephon	Joe Mills

Sailors: Pat Wright, Linda Schoenfeld, Jill Berghuis, Judy Pat Johnson, Ruthie Broach, Trinka Bush, Judy Nelson, Louise Gish.

Pirates: Nancy Meadows, Joanne Williams, Rebecca Traband, Penny Soule, Betsy Cole, Gretchen Barnes.

Cousins: Penny Meadows, Mary Nesbitt, Lorise Snow, Susan Schempf.

"MARGIE GOES MODERN"

The Seventh and Eighth Grades presented the operetta "Margie Goes Modern" on the afternoon and evening of March 31. The stage setting, designed by Miss Beattie, represented the terrace of an Art School, where students in artist's smocks painted pictures, in competition for a prize.

SPRING POPS CONCERT

One of the most enjoyable evenings spent at Holland Hall was experienced when the girls of the Upper School displayed their talents by presenting a musical evening of popular music. The program consisted of chorus numbers, duets, quartets, and two-piano numbers. Audience participation was encouraged by student directors. The Junior class served refreshments.

MAY

QUEEN
AND HER COURT

Queen, center,
Mary Moore

Attendants, left to right: Susan Lindstrom, Susan Chandler, Sharon Parker. Flower girls: Ann Brice, Suzanne Eagle.

Crown bearer. center: Cecile Gillespie.

Pages: Billy Ortenburger, Richard Wheeler.

THE VILLAGERS

WOODLAND
CREATURES

FETE

WINDING THE
MAYPOLE

CROWS
AND DOGS

DWARFS
AND TEN PINS

Jill and Partying Friends

Alone

Judy and Julie Kay, Accompanists

Nancy and Judy Pat Cross Over the Bridge

A Spicy Evening, Carolyn with Dill

Scared Rabbits?

Sophs, Eating Again or Yet?

Patti and Date

Ever-ready Nancy

AWARDS

Joann Fenton, 1954-55

PRESIDENT OF STUDENT COUNCIL

Ann Winters, 1955-56

CITIZEN OF THE QUARTER

MARY NESBITT, First
MALISSA BILLINGSLEA, Second
JEAN CAMPBELL, Third
FAITH BLOCKSOM, Fourth

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, AND ART

1954 "Eight Acres," Second Place, Columbia Scholastic Press Association

1955 "Miss Holland Hall," Superior Rating, T.U. Journalism Contest

1955 "Heave-Ho," Meritorious Column, T.U. Journalism Contest

LOWER SCHOOL

Music, Marsha Lackey
Art, Gwynne Fuller

UPPER SCHOOL

Music, J. G. Morris
Art, Mary Ellen Slemaker

FIRE DRILL

Money-making Sophs

Nancy and Barbara, Studying?

Mrs. Heavey and Friend

Touching Up THE Davenport

Ledlie Graham, Spectator

Onelia Miccoli, Our Italian Foster Child

Tripping Biologists

Awaiting the Greedy Goblin

History Will Prophecy Calendar Alumnae

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

The fall of 1942 found only one of the present graduating Seniors, Cathy Crouch, at Holland Hall. Other girls in the Kindergarten at that time were Gretchen Bush, Suzanne Teis, Julie Francis, Mary MacKay, Ann Carter, Ann Winters, Leslie Hughes, and Mary Jo Kellough. These playful enthusiasts went on a camping trip and took great delight in keeping a scrapbook of their adventures.

In the first grade only Gretchen Bush and Ann Carter remained to greet Marjorie McCullum, Gayle Goodnough, and Joan Baker.

As second graders we were sorry to see Gretchen and Gayle depart but glad to welcome three new recruits: Carolyn Cremin, Jamie Singletary, and Rebecca Traband. As a class we participated in various plays and programs given by the school, our outstanding contribution being an assembly called "The Rat Show." We all dressed up like rats and gave a remarkably realistic performance.

"Always busy" was our motto for the next year. We decorated our room with little masterpieces of art molded by our own little hands. We also took care of a bowl of sturdy goldfish that miraculously survived daily handling and conglomerate feeding. We traveled widely, among our excursions being trips to far-away Wolferman's, Banfield's Plant, Mohawk Park, and Philbrook Art Museum. On Pet Day Jamie and Diane Jackson brought their ducks, Bright Eyes and Waddles, to school. Such quacking you never heard!

By the fourth grade we had decided that we were pretty grown-uppish. On Field Day we amassed a fortune by selling cokes, cookies, and cup cakes, and contributed one of the three boths chosen to be featured in "Miss Holland Hall." Our plays and assemblies were highlighted by "The Gift Perfect" and "Thanksgiving Then and Now."

Only three of us remained to start the fifth grade (Carolyn Cremin, Ann Carter and Sheila Kerlin), but soon Barbara Beal completed the foursome. This year we declaimed "all over the place" and our pride knew no bounds when Barbara was announced winner.

In the sixth grade, work increased as did also our class number, when Jean Campbell and Erlita Lundquist entered Holland Hall. Since we studied Oklahoma history, we took upon ourselves the onerous task of making a mural to represent "Oklahoma Past and Present." And was that a work of art!

Carolyn Torr, Mary Jane Hulse, Page Nelson, and Marsha Lackey came to us as seventh graders. Now we were seniors in the Lower School and very ladylike, we thought. On Field Day we presented a play called "Ghost in the House" which proved to be such a success that we were confident all should rate Hollywood roles.

Upon becoming eighth graders, our ego was deflated for we were demoted from the highest class in the Lower School to the lowest class in the Upper School. Our group now consisted of Nancy Van Norman, Jean Campbell, Marsha Lackey, Page Nelson, Ann Carter, Mariellen Smith, Carolyn Cremin, Mary Jane Hulse, Barbara Beal, and Cathy Crouch. Marsha and Cathy both had thrilling skating parties. Scholastically we did well, academic honors falling to Jean Campbell and Marsha Lackey and academic high honors going to Ann Carter and Mary Jane Hulse. We all attended the Sakawa-Wanata dance, following a dinner party given for us and our dates by Jean.

The ninth grade found us the largest class in school when Nancy Robinson, Janey Franklin, Kay Stover, Judy Albert, Penny Wolaver and Penny Meadows arrived. The highlight of the year was a hayride given by Cathy Crouch.

Three girls joined us as sophomores, these lassies being Mary Nesbitt, Jenny Alcott and Joann Fenton. Eleven girls (Janey Franklin, Ann Carter, Page Nelson, Judy Albert, Nancy Van Norman, Carolyn Cremin, Mary Jane Hulse, Barbara Beal, Mariellen Smith, Jean Campbell, and Nancy Robinson) decided to go elsewhere. Mary, Cathy, and Kay gave luncheons for the remaining group. High honors went to Jenny Alcott, Joann Fenton, Kay Stover, and Marsha Lackey. Cathy was named Field Day Queen and Marsha was elected secretary of the Upper School Student Council.

In September, 1953, as juniors we welcomed three new members—Jolene Haynes, Ann Maness, and Anne Bartholomew and three returned heroines—Nancy Robinson, Mariellen Smith, and Jean Campbell. We took active parts in the operetta and Pops Concert. In the way of honors Kay was elected vice-president of the Student Council and in the candlelight service Marsha was crowned Christmas Queen. Luncheons and a slumber party were given in honor of birthdays.

The Senior Class found Anne Bartholomew and Nancy Robinson missing from its ranks Joann Fenton was awarded the honor of being President of the Student Council and Tulsa "Tribune" correspondent; Marsha Lackey was made President of the Athletic Association; Kay Stover became Editor of "Eight Acres;" Ann Maness was Editor of "Miss Holland Hall;" Jean Campbell and Jolene Haynes were the captains of the vying teams and Penny Wolaver was elected Valentine Queen with Kay Stover and Mariellen Smith as her attendants. Cathy Crouch was chosen Cover Girl for the Valentine issue of "Miss Holland Hall" and also Field Day Queen for a second time. Town Hall lectures entertained and enlightened us during the year.

As graduation grew near, we were filled with mixed emotions: enthusiasm for the festivities of Commencement, gratitude for all that our friends, the faculty, and our parents had done for us, and regret that our days at Holland Hall would soon be ended.

CLASS WILL

The Class of '55 Makes the Following Bequests:

ELIZABETH CALLAHAN: GREASE PAINT

Liz is a whiz; yes, a whiz is Liz.
Both an actress and artist is she;
If you lead two lives, this'll serve you well,
For this jar of grease paint is for thee.

PENNY SOULE: A BUSTLE

Penny loves a billowing skirt,
From her wardrobe she has quite a pick;
"Our gift," says Grandma, "is tried and true,
And perhaps will add a new kick."

PAT WRIGHT: A BUG

We hear you don't like termites,
And on them you've put a ban;
To keep from itching and scratching all day,
Call Otto, the Orkin Man!

SYLVIA McCORMICK: A MUD PACK

Just where did you get that glorious tan?
It's something for which we all strive;
If that lucky ol' sun should fade from view,
Here's a mud pack to keep it alive.

SUSIE SCHEMPF: A WIG

To Susie who pines for longer locks
To make all the boys come 'round in flocks
We leave this for you, Honey Chile,
And man, oh, man, will it beguile!

ANN MILLISON: A BOY

Did you expect something silly?
Did you expect something small?
Why, no. this gift will bring you joy—
Yep, you guessed it—it's a boy!

REBECCA TRABAND: A MEGAPHONE

To "Becky" who is quiet we leave a megaphone.
Just hold it up
And shout right loud
To make your wishes known.

FAITH BLOCKSOM: FRENCH BOOK

To Faith who loves her French, mais oui!
This gift is perfect, as you can see.
Just open the cover and take a look—
It's "Stover and Campbell's New French Book!"

CAROLYN BRADFORD:

He may not be Archeopteryx
Nor Pithecanthroprus, too
You must admit he's pretty cute,
We bought him just for you!

JUDY McDONALD: AN EAR OF CORN

To Judy McDonald, a sweet Southern belle,
We give a nice fresh ear of corn.
Don't ever be tempted this rare gift to sell;
Such "colonels" you never should scorn.

JAN SMITH: A WAND

Jan has musical talent galore
Success for her is in sight
A wand to wave is our gift to her
So conduct to a musical height.

MARSHA MOORE: AN ICE BAG

Marsha studies from morn till night
Outstanding grades she's made
But just in case she's overworked,
This ice bag should her aid.

ANN WINTERS: THREE LESSONS at ARTHUR MURRY'S

Our Annie loves to rhumba
For a tango we find no smarter
So why not bop down to this studio fine
And maybe you'll even teach Arthur.

NANCI THOMAS: BEADS

We leave to you these pretty beads
So shining and so gay,
We know they'll fill your summer needs
For wear on sultry days.

BARBARA POTTER: THANKS

To Barbara for her helpful deeds
In tending to our typing needs,
The Staff and Seniors both can say
"We're surely glad you're here to stay."

PATTI YOUNG: A RIBBON

To Patti Young we leave a bow
To tie on that cute pony tail,
And if you wear it, we all know,
To charm the fellows you won't fail.

BETSY COLE: GLASSES

To Betsy Cole, who loves to read,
We leave her something she may need.
In case her vision begins to pale
These "specs" will help her without fail.

BARBARA JO DAVIS: BUBBLE GUM

A cute girl is our Barbara Jo,
That's a fact that we all know.
To see that she is never glum
We bequeath Double Bubble gum.

LORISE SNOW: A POPCICLE

For one who's got a "real cool" name
We've got a gift that's just the same.
An added feature of the treat—
It's something you can really eat.

MARY JO KELLOUGH: LOWER SCHOOL COUCH

Each day we kidded Mary Jo
'Till she would holler "ouch!"
To show we didn't mean it though,
We leave our green plush couch!

JUDY ADAMS: A PING-PONG BALL

To Judy we give a new ping-pong ball,
Since her great tragedy did befall.
'Twas flattened out so it would not bounce,
Because on it a senior did trounce!

HARRIET GATES: A BLUEBIRD

To Harriet, who does swoon
Each time she hears "The Penguins" croon,
We leave this little bird of blue
Because, no kidding, he sings too.

PAULA PINSON: A POLISHING CLOTH

For cleaning rings of silver and gold
This rag is handy, so we are told.
Just polish it each day and night,
And it will stay both new and bright.

GWYNNE FULLER: ADVICE

To Gwynne we leave some sage advice
On dress for a costume party.
When she has read it once or twice
She will be a smarty!

PEGGY SEAY: BARREL OF FUN

Since she excels in all she tries,
Here is something to light her eyes,
To Peggy Seay, the lucky one,
We leave a barrel full of fun!

BARBARA GUSSMAN: A PARASOL

To Barbara we give some shade
In the form of a parasol,
Perhaps with it her tan will fade,
And we won't be so jealous, all.

TRISH McCLINTOCK: A DATE BOOK

To a little girl the boys adore
Keeping dates straight must be a chore,
To help her with this problem grave
A date book will her from mix-ups save.

DIANE DAVIES: JACKS

If ever your lessons seem too few,
A game of jacks we've bought for you.
But in reply to teacher's looks
Turn back quickly to your books.

JULIE RUSSELL: A DR. PEPPER

A Dr. Pepper to give pep
Will keep our Julie right in step
We'd never give her something stronger
Even to make this poem longer.

LINDA MOLE: A FILE

To a scatterbrained girl, Linda Mole.
We bequeath a file so handy
Since a well-ordered mind is her goal
She'll smooth off rough edges just dandy.

LESLIE HOLMES: BREAD

To Leslie, who hands out the snacks each day,
We give a piece of bread.
She never takes any snack for herself
But sees that we're well-fed.

ELIZABETH MULFORD: INK

To Elizabeth Mulford we bequeath
A bottle of bright blue ink.
Her writing will gain a laurel wreath
Since it's pretty good, we think!

LINDA BRAGG: MEDAL

This Linda is named Bragg,
But she never does it at all.
She can let this medal boast
All her days at Holland Hall.

CAROL SEIDENBACH: TWO ROSES

Ah, Carol, to you we give
Two roses, sweet and fair.
In case someday you'll need
Some bloomers, here's a pair.

MARY ECKEL: TUNING FORK

Now Mary Eckel's a songstress dear;
You always have a tone that's clear.
In case one day you miss a key
This fork will get from C to C.

DANA JONES: A LOUD SPEAKER

To Dana, a quiet young miss
A loud speaker—that's just what this is.
If you want yourself to be heard,
Just speak up and give us the word.

JUDY IVERSON: A RECORD

In giving to Judy this classical platter
Her musical tastes we may mightily flatter
For truly this music does sound like heaven
When played by Red Ingle's Natural Seven!

NANCY MEADOWS: MAKE UP

For Nancy who tries in vain to grow tan,
We have a simple, sure-fire plan—
Using cosmetics as an aid
She'll soon put Penny in the shade.

JUDY PAT JOHNSON: RIBBON

For Judy Pat we leave this bow
To match her clear gray eyes
And as she walks along the street
The boys she'll hypnotize.

MARY MacKAY: BATHING SUIT

To a gal who's pretty cute
We leave this snazzy bathing suit.
So when she gets all nice and tan
She'll run right out and catch her man!

JILL KREAGER: HORN

To give Jill's car a little pep
We leave this horn that's really hep
And when you're out of gasoline
It will call helpers to the scene.

MALISSA BILLINGSLEA: A FLASHLIGHT

To Malissa with her ways polite
We will a small "flashlight,"
'Twill show the way back to her home
If she should ever chance to roam.

LOUISE GISH: A GUPPY

To Louise Gish we will a fish
We wish it were a puppy,
But since we couldn't get a dog
We hope you'll like this guppy.

MUGGY BILLINGSLEA: A 21 INCH BELT

Muggy, a knockout in every way,
Likes parties, boys, and stuff;
This belt will surely enhance your charms
Though it may make you puff.

JUDY NELSON: A JOKE BOOK

When Judy hears a thigh-slapping pun,
She never lets it pass her;
This fun-loving gal gets a book full of jokes
We assure you it's quite a gasser.

EILEEN SIMPSON: A ROSE

Since you, Eileen, love the flowers fair,
A rose to you we bequeath;
But since you like a novel idea,
Just clutch it between your teeth.

MRS. HEAVEY: AN ORCHID

Orchids to a lady fair.
None with you can e'er compare.
Since you've put up with our pranks,
Mrs. Heavey, here's our thanks.

MISS BEATTIE: A BROOCH

To Miss Beattie, who's a wonder,
We now give this sparkling brooch.
Our love for you will never sunder;
In true art you're sure some coach.

MRS. BETH RANSDELL: CAR MIRROR

Mrs. Ransdell's sure a daisy;
Always busy—never lazy.
That new auto needs a mirror
This will help you straight to steer her.

MRS. CHARLOTTE ROCKWOOD: A SCARF

To our sponsor kind and good,
Mrs. Charlotte S. Rockwood.
Here's a scarf of varied hue;
With our love it's given to you.

MRS. MARGARET KABOTH: BLACK PENCILS

Mrs. Kaboth is a whiz
And she surely knows her biz—
Better heed when she shouts, "Hark!"
Or she'll give you a black mark.

MRS. BILLIE KIKER: MASQUE EAR SCREWS

Mrs. Kiker's sure no piker
When it comes to coaching plays.
With these faces in their places
May they bring you happy days.

MRS. ROARK: A CHECK FOR GOOD WILL

"Pay to the order of" is a common expression
With our Mrs. Roark who pays all our bills.
Now we have come to make a confession
And give you this check to pay for our ills.

MRS. BETTY COLE: A CATALOGUE

We thought we'd get Mrs. Cole a book
But someone said, "She's got a book!"
Another said, "Let's get a dog,"
But she likes cats, hence this cat-a-log.

MISS MOULTON: A ROLLING PIN

Miss Moulton will soon be a bride
So we give her this neat rolling pin.
Her school books she'll soon lay aside
This'll help quell a new kind of din.

MISS BECKINGTON: A PURSE

We admire your great mind
Your good grooming and such,
But we love you most of all
For "the common touch."

VIKKI COLE: JAR OF SUN TAN LOTION

To a sprightly young miss Vikki Cole,
We give a jar of sun tan
A complexion that's dark is her goal—
It's meant to be smeared on her "pan".

BARBARA BUNGARDT: CAKE

Our Barbara has big eyes of brown
And is the peppiest girl in town,
We're leaving her a piece of cake,
Now eat it all, for goodness sakes!

GRETCHEN BARNES: A KITTEN

To Gretchen Barnes, a cute little gal
We will this kitten to be her pal.
Feed him well and love him, too,
And he won't run away from you.

JILL BERGHUIS: A ROCKET SHIP

In case Jill wants to take a trip
We leave her this fast rocket ship
It will take her there and bring her back,
So for thrills galore she'll never lack!

LUCY DIGGS: A WHISTLE

To Lucy who enjoys a joke
We will this little whistle,
As she says "thank you," we just smirk
(You see, we know the thing won't work!)

DELLA JANE DUNKIN: A GHOST

To Della Jane we leave a ghost,
You must admit he is "the most!"
We count among his many chores
That of haunting rival stores.

RUTHIE BROACH: RED DYE

Now Ruthie Broach, she's had her hair
Most every color—dark and fair;
We hope this gift goes to her head
For we should like to see it red!

LINDA SCHOENFELD: A CAR

To Linda we bequeath a car
To take her places near and far.
Since she's always on the go—
With this gift she'll be more so!

JOANNE WILLIAMS: SKIPPING ROPE

Although our reasons may be hazy
We leave a gift that's really crazy—
A "frantic" rope for you to skip,
So take it easy and don't you trip.

TRINKA BUSH: SHERIFF'S BADGE

Climb the nearest telephone pole
For Trinka's driving now.
But if she'll flash this badge around
The cops will scrape and bow.

MOLLY SHEARER: A HELMET

Being small in games of sport
Rather a problem poses.
This rugged helmet will make all refrain
From trampling you like the roses.

NANCY MARCH: JANUARY

In a season filled with ice and snow
March is a month that is merry.
But perhaps you'd like to change for a while
So we give you January.

We've now set our hand to this will
As Seniors our debt to fulfill.
That we're of sound mind,
We hope you will find.
May our gifts to each one be a thrill.

Signed and sealed this twenty-sixth day,
In the year '55, in the gay month of May.

HOLLAND HALL SENIORS OF '55

CLASS PROPHECY

CHARACTERS

Joann Fenton	Ann Winters
Ann Maness	Paula Pinson
Penny Wolaver	Judy Iverson
Cathy Crouch	Mary Jo Kellough
Penny Meadows	Harriet Gates
Jean Campbell	Eileen Simpson
Mary Nesbitt	Carolyn Bradford
Jenny Alcott	Rebecca Traband
Mariellen Smith	Susie Schempf
Jolene Haynes	Mary MacKay
Marsha Lackey	Ann Millison
Kay Stover	Faith Blocksom
Judge, Moderator	Barbara Potter
Girl	Jill Kreager
Fortune Teller	Nanci Thomas

TIME: 1955

PLACE: The home of a fortune teller, Madame Zorchia, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

(Jill enters)

Jill: Madame Zorchia

Mme: (In mystic voice while gazing into crystal ball) Oh, yes, and you, my dear, are Jill Kreager from Holland Hall.

Jill: Why, yes. How did you guess?

Mme: I know all. It happened yesterday while I was eating lunch. I gazed into the crystal ball and saw you and your classmates attempting a prophecy without my guidance so I summoned you.

Jill: Really? Then I don't need to explain that we are having trouble prophesying the future of the class of 1955.

Mme: That is no problem. I shall call on my spirits to help you. Upper world spirits, reveal to us the future years—— Oh, it's coming. I see a house——a white house——THE White House.

(Curtain opens at the White House. Joann is talking on the phone).

Joann: And as the first woman president of the United States, I think I have a right to put lace curtains in the cells at Alcatraz. Yes, that is all. Goodbye.

Ann: Really and truly, are you going to do that?

Joann: Definitely! Have you written my speech for the dinner tonight?

Ann: I'm working on it now if my secretary will come away from those test tubes and get back to taking notes.

Penny: My word. I don't believe that the neutrons are going to harmonize with the electrons.

(Cathy Crouch, head of Domesic Affairs, looks up from desk as her children enter)

Children: Mama, I want to make mud pies but I don't have any mud.

Cathy: The Department of Agriculture is just down the hall. Now, Gene Jr., what do you want? ——When will your daddy be back? Well, just as soon as he delivers throat spray to Marsha Lackey. Now don't bother me, Marigold and Oliver. Florence, I'm busy. Children!!

Joann: Please hurry with my dinner speech, Ann, for it's getting late. (Curtain closes)

Mme: It's fading out.

Jill: But what about the rest of the Seniors?

Mme: Wait. I see——Yes, it's coming——a Gavel——a Courtroom; that's it. (Curtain opens in courtroom)

Judge: (raps gavel) Court come to order!
The case—The people versus Penny Meadows.
The charge—Selling automobiles with dual-duals.

Penny: I'm not guilty, your Honor! (Prosecuting Attorney—Mary Nesbitt.)

Judge: Attorney for the defense—Jean Campbell.

Jean: Your Honor, my client the honorable "Perky Penny Meadows" is not guilty.

Mary: Wait! But! Wait! I wish to question Miss Meadows.

Judge: Very well.

Mary: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Penny: (showing crossed fingers to the audience) Yes.

Mary: State your name.

Penny: Penny Meadows. Ladies and Gentlemen, my cars are the best models, the prices are reasonable, and the address is 15th and Elm.

Mary: Now will you please tell me exactly——

Jean: I object. Let's hurry up with this trial because I've got a tennis match with my old classmate, Penny Wolaver. Also I've got to get home and write my daily gossip column for Heave-Ho.

Mary: Well, if I may ask Penny a few questions.

Jean: I'll explain. With the application of dual exhausts, power is increased and gasoline mileage is advanced considerably to the advantage of all concerned. Now I appeal to your judgment, your Honor. If duals increase safety just think of the safeness in dual-duals. I rest my case.

Mary: But your Honor. I just don't understand. (Curtain closes)

Jill: That class of '55 is really going places, isn't it?

Mme: But there's more—I think I see television—yes, a panel show— My, but that class is talented.

(Curtain opens on television panel show)

Moderator: Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to that television panel show "What's My Circle"! On this program we don't try to unwig the big wigs or find out their lines. Tonight our panel consists of wiggly fingers Alcott and her accordion.

Jenny: Thank you. On my left is that famous movie star, shapely stems Smith. I'm sure you all saw her in her most recent movie "A Coach Car Called Cupidity."

Mariellen: Thank you. On my left is that attractive Conover Model, Jolene Haynes. Miss Haynes' picture is now on this month's cover of Looney Tunes.

Jolene: Thank you. And back to our panel moderator.

Moderator: Now if the members of our panel of "What's My Circle" will don their circles. Circles all in place, Panel? All right, Mystery Guest will you circle in please. (Mystery Guest twirls in and sits down)

Moderator: We will start the guessing with Jolene.

Jolene: Are you in show business?

Marsha: Yes.

Mariellen: Dahling, so we know each other?

Marsha: Yes. Once upon a time.

Jenny: I detect a slight musical quality in your voice. Are you a singer?

Marsha: Yes.

Mariellen: Are you the famous star of the stage show "North Atlantic"?

Marsha: Yes.

Jenny: Oh, could it be——

Jolene: Is it Marsha "Hit Those High Notes" Lackey?

Marsha: You are right.

(Curtain closes)

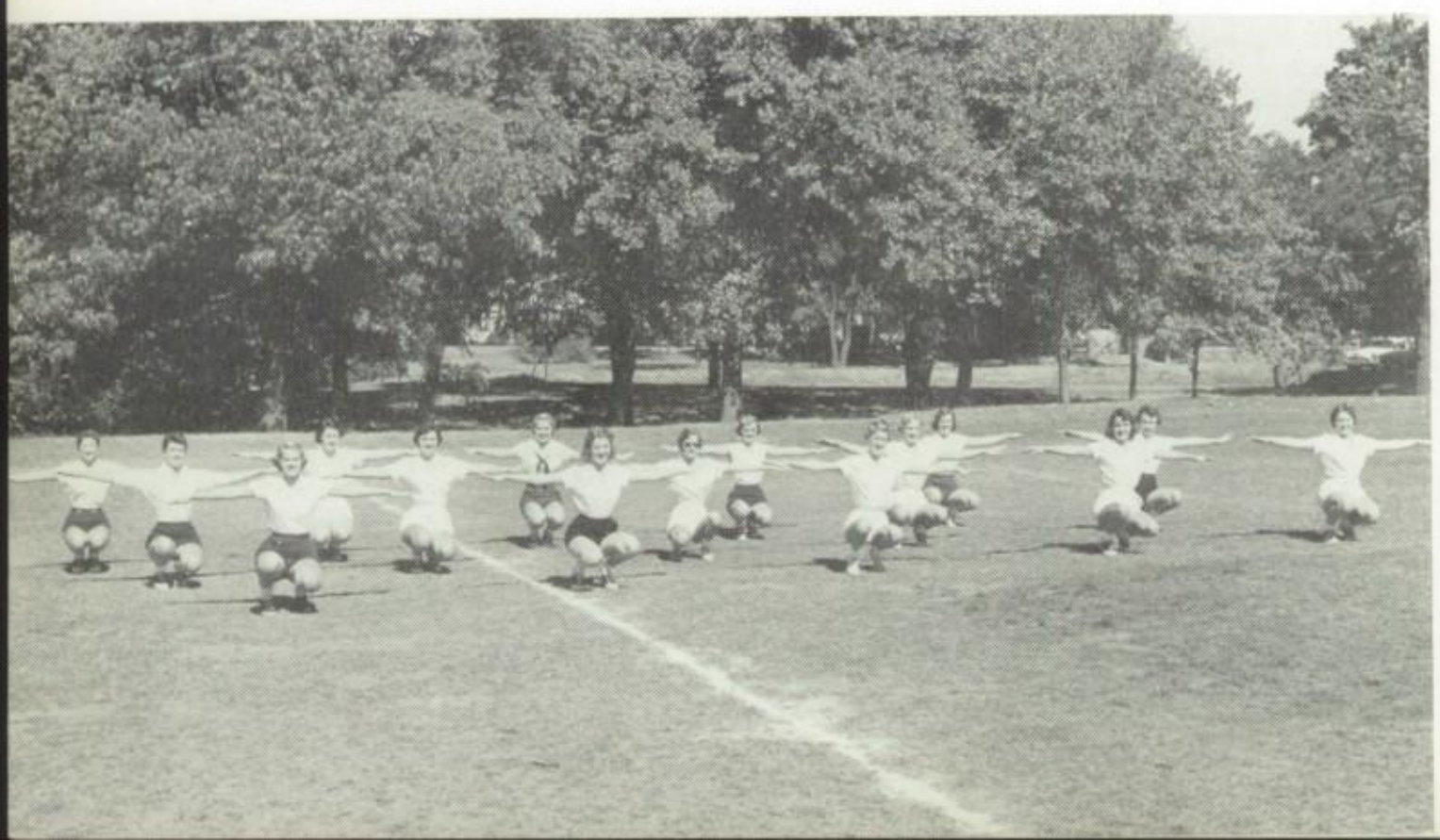
Mme: Well, now do you think you have enough material to write a decent prophecy?

Jill: Yes, I think so. But what about Kay Stover? What is she going to be doing in 1970?

Mme: Let me see now. Oh, she's appearing in my crystal ball now. An ambassador to France, no less!

Kay: Eet ees such a great pleasure to bee here. C'est magnifique. Ah, I haf been een France so long eet ees good to be back. Now I know you will want my key to success. Well, here eet ees! Stop, Loook, Leesten, and Think.

(Curtain closes, ending play)



THE
HOME
STRETCH

THE IDEAL SENIOR HAS . . .

Eyes of	Mary Nesbitt
Hair of	Mary Nesbitt
Complexion of	Mariellen Smith
Nose of	Cathy Crouch
Lips of	Penny Wolaver
Teeth of	Jean Campbell
Profile of	Cathy Crouch
Smile of	Mariellen Smith
Laugh of	Marsha Lackey
Legs of	Jolene Haynes
Hands of	Kay Stover
Figure of	Jolene Haynes
Photogenic qualities of	Cathy Crouch
Speaking voice of	Joann Fenton
Neatness of	Mariellen Smith
Attractiveness of	Cathy Crouch
Poise of	Penny Meadows
Pep of	Marsha Lackey
Manners of	Penny Meadows
Sense of humor of	Kay Stover
Common sense of	Jenny Alcott
Disposition of	Penny Wolaver
Friendliness of	Marsha Lackey
Personality of	Kay Stover
Athletic ability of	Jean Campbell
Scholastic ability of	Ann Maness
Artistic ability of	Jenny Alcott
Wit of	Kay Stover
Originality of	Ann Maness
Executive ability of	Joann Fenton
Leadership of	Joann Fenton
School spirit of	Joann Fenton
BEST ALL-ROUND GIRL	Marsha Lackey

CALENDAR FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR

1954-1955

September 8, Wednesday—First Semester began at 8:40 o'clock

October 14, Thursday—Field Day—4:00 o'clock

November 23, Tuesday—Dismissed for Thanksgiving at 2:45 o'clock

November 25, 26, Thursday, Friday—Thanksgiving Vacation

November 29, Monday—School resumed

December 16, Thursday—Upper School Candlelight Service at 5:00 o'clock

December 17, Friday—Christmas Vacation began at 2:00 o'clock

January 3, Monday—School resumed

January 20, 21, 22, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—Semester Examinations

January 24, Monday—Second Semester began

April 1, Friday—Spring Vacation began at 2:45 o'clock

April 10, Sunday—Easter

April 11, Monday—School resumed

May 6, Friday—Lower School May Fete, 4:00 o'clock

May 13, Friday—Play Day

May 19, 20, Thursday, Friday—Senior Finals

May 22, Sunday—Baccalaureate Service, 5:00 o'clock

May 23, 24, 25, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Upper School Finals

May 26, Thursday—Class Day

May 27, Friday—Commencement Ceremony, 5:00 o'clock

CLASS OF 1954

Front row, left to right: Rena Gene Fry, Norma Wolff, Joy Campbell, Beverly Manley. Second row: Missy Teale, Linda Donovan, Betty Harts, Jacque Elaine Lair. Top row: Sue Franklin, Sheila Reilly, Jean Conway, Hillary Harris.

Ninth Grade at Mess

Cascia-Dreaming Ruthie

Mrs. Broach, Waiting

Ann Tripping Hither

Dallas Bound

Mrs. Cole at Work

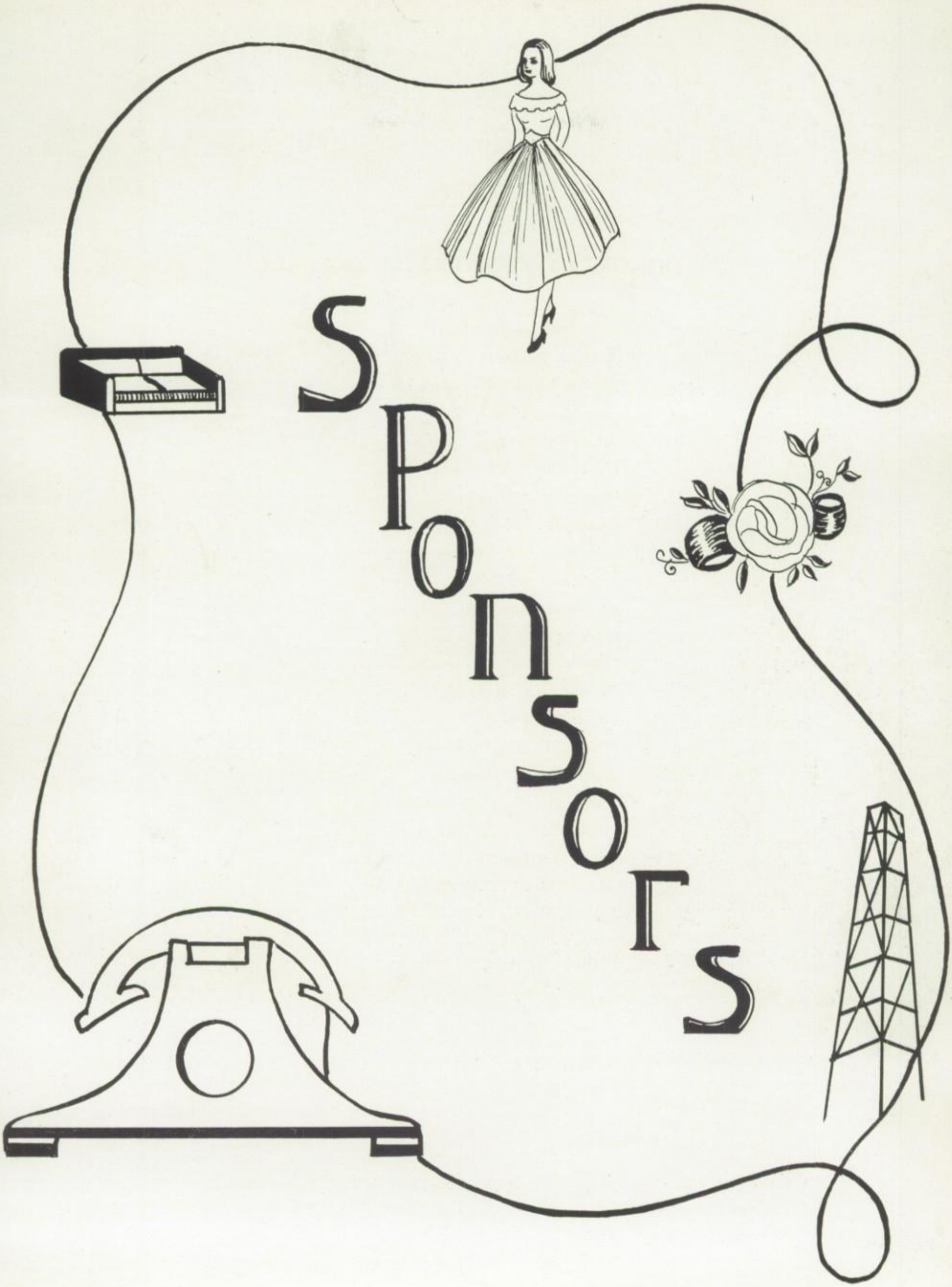
Mary Ellen vs. Sharon

Mr. Hitchcock on the Ball

Gabby Girls

Field Day Cuties

Sure-Shot Gray


SPONSORS

DONORS OF TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

Abasco Building Specialties

Aberdeen Petroleum Corporation

Builders Supply and Concrete Company

James C. Callahan

John G. Campbell

Cheairs Furniture Company

Dowell, Inc., Oil Well Chemical Service

Downtown Motel

Elder Paint and Wallpaper Company

Falcon Seaboard Drilling Company

Farmers and Merchants State Bank

Howard E. Felt

Midwest Marble and Tile Company

Sue and Dale Moody

Homer C. Moore

National Bank of Commerce

Plumbers Supply Company

Forrest Shoemaker Air-Conditioning

Universal Petroleum Company

Whisenhunt Funeral Home

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Williamson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Williamson, Sr.
and Mrs. E. W. Duke

Zephyr Drilling Corporation

SPONSORS

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Abshire
Mr. Roy Allen
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Billingslea
Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bradstreet
Mr. and Mrs. John Brice
Mrs. Betty Knight Broach
Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Broach
Miss Ernestine Broadstreet
Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Brockwell, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John S. Carlson
Mr. and Mrs. Harold K. Cashon
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chandler, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Conyers
Mr. and Mrs. Clint Cox, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Daniel
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Davies
Mr. Joseph Q. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Dempsey
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Donahue
Mr. and Mrs. Barold Eagle
Mr. L. E. Edwards
Mrs. Walter Ferguson
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley G. Gish
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hewett
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hewgley, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. George Jacobs
Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh W. James
Mr. and Mrs. E. Fred Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jorgenson
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Kirkaby
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lackey
Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Lane
Mrs. Young Lehr
Mr. and Mrs. Glen E. Leslie
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Manhart
Mr. and Mrs. Burch Mayo
Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCormick
Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Morrow
Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Mulford, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Horace H. Porter
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Rinehart
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Robertson
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Rowland
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Russell, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sanditen
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Schedler
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Schoenfeld
Mr. and Mrs. Christian Seger, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Simmons, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Soule
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stauss
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Teichman
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wheatley, Jr.

HAPPY YOUNGSTERS ENJOY VARIED ACTIVITIES

TYPICAL LUNCH GROUP IN ACTION

Holland Hall utilizes the room shown above for many varied activities. It is the place where assemblies and forums are held Monday afternoons; where chapel service is held Wednesday mornings; where dances are enjoyed; where dramatic and musical entertainments are presented; and where, most frequently of all, daily luncheons are served. There are three shifts of hungry pupils and teachers served each school day, grades one and two lunching first; grades three through six, second; and grades seven through twelve finishing at one o'clock. This picture shows a typical group of Lower School pupils enjoying their noonday meal.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Publications Staff wishes to thank the following for valuable assistance in the publishing of the 1955 "EIGHT ACRES": Bob McCormack Studio for yearbook portraits; Dick Gray for group, class, and activity pictures; Bob Kendall and Ronnie Raynolds of Central High School for informal pictures; Mrs. Gene Yard of the Southwestern Engraving Company for layouts; and the Tulsa Printing Company, the Tulsa Litho Company, the Southwestern Engraving Company, and Modern Bindery for producing the book. The Staff also wishes to thank our many advertisers, sponsors, and donors who have helped to make our publication a success.

MAKING HISTORY...

IN

Yearbooks of Distinction

FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

Southwestern ENGRAVING COMPANY

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

The branch of laurel, many years ago denoted triumph—the race well run. Today it is Yours! Congratulations on your achievements!

TULSA PRINTING COMPANY

514 South Detroit

Dial 2-6808

For Fine Printing

Happy is the H. H. Girl the Sun Shines
on in Fun, Play, or Soda Delectables

from

Seidenbach's

Visit Us Soon to See Our
Marvelous Collection of Sports and
Casual Clothes

ROWAN & PETTY

FINE FOODS

We Cut Only Prime Beef

7-3383—Phones—7-3384

1829 East 21st Street Tulsa

Congratulations to Miss Kay Stover and Miss Ann Maness, and to all the young ladies in Holland Hall's 1955 Graduating Class! To you and all Holland Hall, VANDEVERS extends a cordial invitation to shop in the Junior Deb Shop, 3rd Floor, Main Street store. The Junior Deb Shop would be happy for you to come in and discuss with them the clothes you want, for their one desire is to supply young Tulsans with sparkling fashions from the casual to the very formal!

TULSA'S Vandevers QUALITY DEPARTMENT STORE

... best wishes for success
to the Graduates
of Holland Hall

Helmerich & Payne, Inc. -- Tulsa, Okla.

Pick ICE CUBES out of a Basket!

With a new GAS refrigerator you never have to wait for ice cubes. They are always waiting for you! You have no trays to fill. Ice cubes are made automatically, as you need them. Pick a few out of the basket and your GAS refrigerator replaces them quickly.

The automatic ice cube maker is only one of the many big features of the 1955 GAS refrigerator. You get a separate food freezer, adjustable shelves, silent operation and a TEN YEAR WARRANTY, twice as long as any other refrigerator. See the new GAS refrigerator today.

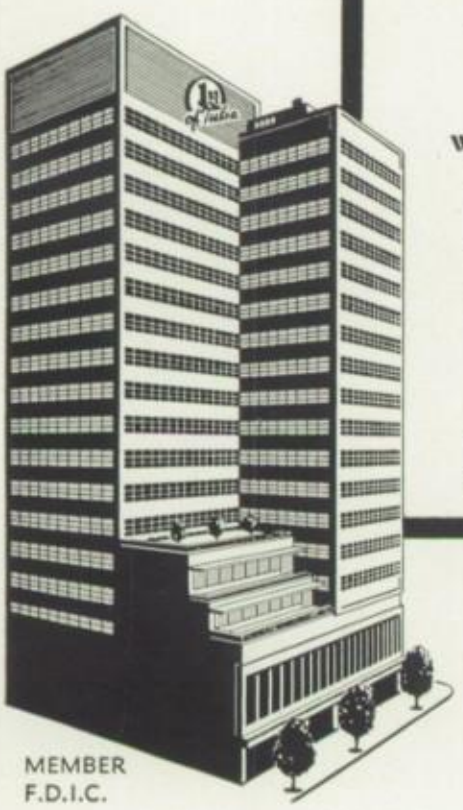
OKLAHOMA NATURAL
Gas Company

CADILLAC OLDSMOBILE

Fine Motor Cars

GREENLEASE-LEDTERMAN, INC.

Boston at Eleventh Tulsa, Oklahoma



MEMBER
F.D.I.C.

Breathes there a girl① with soul so dead

Who never to herself has said②

"If part of my money I'll keep well nursed③

It's there when I need it! VIOLA! *Think④. FIRST!*

① A young lady of Holland Hall, we mean. ② Among other things, of course. ③ Saved regularly, that is. ④ SAVINGS DEPARTMENT IS IN THE MAIN LOBBY — 5TH AND BOSTON.

FIRST
NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST CO.

1st of Tulsa
SINCE 1895

FOR THE BEST IN PORTRAITS

BOB McCORMACK

STUDIO

1722 South Boston Phone 4-2628

DAN P. HOLMES AND ASSOCIATES

Formerly Halliburton Agency

INSURANCE AND BONDS

▼

National Bank of Tulsa Building

Telephone 2-7184 Box 2356 Tulsa 1, Oklahoma

HOWARD C. GRUBB

BUILDER

▼

Phone 3-2278

617 Daniel Building

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Compliments of

GOODNER VAN
ENGINEERING
COMPANY

IVERSON'S

1650 East 21st, Tulsa

▼

EXCLUSIVE APPAREL

FURS — GIFTS

ACCESSORIES

▼

Telephone 3-5811

KEEP YOUR CROWD TOGETHER,

CHARTER A BUS.

LOWEST RATES

▼

UNION TRANSPORTATION
COMPANY

Telephone 4-1569

CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE STUDENTS AND STAFF

OF HOLLAND HALL

▼

MK&O
TRAILWAYS

Beatrice Foods Co.

Distributors of

ICE CREAM

and Other
Dairy Products and Frozen Foods

▼

215 North Denver Phone 4-2471

RANDALL FENTON &
COMPANY

Machinery Distributors and

Rebuilders

▼

1500 S. Center Phone 85-1507

TULSA

Compliments of a Friend

J. P. Morgan J. P. Morgan, Jr.

BEST WISHES

▼

GENERAL
SHEET METAL CO.

Phone 3-3394

1102 East Second St. Tulsa, Okla.

CONWAY'S
READY TO WEAR

Choose Your Costume
From Our Collection of
Gay, Charming, New
Summer Clothes

▼

1301 East Fifteenth Street

town & country coiffure studio

vera ownby, owner

expert hair stylists

▼

phone 3-5278

12 east 18th tulsa, okla.

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

THE CLASS OF 1955

▼

BEN FRANKLIN
PACKARD
COMPANY

Compliments of

WOOLF BROTHERS

Tulsa

IF IT'S WORTH BUYING

IT'S WORTH SEEING . . .

Liberty Glass Company

SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA

MANUFACTURERS OF RETURNABLE GLASS CONTAINERS

FASHIONS FROM

PLAYTIME

TO

DANCETIME

Hazel Cox Casuals

and TEEN SPORT SHOP

Bright Students

Know it pays to SAVE Regularly

AT THE

BRIGHTside of Banking in TULSA

Brookside STATE BANK

33RD AND PEORIA • MEMBER F. D. I. C.

CONGRATULATIONS

GRADUATES

OF 1955

▼

DANNER'S CAFETERIA

1954 Utica Square Tulsa

Store Fixtures Mill Work Cabinets

We Specialize in Kitchen Designing

RIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Tulsa, Oklahoma

20 East Archer, 5th Floor—Phone 3-9726

Robert Q. Bekins Edwin T. Richards

Rex R. Starkey

CONGRATULATIONS

THE

STANDARD INSURANCE COMPANY

TULSA, OKLA.

— Home Office —
823 South Detroit Phone 2-2251
Tulsa, Oklahoma

"Bring Your Insurance Up To Standard"

Ben Voth, President

C. L. Wright, Vice-Pres. Lewis Lacy, Sec'y

Compliments

of a

Friend

EMPIRE
ROOFING & INSULATION COMPANY

302 South Norfolk

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Phone 2-5123

▼

Bill Gundlach Joe Mason

For Over 25 Years

OKLAHOMA'S FINEST

TRY OTHER GLENCLIFF PRODUCTS

OUR VERY BEST WISHES

FOR YOUR FUTURE

FROM

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

DAY AND NIGHT
DRY CLEANING

We've Built Our
Reputation on Proper Care
of Your
Wearing Apparel and Furs

DIAMOND
CLEANERS AND DYERS

1710 East Admiral Phone 4-1721

Open Nights For Your Convenience

MARION'S

INTERIORS

FURNITURE • FABRICS

▼

3328 South Peoria Phone 7-5411

SEE US FOR —

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

MORTGAGE LOANS

INSURANCE

ADAMS & LEONARD

REALTORS

Ask your neighbor, he's our Client

HOME OFFICE TULSA, OKLAHOMA

COMMONWEALTH

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Commonwealth Life Insurance Company was established in Tulsa in 1940—it is an Old Line, Legal Reserve Company. Commonwealth protection embraces many classifications including all forms of—

Life . . . Group . . . Retirement . . . Mortgage Cancellation . . . Credit Life . . . Accident and Health . . . Savings Plans . . . Hospitalization Plus Polio and Cancer.

Joe R. Jarboe,
President and
Chairman of the Board

E. A. Berghuis,
Vice-President and
Agency Director

MICHAELIS CAFETERIA

PARTICULAR FOOD FOR

PARTICULAR PEOPLE

▼

507 South Boulder Avenue

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Congratulations

to the

GRADS of '55

Brown-Dunkin

TULSA'S DOMINANT DEPARTMENT STORE

4TH AND MAIN 8TH AND CINCINNATI

Sipes

27TH AT HARVARD
15TH AT QUAKER
DENVER AT EDISON

WHERE

SHOPPING'S

A

PLEASURE

Compliments of

PHOENIX
CLEANERS

▼

Phone 3-8013

125 East 18th Tulsa, Oklahoma

EARNEST WIEMAN
HOUSE OF WROUGHT IRON

Your Headquarters for

- Vogue Rattan Furniture
- Ficks Reed Rattan Furniture
- Salterini Wrought Iron Furniture
- Molla Wrought Iron Furniture

And the finest Ornamental Iron
in the World

▼

2035 East 11th St. Phone 5-7261

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Carrier

year-round air conditioning
makes yours a modern home

Think about air conditioning! Think about year-round comfort. Think about efficient gas heating — and economical electric cooling. Think about increasing your property value — protecting yourself from depreciation!
Then think about Carrier, Phone 3-8129

Yours for perfect indoor weather . . .
SIGLER, INC.
Weathermakers
315 NORTH ELWOOD

Compliments of

A FRIEND

TIMELY CLOTHES

ROGERS PETT CLOTHES

NUNN-BUSH SHOES

Ben Estes
fine clothes for men
Fifth and Boulder

ARROW SHIRTS

STETSON HATS

BORSLINO HATS

LUGGAGE

TRUNKS

GIFTS FOR ALL

▼

ELEPHANT TRUNK COMPANY

Tulsa's Oldest Exclusive
Shop of Travel

516 South Main Phone 3-1546

Jerry Naron

BUHL CLEANERS

CLEANING OF
DISTINCTION SINCE 1906

▼

Main Plant: 2002 East 11th, Tulsa
Phone 6-1133

Ranch Acres: 3320 East 31st, Tulsa
Phone 7-0393

Best Wishes From

MR. AND MRS. FRIEND OF HOLLAND HALL

DISTINCTIVE CLOTHES

FINE ACCESSORIES

Brenner's

Ground Floor, Philtower Bldg.

For a carefree vacation — travel with confidence in a perky cotton, orlon, or nylon from the wide selection at the

ETHEL TABLER SHOP

1411 East Fifteenth

Phone 54-5979

Free Parking Free Alterations

Free Gift Wrapping

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

FOR

ALL OCCASIONS

▼

MRS. DE HAVEN'S FLOWER SHOP

106 East 15th Phone 3-0118

CONGRATULATIONS

FROM YOUR NEIGHBORS

AT

UTICA SQUARE

Sadye's

ladies' specialty shop ten east fifth ave.

H. R. MOFFETT
PAINT COMPANY

DISTRIBUTOR
OF
DUPONT PAINTS

▼

2816 East 15th St. Phone 9-5041

INDEPENDENT
MATERIAL
COMPANY

CEMENTS—PLASTERS—LIME

WATERPROOFING
CLAY PRODUCTS
INSULATIONS
BUILDING SPECIALTIES

▼

Phone 2-0196

34 North Owasso Tulsa, Okla.

Congratulations to the Class of '55

From

Fields
of Tulsa

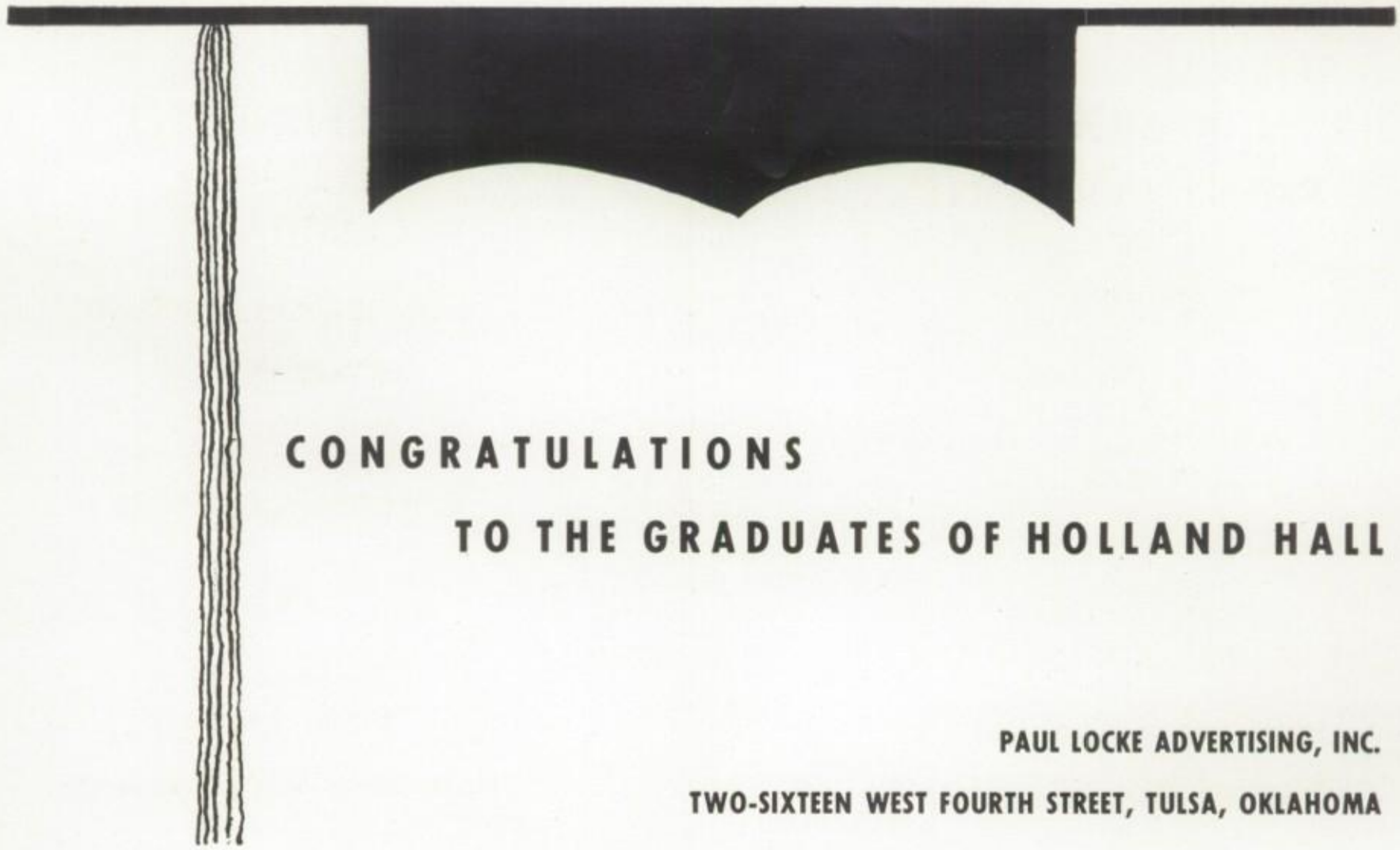
▼

5th and Main Utica Square

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE CLASS OF '55

From

MARY GLASS
SCHOOL OF RIDING



CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE GRADUATES OF HOLLAND HALL

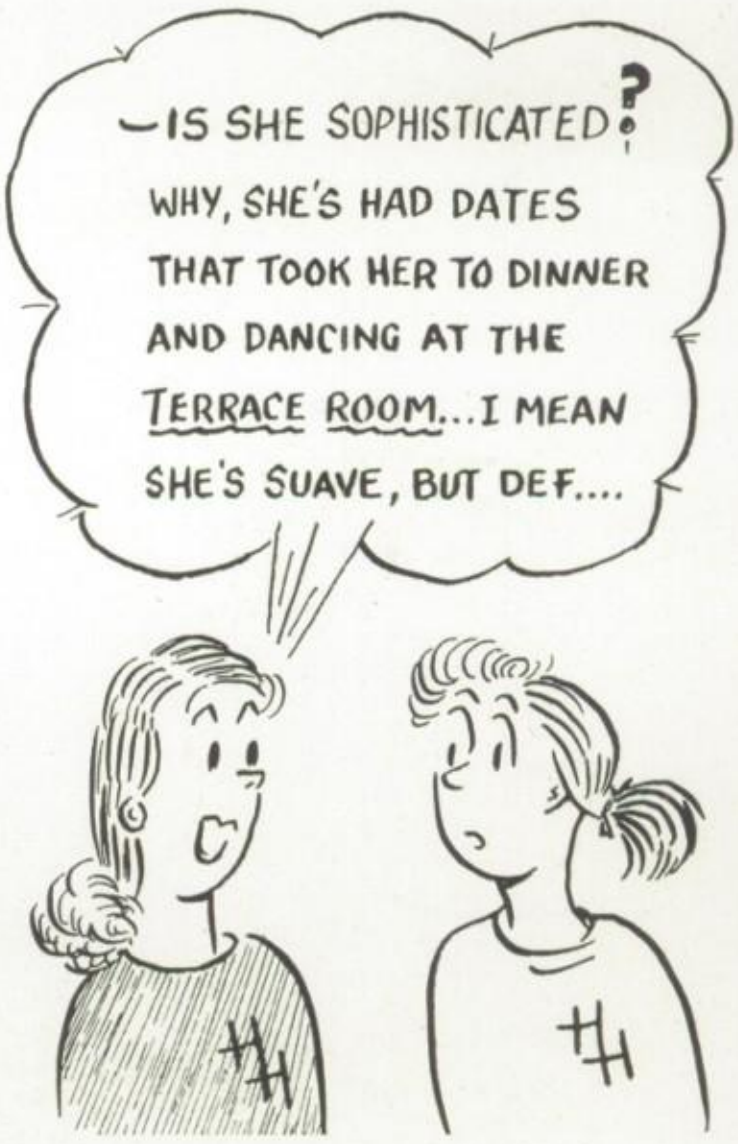
PAUL LOCKE ADVERTISING, INC.

TWO-SIXTEEN WEST FOURTH STREET, TULSA, OKLAHOMA

MANHART,
MILLISON
& BEEBE

Petroleum Exploration
Consultants
Domestic and Foreign

Jenkins Building
TULSA, OKLAHOMA



CONGRATULATIONS TO

MEMBERS OF

SENIOR CLASS

▼

J. A. BLACKWOOD CO.

924 South Detroit

TULSA

ROBERT G. FRY

INSURANCE

Congratulations to the

Class of 1955

▼

402 Kennedy Bldg. Tulsa, Oklahoma

Tulsa

THE OIL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

TULSA — bright, clean, and cosmopolitan — a city of beautiful homes, fine schools and churches, and the trade center of the rich "Magic Empire"

OIL CAPITAL NEWSPAPERS

TULSA WORLD • TULSA TRIBUNE

MORNING • EVENING • SUNDAY

REPRESENTED BY THE BRANHAM COMPANY

WHEN YOU NEED

STEEL

Think of

Patterson Steel COMPANY

TULSA

INDUSTRIAL
TILE COMPANY, INC.

Contracting . . . Floor and Wall Tile . . .

Asphalt Tile . . . Rubber

. . . Vinyl and Linoleum

▼

2501 East 15th St. — Box 4097

Phone 6-2179 Tulsa 4, Oklahoma

"NERVE CENTERS"

OF INDUSTRY

Electric power moves the wheels of industry.

But electric power must be measured, controlled and distributed by means of "*nerve centers*" such as instrument panels, control panels and switchgear.

The photograph shows part of the switchboard assembly bay at the Nelson factory. Here you see "*nerve centers*" of industry—Nelson control panels and switchgear—in process of manufacture and nearing completion.

Write for a copy of our new Pictorial Index.

MANUFACTURERS OF: Instrument and Control Panels, Benchboards and Consoles • "Centrol" Motor Control Centers • Switchgear and Unit Substations • Motor Starters, Circuit Breakers, Lighting Panels and Junction Boxes in water-tight, dust-tight and explosion-proof enclosures • "Nelex" Mineral Insulated Heater Units

NELSON *Electric* MANUFACTURING CO.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

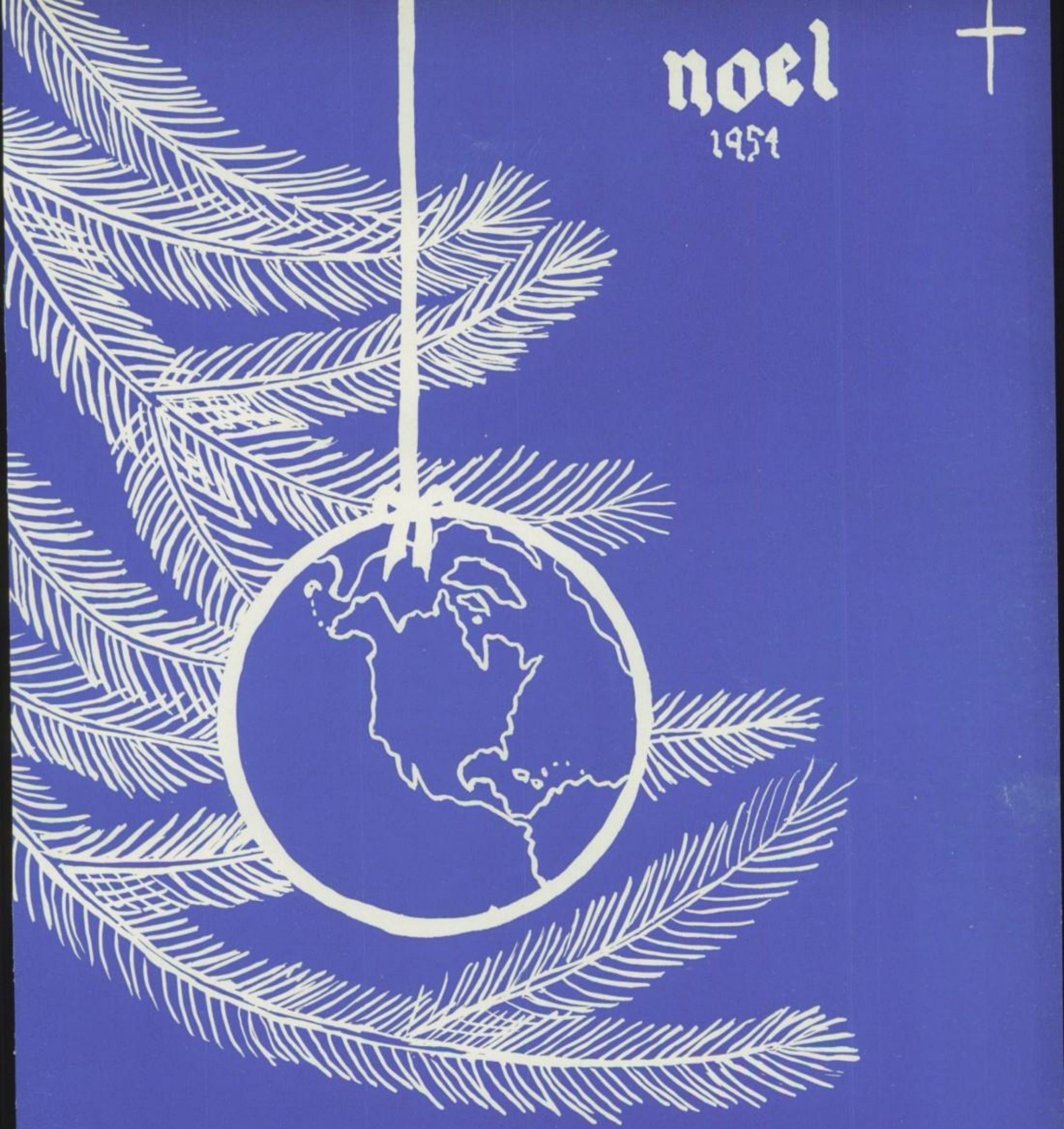
217 N. DETROIT AVE. TELEPHONE 2-5131

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS



Miss Holland Hall

We're playing on Santa's team this year,

So we just dropped by to wish you Season's Cheer.

Must be going . . . haven't long to stay . . .

There's more messages to deliver down the way.

But before we forget it, and 'ere we depart,

We wish you Merry Christmas with all our heart!

TULSA PRINTING COMPANY

514 SOUTH DETROIT • TELEPHONE 2-6808

FOR THE BEST IN PORTRAITS

BOB McCORMACK
STUDIO

1722 South Boston Phone 4-2628

LOUISE GILLAM

INTERIOR LIGHTING

- Lighting Fixtures
- Lamps
- Lamp Shades
- Lighting Consultant

▼

1637 South Boston Phone 2-1432

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

HAPPY NEW YEAR

to

The Students and Faculty

of

Holland Hall

▼

CROUCH - DAVISSON - MULHALL

REALTORS

The Oil Capital of the World

Tulsa—bright, clean, and cosmopolitan —a city of beautiful homes, fine schools and churches, and trade center of the rich "Magic Empire"

OIL CAPITAL NEWSPAPERS

TULSA WORLD
TULSA TRIBUNE

MORNING • EVENING • SUNDAY

REPRESENTED BY THE BRANHAM COMPANY

Compliments of

GOODNER VAN
ENGINEERING
COMPANY

SEASON'S GREETINGS

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

▼

Hazel Cox Casuals
and TEEN SPORT SHOP

1908 Utica Square Tulsa, Oklahoma

STREETS
fifth and main

of Tulsa

▼

FIVE FLOORS OF FAMOUS
FASHIONS

Compliments of

REPUBLIC
EXPLORATION
CORPORATION

Jean Campbell
Wearing a party dress of taffeta in the princess style with scooped neckline set off with white and silver pearls. Priced at a low price of $22.98.

IF EVERYBODY KNEW Brown-Dunkin's Teen Shop is the best place in town to buy the most wanted clothes in teen-wear? The Teen Shop has the most complete size range of 7 to 15 in sportswear to formals. The Teen Shop carries many exclusive lines as well as such famous manufacturers as Bobbie Brooks, Tailored Junior and College Town. Make Brown-Dunkin your headquarters for teen clothes.

Brown-Dunkin

TULSA'S DOMINANT DEPARTMENT STORE • FOURTH & MAIN • DIAL 2-7101

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

WOOD OIL COMPANY

ORIGINAL,
OLD RARE PRINTS
FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

▼

PEABODY STUDIO

Telephone 4-0606

1516 South Boulder Tulsa, Oklahoma

Lucy Diggs

Lucy Diggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Diggs of 2104 East 26th Street, is the designer of the MISS HOLLAND HALL cover for the Christmas issue. Lucy is a member of the eighth grade.

The contest was open to the pupils of grades five through twelve. Jolene Haynes, a senior, was the next high competitor for this signal honor.

Miss Holland Hall

DECEMBER • 1954

Volume XII Number 1

Published by the students, prepared by the publications class, and mailed to sponsors, patrons, alumnae, and friends of Holland Hall. Publications Office, 2640 South Birmingham Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

THE STAFF

Ann Maness, Editor
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Mary Jo Kellough, Associate Editor
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Jean Campbell, Editor of HEAVE-HO

Kay Stover, Editor of EIGHT ACRES

Jill Kreager, Associate Editor
of EIGHT ACRES

Ann Winters, Advertising Manager
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Faith Blocksom, Advertising Manager
of EIGHT ACRES

Mary MacKay ..... Sports Editor

Jill Kreager ..... News Editor

Jenny Alcott
Gretchen Barnes
Betsy Cole
Joann Fenton
Nancy Meadows
Mariellen Smith
Joanne Williams
Pat Wright
} Publications Staff

Lulu B. Beckington,
Faculty Sponsor of Publications

Josephine Beattie ..... Art Consultant

Eliza Bennett Heavey,
Headmistress of Holland Hall

EDITORIAL

By Ann Maness, Editor

What Christmas Means to Me

What DOES Christmas mean to me, I wondered. I sat down to think about it, staring out the window at the uninspiring landscape on a cold, damp day in late November. Christmas! Countless unconnected memories passed through my mind . . . .

Red and green. Snow falling . . . . falling out of wintry skies on to the bright woolen clothing of shoppers . . . . red-cheeked shoppers rushing through the stores . . . . stores decorated with tinsel and evergreen . . . . the pungent smell of an evergreen tree waiting to be put up in the living room . . . . wreaths to hang, candy to make, the rustling of paper and the tinkling of metal and the quiet sound of the night wind soughing through snow-laden trees.

Fruitcake baking. I was very young and the steam from the oven was making a veil of frost on all the windows. There was a cool dampness when I pressed my nose against the pane to see out. I tip-toed into the parlor, holding my breath as I entered the chill room. There was the tree, like a king, a queen, an angel . . . . look, there WAS an angel, up there on the very top! A white light from the windows made little squares of brightness on every colored ball. Kneeling on prickly pine needles, I crept closer. I peered into a ball, a giant red ball right at my eye level, spellbound with the curving red images of me and the tree and the gay packages heaped below . . . .

I awoke from my trance, scornful of my sentimentality. Maybe when I was a little girl there had been Christmases like that because to kids Christmas is a long sweet dream, but Christmas isn't like it used to be. Whoever called it commercialized sure said a mouthful! All people think about is money. Christmas! Peace on earth! HA! I'm sick to death of the whole business!

With a vengeance I snapped on the radio. There was silence, then the voice of my favorite disk jockey blaring: " . . . . and Company, sponsoring a quarter hour of your favorite Christmas carols. So take it away, 'Silent Night'!"

As I listened, I got to thinking. "Joy to the world! The Lord is come!" "Hark! the herald angels sing, glory to the newborn King!" Somehow, for the first time, I realized that the principal part of the word Christmas is CHRIST. How silly it is to think about all the external things when the most important thing . . . . no, the only important thing . . . . is Christ and His miraculous birth. Christ, the Revelation of God to us . . . . Christ, God's own Son!

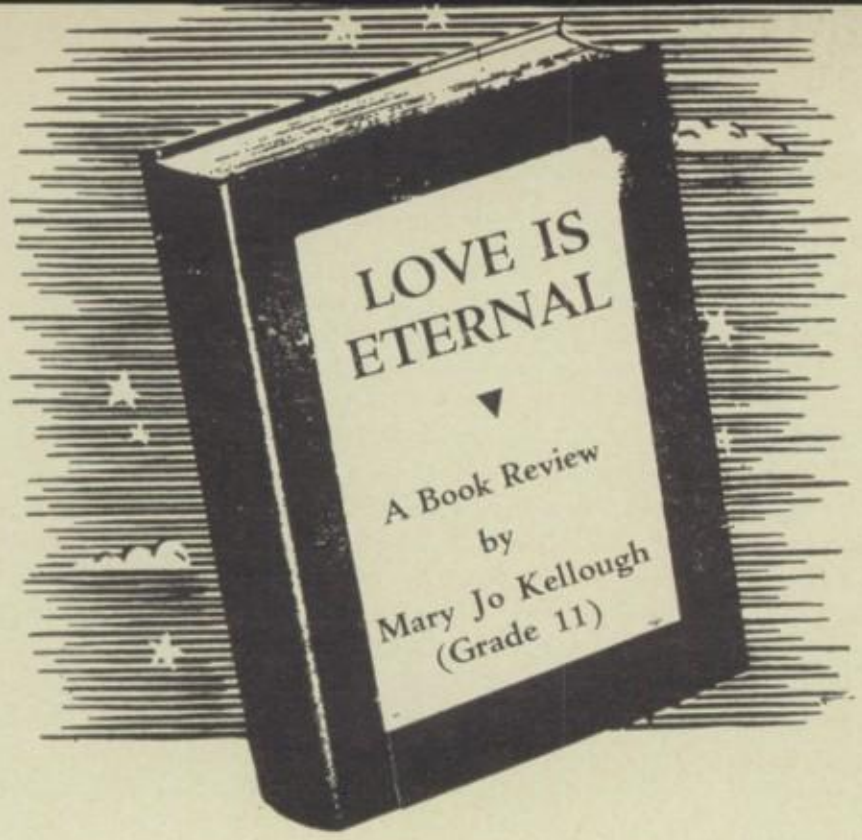
I sat back in my chair, stunned. Think of it! God on earth! . . . . and just so that I might live! I—well, I wanted to go out and celebrate.

But what could I do? There wasn't anything I could do for God. What was it Jesus said? "Whatsoever you do for the least of these, you do also for me." That was it! I could celebrate by doing things for other people . . . . I could share my love by giving gifts and being kind and cheerful and . . . . then I stopped.

Here I thought I had discovered something new and great, when actually it was just the same thing people had been doing for centuries. Sure! Christmas!

And that part about "Peace on earth, good will to men" . . . . maybe that could be true . . . . and love, and joy . . . . maybe they could be true, too. Maybe Christmas is really our own, something like peace that is within us . . . . our own to give away.

Other things . . . . tinkling bells, evergreens, snow, shopping . . . . they're good, but Christmas is much more. It's . . . . how can I say it? . . . . the love and the magic and the joy and the peace of Christmas are, in a small way, God.



Irving Stone, the master of the biographical novel, has recently written a book entitled "Love Is Eternal." It tells of one of the most compelling love stories of all time, that of Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln. Irving Stone was born on July 14, 1903, in San Francisco, California. He worked his way through the University of California by playing a saxophone. After he was graduated from college with honors, he taught for a while and then switched to writing. Three of his best-known books are "The President's Lady," "Lust for Life," and "Immortal Wife."

"Love Is Eternal" tells for the first time Mary Todd Lincoln's story as she might have told it. Mary, the wife of Abraham Lincoln, has been criticized for years. Critics have tried to prove that Abraham Lincoln never loved Mary Todd, but married her out of duty. They asserted that she constantly nagged and domineered him, thus making his life miserable. Irving Stone, in his novel, defends the first lady by revealing the hardships she had to endure.

Mary Todd was a brilliant and socially ambitious young girl. Her mother died when she was only a child and her father remarried Betsy Humphries. When Mary was twenty, she went to Springfield, Illinois, to visit her older sister, Elizabeth. While in the politically-minded town of Springfield, Mary met many promising young men, including Stephen Douglas, who wished to marry her. But out of all the prominent bachelors she chose a poor, humble lawyer, Abraham Lincoln.

They set the date of their marriage for January first. It was planned that at her sister's annual New Year's Party, Abe and Mary would make a surprise announcement of their marriage. However, to Mary's deep chagrin, Abraham did not appear.

Mary spent twenty miserable months waiting for Abraham to return. She was not angry but understood and forgave him. She felt that she had pushed him into marriage before he really wanted it.

At last Abe came back to Mary and confided to her that he had been as sick and lonely as she had been. Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln were married and he placed on Mary's finger a gold wedding ring which bore the inscription, "Love Is Eternal." The Lincolns bought a small, modest home in Springfield where Mary gave birth to their first son, Robert.

Mary had high ambitions for Abe. She urged him on in all of his political campaigns, but it seemed as if fate were against Abraham and Mary because he consistently lost any nominations he sought. Many times Abraham would return home to Mary in a terrifically depressed state of mind and she would always encourage and help him.

Finally Abraham won a seat in Congress, and Mary and Robert went to Washington with him. Mary was glad when his term of office was over so that they could return home, because the Lincolns had not been socially accepted in Washington.

Mary bore Abraham another son, Edward, who later died, leaving them heartbroken. The troubled life of the Lincolns continued with Mary's spending months of loneliness at home while Abraham was away on political tours.

After two heartbreaking defeats for a seat in the Senate, the glorious day for which Mary had fervently yearned, came. Abraham Lincoln was nominated by a new party, the Republicans, for the Presidency of the United States. Finally the lifelong hopes and ambitions of Mary Todd were realized for Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

Mary and Abe moved into the shabby White House with two new sons, William and Tad, Robert having gone to Harvard.

Mary immensely enjoyed being the hostess at the White House receptions. She spent thousands of dollars for new furniture, wallpaper, and draperies until the White House became a stylish and elaborate building. Newspapers scathed her for spending too much money.

Abraham was not in office long when the Southern states seceded from the Union and the inevitable war broke out. Abe was sick at heart about the fighting between the states, saying that a house divided cannot stand. Mary tried her best to console him, but her burdens were heavy also. She was accused of being a spy because she had been born in Kentucky, a southern state.

Abraham's term in the White House was one of trouble and misery. Mary and Abe were criticized for everything they did. The war grew more fierce and bloody so that finally Lincoln was forced to issue a bill forbidding slavery. The war continued.

Besides the horror of the war, another tragedy befell the Lincolns. Their beloved son, William, became ill and died. Mary felt as if her world had caved in. She became sick and weak, but she forced herself to carry on as the first lady should. She went to the hospitals, taking flowers to the wounded, and gradually overcame the sorrow of William's death.

Abe was worried and exhausted when his term of office was over. Although the Presidency was tiresome and extremely difficult work because of criticism from every quarter, Abe and Mary were elated when they received the news that Lincoln had been reelected.

Abraham Lincoln did not live to fulfill his second term of office. However, he did live long enough to see the war between the states ended. While attending a theater with his faithful wife, Mary, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

This horrible tragedy left Mary, Robert, and little Tad alone in the world. But whenever Mary felt that she could not live without Abraham, she remembered his inscription in her wedding ring, "Love Is Eternal."

This reviewer sincerely liked "Love Is Eternal." The author holds the interest of the reader throughout the book. The public has never judged Mary Todd Lincoln fairly. In this book Irving Stone showed an unknown side of Mary Lincoln.

Fiction

THE HUMBLEST GIFT

By Marsha Moore (Grade 8)

The night was still and beautiful, dark against the glistening whiteness of the sands below. In the hills outside Bethlehem, drowsy shepherds lay gazing at the stars which were mere pinpricks in the eternal black of night. Among them a boy, distinguished by a withered leg, slept fitfully, head resting on the back of a gentle old ewe, hand clutching a crude wooden crutch. Even in sleep his face bore a slight expression of pain, the result of much suffering in past years. His parents were dead, having been taken by a plague which their child survived, only to live a life of ridicule because of his distorted limb. The orphaned boy fared as best he could, having been accepted by a band of wandering shepherds, on his promise to help watch the flock.

David, as he was called, wakened, aroused by the hum of voices. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he limped slowly to the edge of a circle formed by the herds. Peering through various spaces, the boy was filled with awe at the spectacle before him. From the center of the group issued a pale yellow glow, and standing there amidst the men was a magnificent angel, clothed in pure white garments. Above the murmur, David heard a melodious voice saying, "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

And the voice went on to say that in Bethlehem of Judea was born the Saviour, Jesus Christ, and that if the shepherds would follow a star in the East, it would bring them to the manger where the babe lay. The boy, looking up, beheld in the eastern sky above the cluster of humble shepherds, a majestic star, larger and brighter than the rest, which moved slowly through the heavens in the direction of Bethlehem. David felt an irresistible urge to rise and follow the star in its course. As he glanced about, he saw that the angel had disappeared and the golden light which had been was fading to nothingness. His companions were making preparations to go, designating those who would stay with the flock, and he crept into the shadows so as not to be among the chosen. Soon a ragged procession of men trailed out into the darkness, David hobbling at its heels, in quest of the light of lights, guided by the brightness of the star in the East.

* * *

The bitter cold of the desert night seeped through David's thin cloak into his bones. His leg pained him greatly, but he made no mention of it, for he might be sent back if the rest knew. It seemed days since they had left camp, although the men said they had been traveling but a few hours. So, driven by courage and fortitude, David kept on as the group moved toward Bethlehem.

Just as dawn began to lift the corners of the blanket of night, the weary travelers entered Bethlehem, and looking to the star for reassurance, followed its beckoning light through the winding village streets. At last they came to a shabby stable in the dingiest part of town, over which the star stopped and shone its brightest. David, the last to go through the rough hewn door, was astounded at the simplicity of the birthplace of a King.

Among the lowly oxen, cattle, and donkeys, sat a lovely woman clad in the softest shades of blue, and at her side stood a tall brown-haired man with a happy smile. The woman, David learned later, was called Mary; her husband, Joseph; and the child in the straw-filled wooden crib was destined to be the Redeemer of Mankind. All were eager to pay homage to the tiny babe, and the boy fell in line with the others.

David, as he drew closer, was amazed at the splendor of the gifts at the foot of the cradle. There were such expensive offerings as frankincense, and even a bit of myrrh. Everyone, including the humble shepherds, presented the child with some token of respect. As his turn approached, David realized that he had nothing to give. Kneeling awkwardly at the feet of the little babe, he prayed silently for an answer.

As he knelt, David was filled with peace and suddenly he knew he would offer his only possession. With a full heart and another humble prayer, David placed his wooden crutch gently in the hay below the crib, beside the other more splendid gifts. Then, determined to stand unaided, David rose, his eyes bright with tears, and walked steadily out into the gray light of early morning.

Even as the babe outstretched tiny arms in significance of giving the priceless gift of love and compassion, so he, David, expecting naught in return, gave his humble gift with the true Christ spirit.

WONDERFUL BUT SAD

By Penny Meadows (Grade 12)

As Christmas grew nearer, the idea of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Allan was developing slowly but definitely.

For eleven years their house had been without the sound of children, and now because the holidays were coming shortly, it was even lonelier. Therefore, the Allans, who had no children, wanted to do something for some lonely child who had no parents.

Monday morning Mrs. Allan made arrangements with the orphanage to take a child for Christmas. She made an appointment for an interview with the superintendent of the orphanage, Mrs. Brown.

Tuesday at the designated time Mr. and Mrs. Allan were found patiently waiting in the reception room of Mrs. Brown's office. "Mrs. Brown will see you now," the receptionist soon announced.

After the papers were filled out, Mrs. Brown asked, "Exactly why do you want the child?"

Mr. and Mrs. Allan looked at each other. Then Mrs. Allan began, "Eleven years ago our child died. She was one year old and the cutest little girl that you could imagine. That year an epidemic of scarlet fever was going around and Amy caught it. For weeks my entire family worried about her. Just when she was getting better, she had a relapse and died. Since then our house has been without children and now that Christmas is coming, we should like to give a little boy or girl a happy time. I certainly hope that it will be possible for us to take a child for the holidays."

"I'll put your application before the board and I'm almost positive that everything will work out. In a few days I'll telephone you and let you know our answer. Thank you for coming this afternoon. Good day."

Mr. and Mrs. Allan left, feeling dubious about the outcome. Every day they waited anxiously for word from the agency. After a week, having heard nothing, they knew that the board had decided against their request.

Then one day while Mrs. Allan was washing the breakfast dishes, the phone rang. At first she was aghast. Picking up the receiver, she crossed her fingers and said, "Hello. This is she. Yes. We can? Oh, how wonderful. Yes, we'll be there. Thank you so much for calling."

Mrs. Allan immediately dialed her husband's number. After telling him the news, she didn't know what to do for the rest of the afternoon.

Two days later the Allans drove to the orphanage to get the little boy, whose name was David. He had blond wavy hair and big blue eyes. Mrs. Allan fell in love with him the moment she saw him.

That very afternoon she took David downtown to buy some clothes as well as toys.

Christmas finally arrived and David got everything that a six-year-old boy could possibly want. All during the holidays he was completely happy, as were the Allans.

Finally the time came when David was to go back to the orphanage. All three of them were miserable.

"Why do I have to go back?" David begged. "Is it because you don't like me?"

"No, David, it isn't that at all," the Allans answered.

When they reached the orphanage, a nurse came and took the little boy away. As David was taken out of the room, Mrs. Allan tried to explain why they couldn't keep him.

"Mr. Allan and I have to go on a business trip and we'll be gone about a month. Therefore it is impossible for us to take David now."

Mrs. Brown showed an unusual interest in David's case, and when a month had passed, she called the Allans to see if they would still like to adopt the boy. The result was that Mrs. Allan had told the truth because she asked to have the adoption papers drawn up as soon as possible.

REWARDED

By Elizabeth Mulford (Grade 8)

Two children, scantily dressed, trudged slowly down the street. Here it was exactly eighteen hours before the church bells would peel the glad tidings—Christ was born. There was joy everywhere except in the hearts of the two children who were faced with what seemed to them a tragedy.

They simply must get a Christmas present for their mother. She, all year round, kept the true meaning of Christmas, giving all she had to them and asking nothing in return. There were many things she needed, but what could they buy with twenty-two cents? Her only coat was tattered; therefore, a new coat was needed, but the new coat, shoes, stockings and dresses she deserved were way above their budget. Although they had saved their pennies since New Year's, twenty-two cents was all they had. Their father had gone away when they were still babies. Debbie was now eight and Timmy seven.

For twenty-two cents one could buy a pea shooter, a tin whistle, a bright red and blue ball, some jacks or perhaps a jump rope—but, no; every precious penny must be spent on her Christmas present. Santa would visit them, but not Mother.

The children were growing tired, for they had walked two miles from the small shack they called home. Suddenly Timmy tripped. As Debbie reached to assist him, she spotted something sparkling in the snow. She picked it up, unable to take her eyes off it. There on the palm of her hand lay a platinum bracelet set with diamonds and rubies. It was the most magnificent thing she had seen in all her life. She recalled something she had heard from a newspaper boy as he cried the headlines up and down the street. It was something about a fabulous diamond, emerald, and ruby bracelet set in platinum—an heirloom's being lost, and a reward for the return.

The mansion in which the lady who possessed the bracelet lived was only one block away. Deciding that she must do what was right, Debbie took Timmy by the hand and started toward the large stone structure. Timmy began pounding her with questions which she answered as best she could.

Fear gripped her heart as she knocked on the heavy iron door. What could she say? How could she tell them of the finding of the bracelet? Just then a young lady, smiling pleasantly, opened the door. "Good day. What may I do for you?" she asked.

"I f-f-f-found your b-br-bracelet," Debbie managed to stutter.

"Do you have it with you?" she inquired eagerly.

"Yes'm."

"Come in and warm yourselves while I fetch the reward."

"Yes'm." The children were left to stand in awe of the parlor.

Soon the lady returned with five crisp ten dollar bills which she presented to them.

"Here is your reward," she said.

"Thank you so much, ma'am."

With those parting words Timmy and Debbie raced toward the nearest department store, quite unaware that the possessor of the bracelet was watching their every move from her car.

When they started for home, she gave them a lift. She questioned them as to the contents of their packages and found that all the money was spent on their mother. Further questioning brought out the fact that they were sure Santa would visit them.

Deciding that something needed to be done, after leaving the children she hastened back to the department store where she bought the family all sorts of gifts.

As the happy group unwrapped gay packages on Christmas morning, they noticed something strange which hung in the center of the Christmas tree. It was a note which read, "Thank you very much for returning my bracelet. Santa told me to give these things to you. Sincerely, An ardent admirer of a good little girl and boy."

MUTUAL AFFECTION

By Mary Ellen Slemaker (Grade 7)

It was a crisp morn and the snow was falling softly. Davidson's pet shop had a Christmas Special— a small honey-colored puppy. Now this puppy didn't know it, but he had a secret admirer. Mr. Davidson was cleaning the bird cages, and had failed to notice the small nose pressed against the window.

"Poor little puppy," whispered a small voice. Mr. Davidson looked up and spied a little boy with sad eyes, standing outside. The proprietor motioned for the little boy to come in. As he entered, the little bell over the door rang. His small solemn face looked up at Mr. Davidson pathetically. "How much is that puppy in the window?" he inquired.

"It's a bargain, Sonny!" replied Mr. Davidson. "Only $4.50. Christmas Special."

The small boy's face lengthened. He answered sadly, "Thank you very much," and trudged out of the shop.

Each day after that he came to the pet shop, and peered up at the puppy. The little puppy wagged his short, stubby tail with enthusiasm. Tears trickled down the little boy's cheeks.

On Christmas Eve a man of avèrage means came scuffling down the street kicking the thick snow with his boots. For a second he paused, and as he did so, he sensed the mutual affection of the boy and the puppy. Like a flash the spirit of Christmas entered his head.

And needless to say, on that Christmas Day there was not a more happy threesome.

Fiction

GIFTS OF GOD

By Hope Harder (Grade 6)

In their small kitchen the Barton children, Florence, Violet, Tom, and Dick, were helping their mother with the Thanksgiving dinner. The children were in an unhappy mood for, as little Tom had said, "We never have turkey. Why can't we ever have turkey?"

"Well, dear, perhaps next year we will have one. But now let's be thankful for the many things we do have," said his mother.

"And just what do we have to be thankful for, I'd like to know?" spoke up Violet.

"Oh, we have so many things. We have each other. We live in this wonderful free country. I know—why don't we all tell what we have to be thankful for. Florence, we'll start with you."

"Well, I'm thankful for our lovely churches and all my nice friends."

"Violet, you're next," prompted her mother.

"Well, I'm thankful for our wonderful public libraries and our wonderful schools."

"How about you, Tom?" asked Florence.

"Well, I'm thankful for my good health. I'm sure glad that I'm not in bed with a broken ankle like Cousin Tony."

"Now Dick, it's your turn," said Violet.

"I'm thankful for the great outdoors and the opportunity of belonging to a great organization like the Boy Scouts of America."

Thinking of things to be thankful for made the time pass so quickly that, before they knew it, dinner was over and they were going to the woods to gather nuts. Each child carried a pail except Tom—he carried two.

"Tom, you shouldn't be greedy! One pail of nuts is enough for you," his mother exclaimed.

"Oh, I thought I would gather a pail for Tony since he can't go."

On their way home they stopped at Tony's to give him his nuts and wish him "Happy Thanksgiving." As they entered Tony's room, he hollered excitedly, "Where have you been? We've looked everywhere for you. The church brought me a great big basket filled with turkey and dressing, cranberry sauce, celery and olives, candied sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie and—Oh! Just everything good imaginable. I wouldn't let anyone have a bite until we could share it with you-all."

Tom looked up at his mother and said, "You know something else I'm thankful for is this idea of sharing in America."

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

By Ann Carlson (Grade 4)

I am a snowflake. My name is "Fluffy."

One Christmas Eve it was my turn to fall. I would have to leave my friends. Now I was falling, oh, my! I saw a little girl who was poor. Dear me! She did not have any shoes. So I asked my friend, the Wind, to blow me to her. I found that she did not have a father or a mother. There were tears in her eyes. I felt sorry for her, so then I asked my friend, the Wind, to blow me into the King's window. He said he would.

When I told the king my story, he started to cry. He said, "She may be my little girl."

The Wind blew me to the little girl, and, when I told her the good news, she thanked me and ran off.

I hope she was the king's daughter.

MY VISITOR

By Hal Balch (Grade 4)

Once I was awakened by a tapping on the window. It was a little man in a saucer. He asked me for a cup. He said it was lonely flying up there, and he wanted a cup to go with the saucer. I gave him the cup and went back to bed. I might have been dreaming, but the next morning I found little footprints on the window.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE

By Carolyn Bradford (Grade 11)

I'm a very lucky winter sparrow who has nothing to do all day. My family isn't around now but I've adopted a human family. I'd like to tell you my story so I can share my happiness.

It all started November fourth. Before that, I lived in a nest on a chimney. A boy was out shooting at some of my friends with a B-B gun that day. He hit me and almost severed my leg. Being startled, of course, I fell.

Suddenly I was being lifted! Opening my eyes, I saw a child looking down at me. It was so warm in his hand I just dozed off. When I awoke, I was in a warm box on something soft. Everyone was fussing over me, and I had never had anything like it happen to me before.

Actually I was a little frightened, but my fear passed in due time. Anyway, back to my story. I felt someone cleaning my leg and poking me. I was so frightened that I just jumped out of the box. Unfortunately I found I couldn't fly so I was recaptured. Just as I thought I was dying from thirst, someone gave me some water. But it was warm and I nearly choked. They fed me birdseed later, and I was really thankful for some food.

After I got used to being handled, I was allowed to fly a little. It was then that I decided that I never wanted to leave. However, the best was still to come. Of course, after such a short civilized life I thought living on birdseed was sissy stuff.

That "best" thing I was telling about was Christmas. With the coming of Christmas vacation we had parties galore and everything was really cheery. A pine tree was put up in the living room and I "nested" in it until they took it down. Now! I'm not one to gossip, but a member of my human family really got kissed under the mistletoe.

Then came Christmas Eve. Everyone had gone to bed early to wait for Santa Claus. I guess I finally fell asleep, because when I awoke the stockings on the fireplace were filled and there were loads of packages under the tree.

I was so happy that I was about to burst. Suddenly I felt someone grab me and put me on his finger. A red ribbon was placed around my neck, and I was shown my Christmas present. It was a beautiful cage with a box of birdseed in it. The best thing was the silver swing in the cage; oh yes, the cage didn't even have a door.

I stayed in my cage all Christmas Day and sang to everyone who walked by. Then later, I joined in singing Christmas carols. That night I left my cage to spend a final night in the pine tree.

Gosh! I'm glad that I was hurt! I'd never have been able to tell you my story if I'd been living in a chimney. In fact, I wouldn't even have had a story to tell. Now please excuse me; I still have a half a bowl of birdseed to finish. Thanks for reading this and a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year to everyone everywhere.

Fiction

IF WE ONLY HAD!

By Ann Winters (Grade 11)

It all happened one snowy December afternoon three days before Christmas. The snow had begun to fall that morning and continued falling in large flakes while we drove home. It was a long hard drive and we had been late in starting.

"Would you like me to drive awhile, Pat?" said Julie. I was becoming stiff and tired from driving for the past couple of hours; so I pulled to the side of the road and on to the shoulder.

"I certainly do wish that we had remembered to put on chains before we left," remarked Julie.

"I wish we had too," I replied.

These were the last words Julie and I said before it happened. The deepening of the evening shadows came as quickly as the country side, now buried beneath a blanket of snow, whizzed by our car windows. With each turning of the wheels the highway became more slippery, and it was more and more difficult for Julie to control the car. There was no warning—only a squeal of tires—then complete oblivion.

The next thing I knew, I was in a hospital bed with spots flashing before my eyes and blurred faces bending over me, murmuring something about a broken leg. Suddenly my vision cleared and I could see faces of doctors and nurses.

"Where's Julie? How is she?" My words seemed to run together, and the faces went out of focus again. The last thing I remembered before I lost consciousness again was Mother's words, "Please be careful, girls."

I didn't learn until later what had happened to Julie. She had recovered consciousness a few minutes after the accident and had seen that my leg had been grotesquely twisted. Feeling no bones broken on herself, Julie knew that she would have to go for help if we were to receive any. Few cars would pass us on the road that night. Julie walked three hours before she reached help. Many times Julie had wanted to sink into the snow and rest, but she pushed on step by step.

An hour after she reached help, Julie Strong, my sister, died of a concussion.

STRANGE VISITORS

By Sarah Butler (Grade 4)

Everything was quiet until the flying saucer landed in our front yard. Then a door flew open and out walked three chocolate cats with diamond eyes and emerald noses. They were the biggest, brightest kittens I ever saw, and the biggest one of all (I guess she was the mother) was fourteen feet tall. The little ones were only ten.

Then all of a sudden before he could say "Meow!," our cat Percival jumped out of my arms and ran outside to play with the strange visitors. I thought they would gobble him up, so I closed my eyes. When I opened them, I couldn't believe it for there the three cats and Percival were playing tag in our peppermint trees and chasing my flock of pet flying fish around the yard. A funny little man about two feet tall came out of the flying saucer and began throwing what I thought were rocks at me. I picked one up to throw at him, and to my amazement found they were solid gold.

The funny little man then put a whistle to his ear and blew three and one half times. Cats, man, and saucer blasted away in a cloud of stardust. All was quiet again.

"My goodness, what a day!" said Percival, the cat, as he climbed the dogwood tree to catch a flying catfish that was purring on a limb.

THE TALE OF THE SNOWFLAKE

By Gwendolyn Dyer (Gradc 4)

Last Christmas Eve my snowflake friends and I fell from the dark, dark sky. We landed on a window sill. Inside there was a big Christmas tree which was covered with beautiful ornaments of all sizes and colors. Up at the top of the tree was the most beautiful thing. An angel! She was looking at me. Oh, how I wished I were in there!

One of my friends said, "What is that thing over there?"

I said, "That is a manger scene."

All at once I heard someone singing "Silent Night." I went floating around the corner to see who it was. I saw that it was the Christmas carolers who were singing. That night I saw a big fat man with eight reindeer. He was carrying a big, big bag of toys. When he saw my friends and me, he laughed and said, "MERRY CHRISTMAS," and then he went on his way.

That was the best Christmas that I ever had.

GRANDPA, PRIVATE EYE

By Mary Jo Kellough (Grade 11)

Strange things are happening at Grandpa's house. One night this fall Grandmother and Grandpa were sleeping soundly in their upstairs bedroom while rain poured down outside. At this very same time downstairs a burglar was making an attempt to break into their house. They were not aroused, and fortunately the attempt to enter the securely locked home was fruitless.

The following morning Grandmother and Grandpa awoke as usual and went downstairs for breakfast. When Grandpa went to open the screen door to get the paper, he discovered traces of the intruder and immediately went into action. Grandpa would have put Dick Tracy and Sherlock Holmes both to shame with his detective work.

First he discovered muddy footprints. With a magnifying glass in his hand, he followed them until he spied a cigar behind a bush in his yard. From this he deducted that the burglar had lurked behind the shrubbery "with murder in his heart." Therefore, Grandpa ordered Grandmother to have all the shrubbery in their yard removed immediately so that the burglar would have nothing to hide behind if he came again.

He then looked behind the other shrubbery where he discovered a piece of a broken hacksaw blade. He immediately got a piece of paper and placed the blade on it. Taking full precaution, he wore gloves so that the blade would contain no fingerprints but those of the burglar. He placed the paper on his mantle where it still remains with the fingerprints of the unknown burglar.

After he finished this bit of detective work, Grandpa decided to assure Grandmother and himself of their safety by nailing down every window in the house. The next day he went to the office forgetting that painters were coming to paint the front and back steps. Consequently, Grandmother spent the day nailed in the house with no way to get out.

Another precaution Grandpa took was to get an old gun out of the attic. He said that anyone coming to his house should announce his arrival, because he was going to shoot first and look later. He called Daddy and told him to whistle or sing loudly when approaching his former home. My grandparent's colored maid, Ollie (who also had been warned) consequently can be heard singing "Yankee Doodle" at the top of her lungs as she comes to work each morning.

The burglar has not returned, but in case he does, Grandpa is ready.

Articles

PAPER CLIPS AND ALL

By Susie Schempf (Grade 11)

How many times in my life have I heard myself and others say, "Gosh, I sure do get tired of doing the same thing every summer. I think I'll get a job and earn some money." It seems that every summer we continue doing the same thing. This past summer I made up my mind that I would alter this situation.

On June 20, 1954, I began working at the First National Bank. Since I have never had any experience in any field of work I was put to work in the proof department. For the benefit of all those who are as inexperienced as I was in this field, (before this summer), it is a department on the fifth floor where all the incoming checks are recorded.

The first day was the hardest, and I must admit the longest. All my job involved was sitting at a table with about four others and sorting checks into three different stacks. Then I would count them, put them together, and record the numbers on a slip of paper. This might seem like an easy task, but for me, who was used to being continually on the move, and who never sat down for a long time, except when riding my horse, it was a terrible hardship. At times we were allowed to rest, but we were often interrupted by some smart aleck boys who continually flipped the girls with rubber bands beneath the table. It was a great game to see who could shoot a rubber band the farthest and, I might add, I was the champion; so you see, I did accomplish something in my first two months' work.

The First National Bank is a very beautiful building in which to work, and all the employees are the best as far as I'm concerned. They were all very kind to me, but I'm sure they were glad when I packed my rubber bands and paper clips and left for good.

It might seem as though I didn't enjoy my work this summer, but that isn't true at all. My only hope now is that the First National Bank will take me back next year, paper clips and all!

FACTS ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

By Penny Soule (Grade 9)

Santa Claus is the patron saint of Christmas and the most beloved figure in the legends of childhood. The modern mythical Santa Claus developed from the real person Saint Nicholas.

Saint Nicholas was the youngest and one of the kindest bishops in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. During the Middle Ages he gradually became the patron saint of schoolboys. European schoolboys celebrated his feast day on December 6 by electing a boy-bishop. Dressed in magnificent robes, the boy-bishop led a parade which wound through the narrow streets and sometimes entered the churches. There was much feasting, but on the whole the occasion was solemn.

There have been several poems written for children describing Saint Nicholas in different ways. The saint has now become a round and jolly figure with twinkling eyes, a real snub nose, and a white beard. The long pipe has become a stump of a pipe, and his wagon has become a sleigh. His Dutch costume has changed to a red suit trimmed with fur. At some point, also, the legend developed in America that his sleigh was pulled by reindeer.

In other countries Saint Nicholas has taken other forms. Many English children believe in a Father Christmas who brings them gifts. To them he is a gentleman dressed in a long tail coat and a squarish beaver hat. German people speak of Kris Kringle and French children of Pere Noel. But to all children in all Christian lands, he stands for the same thing, "the kindly spirit that the Christ Child brought into the world."

THE BIG PARADE

By Judy Adams (Grade 10)

Last year about a week before Thanksgiving I was bribed into accompanying my great uncle and two cousins, Cathy and Vickie, to the annual Christmas parade. I have always heard that children from seven to seventy like Christmas parades. I never used to believe in this theory, but I do now. Uncle was just as excited as the children, if not more so.

We left home about nine o'clock, since Grandmother wanted us to be there in plenty of time so Cathy and Vickie wouldn't miss any of the parade. As it was, half of Tulsa had the same idea, and it took us ages before we could get to a parking lot. When we did, it was full. We drove around and around the block looking for a place to park. After a vicious fight with a woman who had about six children in the back seat of her car, we squeezed into a tiny place a dozen blocks from the parade. We might as well have parked at home.

As we approached the main street, we saw a mob of determined mothers and fathers who were there to see that their children saw Santa and the rest of the parade. We pushed our way through the mass of inconsiderate grownups, and tried to find a place to stand and watch without being disturbed. This was impossible. I heartily wished that I had worn spike-heeled shoes that day; then people would have been a little more cautious about whose feet they were so mercilessly stepping on. We arrived with time to spare because the parade was late, and Uncle filled the dragging moments by telling the children that Santa would be at one of the large stores after the parade where he would interview little children to find out what they wanted for Christmas.

Suddenly a loud boom, boom came down the street. The parade had begun at last. School bands marched down the street playing familiar Christmas carols, followed by colorful floats portraying Christmas stories. There were, of course, prosperous city officials and the Christmas queen. There were scores of energetic clowns who jumped around, and bounced in and out through the crowd. There were horses that trotted majestically down the street. And then came the ever immortal Santa Claus in his sleigh with his eight tiny reindeer, while Santa's helpers threw out tons of candy to all of the children.

The splendor of the spectacle was dimmed by much pushing and shoving. In the crowd I was particularly disturbed by two little children who were filthy dirty, with chocolate all over their hands and faces, and who kept putting their dirty little mitts on me and stepping on my toes. Every time I said something to them, their mother would tell me that I should be kind, that I had no Christmas spirit, and that I didn't go to church on Sunday. That made me feel like a hole in the wall.

When Santa threw out some candy Cathy and Vickie each got a piece which they promptly crammed into their mouths, despite my protests that it would spoil their lunch. Their mother would kill me.

For weeks after, Uncle raved about the parade, while I swore that I would never go through the agony of another. This is one resolution that I intend to keep!

BOOK WEEK PROGRAM

On Thursday, November 16, the Third, Fourth and Fifth Grades entertained their parents and teachers with a delightful program dedicated to Book Week.

Mr. Bookworm opened the program with an appropriate jingle, inviting all the boys and girls to visit his Book Week Fair.

At the back of the stage large screens stood, attractively covered to represent five different types of books; namely, Fairy Tale, Hobby, Jingles and Jokes, Hero, and Travel.

As each grade came to the Fair, they exchanged greetings with Mr. Bookworm, and he in turn welcomed them and asked them to help choose the winning book. There were so many books that the children found it hard to decide. "Your books look very nice, but all we have seen is the covers. How do we know what's inside?" was a frequent question.

Proudly Mr. Bookworm would reply,

"Very good! Very good!
I'm glad that you discover
One must never judge a book
Merely by its cover.

To see behind the covers
Is what we're going to do;
So now we are all ready
For our Book Week Review."

As he finished this rhyme, he stepped over and touched the Fairy Tale book. How elated the visitors were to see live characters emerge and talk!

He repeated the same procedure with the other groups until they had seen inside all the books. In turn each visitor lauded his favorite book or book character by reciting a jingle.

Puzzled by their many preferences, Mr. Bookworm concluded that each book was worthy of a blue ribbon. Eagerly the children accepted the ribbons and hastened to place them on the book of their choice.

As the Bookworm's Fair came to a close, the children sang vivaciously a little ditty to the tune of "School Days," entitled "Book Friends."

The program was directed by Billie Kiker, assisted by Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. White, and Mr. Graham.

The clever designs for the book covers were created and painted by Seventh Grade girls. They also assisted with costumes.

BEFORE SANTA CLAUS WAS

By Eileen Simpson (Grade 11)

A man in a dark brown cloak trudged wearily beside a beautiful woman on a donkey. Occasionally he glanced at the sky, with a worried frown as the sun moved lower. Shadows were long as they stopped at a small roadside inn, and the man went in. When he returned and spoke to the woman, her face saddened and she looked more tired than ever. No, no room there either.

They tried inns and houses all along the way into the city, but every one was full. Since a census was being taken, everybody was in town, and it was overcrowded. As darkness fell, the couple came to still another inn. The husband knocked, and, when the innkeeper came to the door, asked if there was not some room in his house. "Only a stable in the back," the innkeeper replied. Very gratefully the humble couple, Mary and Joseph, went to the stable.

That very night the Savior of the world, the King of Kings, was born in that stable with the lowly beasts looking on. And the angel said to shepherds nearby, "Do not be afraid, for behold I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all people; for there has been born to you today in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger!"

When Christmas comes this year, can we not all remember the true meaning? Santa Claus and the giving and receiving of presents are all fun and perfectly all right in their place, but above all, Christmas is Christ's birthday. If a very dear friend of ours were having a birthday, each close friend would give that person something very special. Just so, Jesus is everybody's best friend and His birthday is nearing. Can we not this year realize why we celebrate Christmas; that it is to honor Christ! Before Santa Claus was even thought of, there was Christ.

MY TRIP TO MIAMI

By Jerry First (Grade 4)

This summer my family flew to Miami for a vacation. We changed planes at New Orleans and flew over the Gulf of Mexico.

We stayed at the Algiers Hotel in Miami. From our window we could see the Atlantic Ocean with the waves rolling in on the beach. We could see ocean-going ships sailing slowly by.

We saw a lot of palm trees. They did not look like our trees. We found many cocoanuts under the trees.

Daddy and I went swimming in the ocean. The waves rolled over us and the water tasted salty. Because of undertow, we went to the hotel swimming pool.

Friday we went on a bus tour of Miami and Miami Beach. We learned there are 32 islands and 30 were man-made by driving pilings into the coral reefs. Then big machines came in and sucked sand from the ocean, making an island on top of the coral reef.

One stop on the bus trip was at Hileah Park. It is a race track. We saw a flock of flamingos at Hileah. If these birds do not get enough shrimp, they lose their pink coloring.

At the Tropical Gardens we saw the Seminole Indian village, the monkeys, the parrots, and the Indian boy wrestle the alligator. First he opened the alligator's powerful jaws; then he held the jaws of the alligator shut under his chin. While doing this, he had to be careful of the alligator's tail. Then he flipped him over on his back and put him to sleep.

We went to a fruit grove. We saw grapefruit, oranges, lemons, bananas, and many other fruits growing.

Saturday we went on an eighty-mile boat trip. Coming back we got stuck on a sand bar because of low tide.

Sunday we caught the plane to New Orleans. We went on a tour and saw the old New Orleans, huge live oak trees, and a banana boat unloading. That night we caught the plane to Tulsa.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

By Johanna Singletary (Grade 5)

Not long ago my friend Nancy and I fell to talking about a house in our neighborhood that was said to be haunted.

Nancy said, "What do you think could be in this haunted house?"

"I'll tell you how to find out," I replied.

"How?" asked Nancy.

"Go and see," I said.

So we planned to go that very night. We planned to take three flashlights, a baseball bat, and a butcher knife. We thought we should wear dark clothing. We decided to go alone and not tell anyone.

About nine o'clock we started out. When we reached the old house, everything was so quiet that we began to feel creepy

(Continued on page 23)

Since 1922

MURRAY R. WOMBLE CO.

SERVICE AND SALES

BUILDERS HARDWARE
CONSTRUCTION PRODUCTS

Steel and Aluminum Windows and Doors

Quality Finish Hardware

Building Specialties

▼

SERVING OKLAHOMA

TULSA
1333 South Boston
2-3122

OKLAHOMA CITY
121 N.E. 26th
JA 4-0060

MICHAELIS
CAFETERIA

PARTICULAR FOOD FOR
PARTICULAR PEOPLE

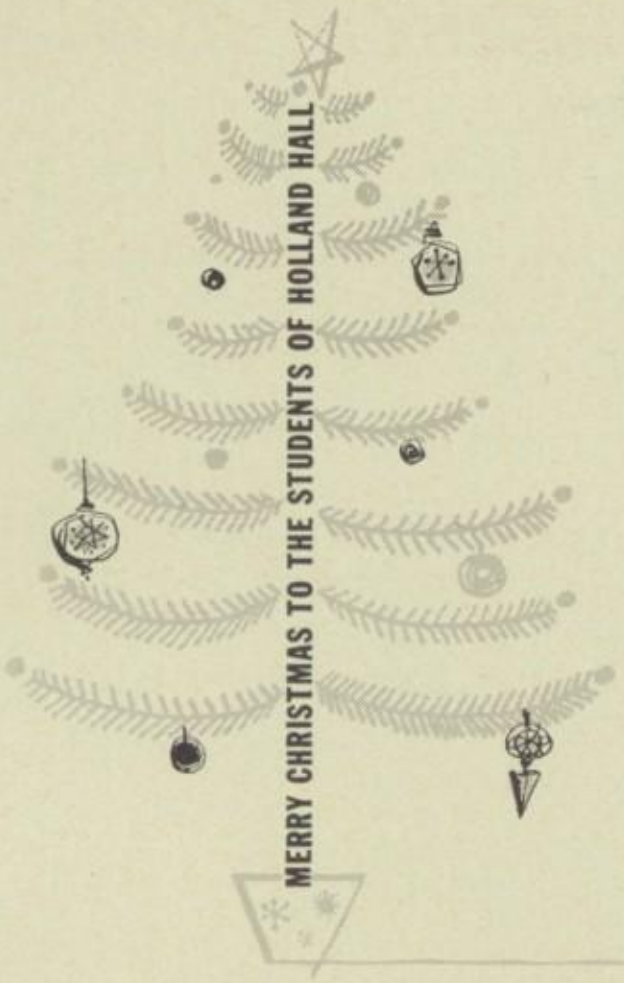
▼

507 South Boulder Avenue

Tulsa, Oklahoma

BEST WISHES FOR A
Merry Christmas
AND A
Happy New Year

NELSON *Electric* MANUFACTURING CO.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA
217 N. DETROIT AVE. TELEPHONE 2-5131



advertising

Paul Locke

216 WEST FOURTH
TULSA 3, OKLAHOMA

serving a select group of quality-minded advertisers

merry christmas

to the

students

of

Holland Hall

When it's Electrical

NELSON

ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.

526 North Main • TULSA

. . . and so we take

NO COMPLAINT

By Marian Cole (Grade 7)

Let's go trim the Christmas tree.
A gala occasion it will be.
Please hand me that red, shiny ball.
Hey there! We need somebody tall.
Hurry for a ladder that's sturdy and strong,
For here I come with the tinsel long.
I need a helper on the model train;
Helpers for that need a healthy brain.
Help me assemble this tiny church
Surrounded by trees—they must be birch.
Don't forget to hang up your stocking.
Come now, we're doing too much talking.
All in all we're making a mess;
We still have some of our clothes to press.
But never mind. We've no complaint
For without this commotion Christmas ain't!

THROUGH THE AGES

By Mary Moore (Grade 7)

I like to think of long ago,
When Christmas joy began,
'Twas the birth of a little babe
That brought good will to man.

That joy traveled on to the pioneers,
Who kept their faith so strong.
They overcame hardships day by day,
And gave praise in prayer and song.

And on to the gay old nineties,
When to grandmother's house they'd go,
The grownups would gather to chat and talk,
While the children played in the snow.

Now let's witness the modern days.
It's television for us—
A dishwasher and gadgets galore
To add to the usual fuss.

Last of all comes the future age.
We'll plug in our electric tree;
We'll shoot up to Mars in a second or two
To see all our neighbors-to-be.

MY CHRISTMAS

By Robin Flint (Grade 4)

I like my two days of Christmas,
With holly in the halls
And fancy Christmas balls;
Tinsel in red boxes,
Candy canes in paper
Hanging on the tree.
It is a treasure island.

Join me in the fun—
Carolers on the run;
Snow falling all around
In a new white world;
Girls like little angels
All around the hearth
And presents aplenty underneath the tree.

TINSEL

By Caroline Owens (Grade 4)

Isn't tinsel pretty with its silver, silver white,
Its lovely color making our Christmas tree shine bright?
Ornaments and icicles are very lovely too,
While fresh new snow is crystal clear and icy, icy blue.
Holly adds its color with shining red and green,
And a star on the treetop sends out a lovely gleam.

AH, SWEET MENAGERIE OF LIFE

By Faith Blocksom (Grade 11)

There is
A certain age at which
A youngster likes to bring
To his mother everything
That walks,
Or crawls, or slithers, and talks,
Or growls, or barks, or purrs,
Or squawks.

These are
Animals that they wish
To start a kind of zoo.
A penny apiece for me and you
To view—
A worm, a turtle, a bird of blue,
A snake, a beetle, a fish
Or two.

Ah, sweet menagerie of life,
Will you never cease to grow?
"Come in. Now, Johnny dear,
Another frog? Oh, No!"

IF I LIVED WAY BACK WHEN

By Mary Jo Kellough (Grade 11)

A southern lady I should like to be,
If I could live way back when.
Scarlet O'Hara'd have nothing on me;
I'd be a belle with the men.

I would attend every fabulous ball
Dressed in silk, crinoline, and lace;
My waist would appear deceivingly small,
But pain from the stays would show on my face.

My home would be on a large plantation
With slaves at my beck and call.
It surely would be a great temptation
To sit and do nothing at all.

But I'd roam through our many fields of cotton
Riding my favorite roan;
And all my troubles would be forgotten
When Mammy served me cornpone.

I'd be right in style with every new fad
And carry a lavender hanky;
And you can bet your life I'd surely be glad
I wasn't born a "damyankee."

HEAVE-HO

VOLUME XII, NO. 1 HOLLAND HALL, TULSA, OKLAHOMA DECEMBER, 1954

GRAND EXIT FROM H. H. DECEMBER 17

REDUCING WITHOUT DIETING

By Faith Blocksom (Grade 11)

Are you overweight? Do you want to lose those extra pounds without dieting? If so, enroll in one of Miss Lulu Beckington's classes and watch those inches vanish.

The formula? Take one classroom, thirteen by eighteen feet, and fill with sixteen desks, each with a top measuring sixteen by twenty-five inches. Add to these cramped quarters one long table bearing three typewriters, two typewriter stands with portables, two bookcases, one cabinet filled with publications material, one unabridged dictionary and stand, and one teacher's desk. Subtract one termite-infested board from the floor and add one to three buckets of water dripping from the ceiling during the rainy season. There you have the picture of Room 5, home of Publications Staff, English classes, and typing groups. It is a room guaranteed to slim any figure if one has to squeeze in and out these desks several times a day. Just ask the English I and III classes.

The seats arranged in a semicircle are so close together that when the bell rings, instead of the customary mad dash, everyone has to slip sideways out of her "box." There is a systematic method for each member of the class. The first girl at the end has no trouble leaving and proceeds to go. The next in line pushes the desk on her right over a little so that there is space enough to squeeze through. This process is repeated until the last girl emerges with tardy slip in hand.

One question before you rush to enroll—have you noticed any resemblance between the freshmen, the juniors, and sardines?

Mariellen (reading from an English theme) "——and the grass dotted with fiery leaves was bronzed by—"

Ann Maness: "Wait a minute; I think you left out a comma." (Ann is our star proofreader.)

THEY RALLIED

By Mary Eckel and Jan Smith (Grade 8)

'Twas the last day of grace
For the eighth grade class
"Heave-Ho" needed poems—
Alas! Alas!

They thought and thought
And 'thunk' and 'thunk,'
Then someone exclaimed,
"Why write this junk!"

"Because," said the teacher,
"If you want to survive,
You'd better get busy—
Like bees in a hive."

They worked very hard
And turned out a ditty—
This is the result
"Ain't" it a pity!

TAKEN BY SURPRISE

Last spring the Seventh Grade girls made their own rule that anyone of them caught chewing gum would get five demerits.

One morning their teacher, Mrs. Kiker, thought she noticed one of the girls breaking that rule and questioned her.

"Marsha, what do you have in your mouth?" she asked.

Emitting her gum as she spoke, Marsha replied, "Five demerits!"

CHRISTMAS FANTASY

By Dum-de-dum-dum

'Twas the chrisp before Nightmas and all through the hoose
Not a creature was stirring, not ever a moose.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
(Because, of course, there was no space left in the bathroom.)
Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled down for a long game of Canasta,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my chair and tripped over the platter
(Of dog food I'd left there for Annie)
Away to the window I leapt like a frog,
Threw open the window, and peered through the smog.
(We were living in Los Angeles at the time.)
Then what should my wondering eyes espy
But a miniature sleigh at about twelve o'clock high.
With a little old driver whose nose was so bright
I knew right away he'd been partying all night.
More rapid and eager his coursers they came
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;
Come on and get up there; get up there, you-all."
And then in a twinkling I heard on the shingles,
The messing around of dear old Kris Kringle.
As I drew in my head and was turning about,
Down the chimney he came with a scream and a shout—
(He had ripped his trousers on a clinker.)
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of potato chips.

(Continued on page 4)

H E A V E - H O

Miss Holland Hall Fun Section

Send all contributions to:
Jean Campbell
Gretchen Barnes
Mary MacKay
Mariellen Smith
Lulu B. Beckington, Sponsor

HOW TO HOOK HIM

Part I: Christmas Dinner—Deluxe

(Taken from
Campbell's Handy Cookbook)

The Yule season is almost upon us and it is time to start thinking of what you are going to serve your extra-special male on the big day. Are you wondering which one of your many beaux you should ask? Try this simple test: call up all the boys you know and ask them to dinner just before Christmas. The one who eats the most of the delectable food left over from Thanksgiving is the vict—er, the special guest.

Now that you have him invited, let's see what will tickle his palate. It should be something easy, since you will be occupied most of the time combing your hair, applying make-up, etc. All meals should start with an appetizer, so how about a tasty tray of chicken-fried snakes' hips? (Mouth-watering, when spread on puppy biscuits.) All cooks must economize on something, so give him a glass of water for a beverage.

After serving the hors d'oeuvres, slip out and put on some soft dreamy music like "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Grab him off the chair and charleston around a bit just to show him how versatile you are.

After about an hour of scintillating conversation, suggest that you both go in to dinner. For the first course it is always satisfying to serve aromatic bowls of ox-tail soup. Perhaps you will find a stray herd of oxen roaming nearby. If so, simply cut off the tails. One important thing to remember is to keep your dinner partner from splashing the soup all over him; seldom does the brown of the gravy match the orange polkadots of his tie.

Now comes the event of the evening; the turkey! Ah, what a heavenly bird it will be, taking for granted that you have chased, massacred, plucked, stuffed, cooked, basted, and browned it earlier.

After placing it proudly on the table, you are confronted with a major problem. If your friend is somewhat unskilled in the art of carving a turkey, don't make it hard for him. Relieve his fears by placing the bird, derriere first, on the wall. Then see that he inserts one foot between the wings, and pulls. With this method, it is possible to obtain just about any portion of the savory fowl you desire. Please, however, watch the sticky feet on the new rug.

What you give him for dessert doesn't really matter. An ice cube, a stick of gum, or a toothpick—it makes no difference. To stir a little bicarbonate of soda into his milk would be a wise move, because the after-effects of such a dinner may be violent. A stretcher in the hall is always handy if the necessity arises.

Here's wishing you happy dishwashing!

WANTED

R. H. ..... Millison
Sure-fill but delicious diet ..... The starving
A little "bertie" for Joanne ..... The sophomores
J. D. ..... Iverson
"Max" ..... The young at heart
Our middies ..... The tattered ones
A jute-box that works after the dance ..... The music lovers
A blow-out proof tire ..... Fenton
A tuned piano ..... Mrs. Ross
Sonny's grey Chevy ..... Mariellen
An answer from Best's ..... Troubled seniors
An Algebra II key ..... Miss Sharp
A date for the Junior Assembly ..... The nervous
Some luck like Cathy's ..... The worried
Name tapes ..... Mrs. Kaboth
More dances like the last one ..... H.H.
A bop record to practice by ..... Kreager
A trip to Westminister ..... Haynes
An explanation of American History ..... Seniors
A place to park my car ..... Faith
More study halls ..... The overworked
Saddles that stay clean ..... The dirty-shod
A weekend at Lindenwood ..... The college-minded
Bobby to hurry back home ..... Marsha
My driver's license ..... Stover
More soup for lunch ..... The chilly
A play with Cascia ..... MacKay and the talented ones
A midwinter sunburn ..... Gussman
More trips to Kansas City ..... Seay
Fewer trips to Kansas City ..... Mlle. Andre
A new Cadillac like Jill's ..... The ambitious
Fewer snakes left in cheese boxes ..... Campbell
No more biology field trips ..... Lackey
More subdued frogs (Oh, don't jump away like that!) ..... Miss Moulton
My mouse in Mineola ..... M.S.
A short, fascinating classic ..... Mary Ruth
No more tests ..... Eighth grade
An O.U. football player ..... All
Fewer hard-boiled eggs ..... Crouch
A vacation in Florida ..... Penny Meadows
A white Christmas ..... All

H. H. HIT PARADE

Crouch ..... "Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking up That Old Gang of Mine"
Meadows ..... "The Blue Mountains of Virginia"
Eileen ..... "My Bill"
Nancy March ..... "On, Wisconsin"
Mlle. Andre ..... "I Love Paris"
Mrs. Heavey ..... "Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?"
Mariellen ..... "California, Here I Come"
Lackey ..... "It's a Lonesome Old Town"
MacKay ..... "Cuddle Me"
Gwynne ..... "Orange Colored Sky"
Kreager ..... "I' m Tired and I Want to Go Home"
Stover ..... "Too Fat Polka"
Campbell ..... "Manhattan"
Maness ..... "Pretend"
Mrs. Ross ..... "Old Piano Roll Blues"
Jolene ..... "Missouri Waltz"
Moulton ..... Lohengrin's "Wedding March"
Sharp ..... "Happy Birthday"
Schoenfeld ..... "Let Me Go, Lover"
Callahan ..... "Pennsylvania 65000"
Nesbitt ..... "I Wonder, I Wonder, Can't Help It if I Wonder"

A SUMMER OF LONELINESS

By Penny Wolaver (Grade 12)

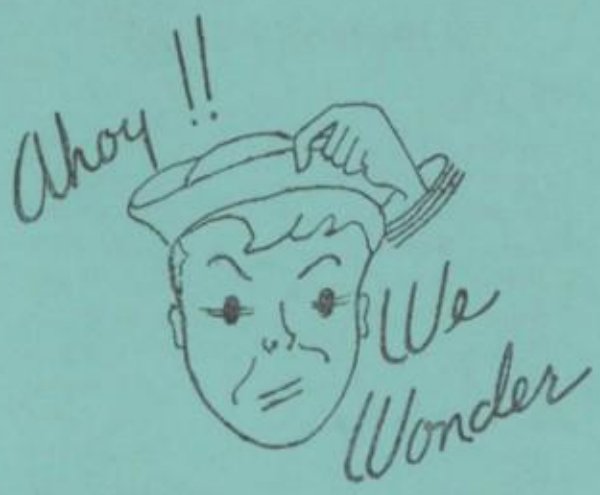
Pity me, a poor old sock with a big hole in my toe. I'm dirty and wrinkled and just no good to anyone any more. There was a time when my mate and I modeled in Seidenbach's window with the snazziest pair of Bermuda shorts you've ever seen. No one ever passed us by without stopping and praising us. Why, I can even remember when we were sold. There wasn't a happier pair of socks anywhere. You see we were going to be a Christmas present.

We could hardly wait to be opened. You should have seen the look on Jean Campbell's face when she saw us. "Mother, this is just what I wanted. They'll look divine with my gray flannel Bermuda shorts."

And we WERE just what she wanted too, because she wore us canstantly. But all good things must come to an end. She lost my mate and tossed me into this dark, old drawer, and I've been here all summer. Now I'm nothing but moth bait. My memories are all I have left. At night I dream of the times I paraded around Utica Square, causing more than one whistle. But now——

Oh, dear! Mrs. Campbell is opening the drawer and picking me up. I knew it would happen someday. She is going to throw me away. Oh, this is just too much to bear, but wait—Why is she look-

(Continued at foot of next column)



How Peggy Seay's whalebone corset fits?
Who Judy Nelson's secret love is?
If Harriet Gates is really THAT smart in Geometry?
Whose initials were on the tree at the Sakawa-Wanata dance?
Why Eileen made a 78 in Algebra II? (She always makes 100!)
What the big joke was in Latin I?
If Leslie ever gets full at lunch?
Why Mlle. Andre doesn't like Marlon Brando?
Why Wolaver never brings her own?
Where Jolene gets her talent for drawing dogs with flappy ears?
Where Harlan got his black eye?
If Smith will go to Hollywood to rival the big names?
How the Juniors can make some money?
If they ate up all the profits on Field Day?
If all the newcomers to Holland Hall like our school?
What J. H., P. W. and J. C. were doing in the side show at the Fair?
If Jenny will ever get to live on her southern plantation?
Why none of the seniors have fur coats? (Miserly boy friends?)
If Maness might get a story published in "Seventeen"?
What Liberace has on Susie?
Who will be our Christmas queen?
Why Jill Kreager wants her hair to grow?
What would happen if we played Monte Cassino this year?
If everyone is worrying about mid-year exams?
When Mrs. Kaboth will finally get her showers?
If New Year's Eve will be a night to remember?

SUMMER LONELINESS (from page 2)

ing at me that way? She is sewing up the hole in my toe, but why?

Oh, hurrah! I'm going to be hung over the mantle. At last I'll be able to wait up for Santa Claus! Such a treat is worth spending the summer in a stuffy drawer.

PRANKS OF MY YOUTH

By Mollie Shearer (Grade 9)

On February twelfth, in year 1940, a mischievous little imp was born . . . me! And I continued to be a mischievous little imp until I started being a movie star for all of my boy friends.

I'm goin' to tell ya about a couple of pranks I had a leading part in.

Boy! A real gang! That's what we had . . . an' . . . an' I was the leader! Just like Roy Rogers! 'Course my brother 'n my cousin, 'n all the other neighborhood kids were in it, too, but I was the only one that counted. Just ask my panda bear. He'll tell ya! Yeah, just ask 'im if ya don't believe me.

Wow! Did we ever have great times in those days! I 'member one time when we'd snuck back in this old lady's back-yard and made a fort right behind her garage! 'An did she get mad? Boy, oh, boy! Wouldn't ever let us come back neither. She'd said we'd been building fires back there, 'cause she'd found an old tarred-up broom an' she thought it had been burned. So she called Mom up and told her, and I didn't get any lollipops for one whole week. But don't you worry, 'cuz we got even with her on Hallowe'en. Yeah—you just bet we did, but I'm not gonna tell you how. No, siree, bob. You'll tell just as sure as anything an' then Mom would get mad. An' she might even take my panda bear away, so don't you ask me to tell ya!

But 'cha wanna know 'bout another thing? Well, I'll tell ya! You see me an' my cousin 'n my brother were out havin' fun one day, 'n we decided to go back 'a this woman's house an' see her flower house. When we got back there, it looked so funny that we decided to go in. Well, wouldn't 'cha know it? As soon as we got in, the neighbor's fat ole dog came along an' started scratching on the door, an' while he scratched, his paw caught a' hold of this piece of wood an' he bro't it down so that it locked us in! Were we scared then! We knew for sure that we'd be found out, so quick as anything we rushed to the door an' started pushin' as hard as we could. Then, all of a sudden . . . . crash . . . . an' the glass in the door cracked! An' it cut my cousin's hand, too!

Well, boy, oh, boy, were we really 'n truly scared then? So we reached out thru' the hole in the glass an' opened the door. Then did we ever tear out a' there!

The ole' lady tried to stop us to see what had happened, but no lady on foot could catch up with Roy Rogers and his gang. No, siree, bob. You can just ask my panda bear!

Faith (watching Peggy Seay eat four candy bars at once): "Peggy Seay, you're a Piggy Say."

Mary Ruth (standing patiently over the bunson burner with a lighted match): "Miss Moulton, can I turn on the blow torch now?"

Mrs. Kaboth: "Joanne Williams, where are your tennis shoes?"

Joanne: "Oh, I had them washed today and I'm sure they'll be ironed by tomorrow."

The mother of one of the senior kindergarteners asked him each evening during the early days of school how he liked school and each time was answered with a prompt "I don't like it! I don't have any fun."

When asked the fourth day the little boy replied,

"Well, today I almost had a good time."

JUST SUPPOSE

Peggy was an Ocean instead of a Seay.
Cathy was a Grouch instead of a Crouch.
Ann was a Summer instead of Winters.
Barbara was a Truman instead of a Gussman.
Penny was a Valley instead of Meadows.
Nancy was July instead of March.
Marsha was a Bootblack instead of a Lackey.
Gretchen was a Hayloft instead of Barnes.
Trinka was a Maple instead of a Bush.
Ruthie was a Bracelet instead of a Broach.
Marsha was a Plateau instead of a Moore.
Lucie Hurls instead of Diggs.
Molly was a Snipper instead of a Shearer.
Rebecca was a Headband instead of a Traband.
Faith was a Flotsom instead of a Blocksom.
Jill was a Doctor instead of a Burgess.
Leslie was a Rooming House instead of Holmes.
Linda was a Freckle instead of a Mole.

DID YOU SEE:

Nancy Thomas seriously telling the music appreciation class about Tchiakovsky's Sympathy Number 6?

Mlle. Andre dramatically telling the French class about her pet lion?

Miss Beckington hopelessly caught between the leaking roof and the termites?

The beautiful Indian Summer decorations for the dance?

The beaming faces of the Latin students when Mrs. Bailey brought in Virgil's 2024th birthday cake?

The admirable behavior of the Holland Hallers at the Philharmonic Concert November 10?

Donny Feagan proudly standing in the balcony when he won the prize for his letter to H. Arthur Brown?

Jack Davenport poring laboriously over one of the children's books in the library?

The seniors all dressed up for Town Hall?

Miss Sharp looking puzzled over an Algebra problem?

Patti Young calmly turning black and blue while standing on the Hockey ball during Intramurals?

Marsha Lackey's expression after gazing at blood samples at St. John's?

Mary MacKay swearing that her hair hadn't grown out?

Mariellen in the Little Theatre play?

Gretchen Barnes trying to catch the ball hit by her father during the Father-Daughter game?

The pictures of the dance in Miss Beckington's room?

The last Holland Hall football game?

Mrs. Heavey's Annie?

The loot that the seniors are getting at birthday luncheons this year?

All the girls mooning over "Let Me Go, Lover"? (Anyone in mind?)

Mary Ruth riding her horse at Pancho's?

Recently the Eighth Grade girls were asked to write an essay on "Thrift." One girl was absent (or absent-minded) when the meaning of the word "essay" was discussed.

Later on in the week discussion of the word came up again. An amused expression suddenly appeared on her face. Blushing, she sneaked up and confided in her teacher.

"Do you know," she whispered, "I thought all this time you were talking about the initials S. A."

Miss Beattie entering classroom: "How's business this morning?"

Jim Hamilton, first grader: "Oh, she's not here yet."

What Do You Expect to Get From Him For Christmas?

Kreager ..... An invitation to A. & M.
Stover ..... Money, Honey
Cathy ..... The other half of last year's gift
Mariellen ..... The first half
Malissa ..... That's an interesting question!
Simpson ..... Who's him?
Nancy March ..... A package from Wisconsin (K.K.)
Millison ..... Square cut or pear-shaped, either one
MacKay ..... Pictures, hundreds of 'em!
Seay ..... A valentine; he's so absent-minded!
Judy Pat ..... Mike's I.D. bracelet
Ann Winters ..... Which one? Oh, I have so many!!
Kellough ..... Don't know; good question; shows you've been thinking!
Susie ..... Lot's of lovin'!
Soule ..... From who?
Marsha ..... Probably my Delta Pi pin
Shearer ..... Give me "him" first
Faith ..... Kiss? Call? Letter? Date?
Wolaver ..... A ticket to Siberia; Harlan's so sweet!
Trinka ..... Well, we won't mention it
Muggy ..... You'll have to ask him
Marsha Moore ..... No telling!
Seidenbach ..... A diamond bracelet—I won't accept anything else!
Fuller ..... Just "Merry Christmas"
Snow ..... A sweet Ipana smile
Gish ..... A date
Mary Eckel ..... Gray flannel bermuda shorts
Jan Smith ..... Socks to go with Mary's shorts
Nancy Meadows ..... It'll be a poor Christmas
Thomas ..... Something simple—a Cadillac maybe
Iverson ..... An expensive trinket from J.D.
Schoenfeld ..... A sly grin
Miss Moulton ..... I'll know when it comes
Patti ..... A horse
Campbell ..... A date for New Year's Eve

CHRISTMAS FANTASY (from p. 1)

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him; in fact I almost died!
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work;
He filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And, laying a finger aside of his nose—he sneezed
(And having blown out the four walls—he didn't have to go up the chimney.)
He sprang to his sleigh, to the maid gave a whistle.
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to you-all and to you-all-bye!"

SUPER SENIORS

FENTON:

Favorite Color ..... Brown
Favorite Expression ..... "Oh, you-all!"
Favorite Book ..... "The Big Fisherman"
Favorite Subject ..... History
Favorite School ..... Holland Hall
Favorite Movie ..... "A Star Is Born"
Favorite Actor ..... Humphrey Bogart
Favorite Pastime ..... Talking
Favorite Food ..... Hot Rolls
Favorite Brand ..... Guerlain's
Favorite Car ..... Lincoln
Favorite Song ..... "Adios"
Always Seen At ..... School
Always Seen With ..... an armful of weighty volumes

HAYNES:

Favorite Color ..... George's red hair
Favorite Expression ..... "Oh, help!"
Favorite Book ..... "Gone With the Wind"
Favorite Subject ..... Art
Favorite School ..... Westminister
Favorite Movie ..... "The Wild One"
Favorite Actor ..... Marlon Brando
Favorite Pastime ..... Riding in a convertible
Favorite Food ..... Chop Suey
Favorite Brand ..... Old Hickory
Favorite Kind of Car ..... Lincoln
Favorite Song ..... "Teach Me Tonight"
Always Seen In ..... Westminister Halls
Always Seen With ..... George Noland

LACKEY:

Favorite Color ..... Blue
Favorite Expression ..... "But Officer, you don't understand!
Favorite Book ..... "Magnificent Obsession"
Favorite Subject ..... Spanish
Favorite School ..... Holland Hall
Favorite Movie ..... "On the Waterfront"
Favorite Actor ..... Marlon Brando
Favorite Pastime ..... Joking
Favorite Food ..... Lamb Chops
Favorite Brand ..... "White Shoulders"
Favorite Kind of Car ..... 1950 Black Ford
Favorite Song ..... "Let Me Go, Lover"
Always Seen At ..... Pennington's
Always Seen With ..... Bobby (when in town)

SMITH:

Favorite Color ..... Red
Favorite Expression ..... "Not Really!"
Favorite Book ..... "Iron Mistress"
Favorite Subject ..... New Orleans
Favorite School ..... Holland Hall
Favorite Movie ..... "Gone With the Wind"
Favorite Actor ..... Clark Gable
Favorite Pastime ..... Shopping
Favorite Food ..... Barbecue
Favorite Brand ..... Viceroy
Favorite Kind of Car ..... Jaguar
Favorite Song ..... "My Funny Valentine"
Always Seen At ..... Terrace Room
Always Seen With ..... A Hatbox

our pen is hand!

CHRISTMAS DELIGHTS
By Dana Jones (Grade 8)

Soft is the snow
That falls all around,
Covering the trees
That droop to the ground.

Inside the house
It's warm and gay;
The turkey and pies
Make a tempting tray.

After the meal
We sit by the fire
Radiantly happy;
We've fulfilled our desire!

A REMINDER
By Susan Lindstrom (Grade 7)

The church bells ring;
The snowflakes are bright:
The moon's aglow
In the lustrous night.

The church tower looms
In the heavens above,
To remind us of Him
Who taught us to love.

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK
By Kathy Green (Grade 2)

On top of the clock
There's a little block,
And below the block
This little clock
Sings, "Tick tock,
Tick tock."

MAGIC
By Susan Chandler (Grade 7)

The air turned cold that wintry night;
At early dawn the world looked white.
So softly did the snowflakes fall
No sound could there be heard at all.
When I awoke my heart did thrill,
For magic gems crowned my window sill.

I'D LIKE
By Jean MacKay (Grade 2)

I like to sing;
I like to play;
I like to sing
And play all day.

I'd like to ring
A bell some day—
A Christmas bell
To make me gay.

UNWANTED
By Leslie Holmes (Grade 8)

'Tis the night before Christmas
And all is gay.
Everyone is preparing
For this special day.

Mother's in the kitchen;
A turkey she's baking.
Grandma's in the parlor;
A gift she is making.

Junior and Dad
Are trimming the tree,
And Sis is for sure
Wrapping something for me.

To the kitchen I trot—
It smells so delicious—
But I am kicked out,
They think me malicious!

"Get out of the way,
You underfoot thing,
Or else you won't get
Not even a wing."

To Grandma I sneak
But she cries, "No! No!"
When a cookie I beg
And she bids me go.

To Sis's room
I then go snooping,
But I'm turned out,
My head a-drooping.

I walk to the parlor
To browse around,
And before I know it
I'm out on the ground.

Nobody loves me
I started to say
When out comes Johnny
For his daily play.

We romp around
In the cold crunchy snow,
Till in to dinner
It is time to go.

At last, they're all
In bed but me.
Guess I'll sleep here
By the Christmas tree.

Toys for the children
Many there'll be,
But only a can
Of Vigo for me.

I LIKE CHRISTMAS
By Carolyn Born (Grade 4)

I like to hear the crackling fire—
I could watch it till I tire—
I like to hear the church bells ring;
I like to hear the people sing.

A REVELATION
By Ruthie Broach (Grade 9)

I witnessed a magnificent scene
From the peak of a towering hill.
The view was awe-inspiring,
With everything white and still.

Beautiful snow-capped pine trees
In an icy fairy land,
With every object sparkling
As if done by an artist's hand.

Pale stars shone high in the heavens
Aglitter like exquisite jewels,
While the pallid moon, surrounded,
Cast light in shining white pools.

As I stood there gazing downward
At this place so calm and serene,
I discovered what the beauties
Of outdoors and nature mean.

I LIKE WINTER
By Fourth Graders

I like winter.
I like the snow, its glossy white.
It crunches underfoot—a happy squeak.
I like to zoom downhill on my sled;
I like to build a snowman, too;
I like the sky so icy-blue;
I like the cozy warm of the fireplace
When I come in from play,
And the smell of hot cocoa
And marshmallows and popcorn.
I like the smell of the crackling fire;
I like the feel of the cold fresh air;
I like to watch my breath go out;
I like to cuddle under my warm covers.
I like winter!

WHO AM I?
By Judy Iverson (Grade 11)

It's Christmas Eve;
My figure's a fright.
I'm bumpy and bulgy;
I'm really a sight.

My middle's too snug;
My profile is shocking.
You know who I am?
I'm your Christmas stocking!

. . . and so we take

CHRISTMAS IS LOVE

By Paula Pinson (Grade 11)

Love
and Christmas
resemble each other
in many ways. Love is as
shiny and bright as the tinsel
on the green tree, as warm as the
Christmas candles shining through the
darkness, as cheerful as the pictures of
Santa Claus in the store windows, as mysterious
as the wrapped packages beneath the tree. Love is as
sincere as the wish on a Christmas card, as joyful as a
Christmas carol, as sweet as the faces of singing children.
It is as pure as the spirit of Christmas, as tender as a mother's
smile as she watches her new-born child. They are much alike
and as you can see,
Christmas
is
Love.

A CHALLENGE

By Carol Seidenbach (Grade 8)

The fluffy snow in the moonlight glitters
And blankets the thirsty ground,
And in the house the glowing fire
Warms the hearts around.

Silver tinsel and Christmas balls
Bedeck a stately tree,
And under it lie presents stacked—
A cheerful sight to see.

Soon we'll be eating turkey and sauce,
Plum pudding, the gourmet's delight;
Prayers will be said and toasts will be sung
This joyous Christmas Eve night.

Come, let us celebrate His birth divine
Not just in traditional ways,
But live our lives each day of the year
To be worthy of His praise.

CHRISTMAS TIME

By Caroline Owens (Grade 4)

When Christmas Day comes around,
For the Christmas tree I'm bound.
I love Christmas time, don't you,
Its red and green and icy blue?

With its lovely decoration,
We all want a celebration:
Santa Claus and fairies too
And stockings filled for me and you.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

By Jill Berghuis (Grade 9)

'Twas the night after Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Except one little mouse.

The stockings weren't hung
By the chimney with care;
Instead they were thrown
On the floor by the chair.

The children were tossing
In their little beds,
With pains in their tummys,
From all they'd been fed.

When out in the hall
I heard such a clatter,
I covered my head;
I knew what was the matter.

My brother who had just
Come in from a date,
Had fallen over
My new roller skate.

The moon on the breast of
The new fallen snow,
Made me sleepy and dreamy
Of objects below.

When, what to my wandering
Dreams should appear,
But a rocket space-sleigh,
And eight Mars reindeer.

With a little old pilot
So lively and quick,
I knew in a moment,
It was St. Mars-Nick.

He whistled and shouted
And called them by name:
Juniper, Pluto, Venus and Stars,
Comet and Thunder and Lightning and Mars!

So up to the housetop
The coursers they flew
With a rocket full of toys,
And St. Mars-Nick too.

As I drew in my head,
I saw like a flash,
Down the chimney St. Mars-Nick
Came with a crash.

He was dressed all in metal
From his head to his foot,
And his armor it shone
In spite of the soot.

our pen in hand!

A bundle of toys
He had flung on his back,
And he looked like a robot
Just ready to act.

His eyes how they sparkled!
His manner so merry;
His appearance to me
Was a little bit scary.

He spoke not a word
That I understood,
But I knew that the things
He said were all good.

He filled all the stockings
With toys that were strange,
And some were so odd
They were hard to arrange.

There were space jets and geigers,
And helmets galore,
And toys one could never
Buy in a store.

Then pushing a button
And pulling a lever,
He rose up the chimney
So swiftly and clever.

He sprang to his space-sleigh
And yelled a good night;
Like a swift flying saucer,
He vanished in flight.

IF I LIVED WAY BACK WHEN MAN'S HOME WAS A CAVE

By Ann Millison (Grade 11)

It was my birthday. I was 240 moons old. But would my man Ogar remember? I had prepared a special dinner of lizard's legs and alligator eggs, and I had on my newest bear skin. The cave was as neat as a fish's fin.

Before long, I heard a loud stomping noise and knew that my Ogar was home at last. There he stood in the entrance, the picture of what every average cavegirl wants in her dream caveman. Then he said those words that I was waiting for.

"Ugh," he said, "I'm starved. What is for dinner?"

I enthusiastically replied, "Come and get it. Lizard's on."

After our meal Ogar grabbed me by the hair and dragged me out of the cave. We were going visiting. Soon we arrived at my sister and her man's home.

They had a new cave and I must admit that I was jealous. It had all the modern cave conveniences—a sliding boulder door and a stream running through the middle of the room.

We talked of everything, but no one mentioned my birthday. I was just beginning to feel hurt, when suddenly Ogar got up and left the cave. Soon he returned carrying a baby iguana. Just what I wanted! Oh, Ogar. My hero.

Junior Book Shelf

By Betsy Cole (Grade 10)

"THE FOREIGNER"

"The Foreigner" by Gladys Melvern is the story of the famous biblical character, Ruth, who lived in the city of Kir in the land of Moab.

After the day Ruth married Mahlon, the son of Naomi, her life was never the same. When both Naomi's son and her husband died, she decided to return to Bethlehem taking Ruth to live with her and to find happiness. In Bethlehem Ruth was destined to meet Boaz, the only man she ever loved.

In the author's own words it is "a simple story, a love story; the story of a foreigner in a town where foreigners rarely lingered; a story of sorrow and joy and struggle; of fear and triumph; the story of a man and a girl . . . . "

The retelling of the story of Ruth and Naomi makes a highly interesting and enjoyable book for teenagers.

"THE GREEN ROSE OF FURLEY"

In Helen Corse Barney's newest novel she gives us once again an accurate picture of the Quaker way of life.

William Coale and his daughters, Susan and Hetty, live in Baltimore at the time of Johns Hopkins. They are all active with the Underground Railroad during the Civil War but they take no sides and extend a helping hand to both the Union and the Confederate soldiers.

The story centers around Susan's love for a Union officer, Calvin Pancoast, who is not a Quaker. For a Quaker woman to marry a man in the army and one who is not a Quaker is tantamount to giving up her religion. How Susan solves her problems is a most entertaining story. Besides the many exciting war episodes, there is a touching interview between Susan and Abraham Lincoln.

This novel is a choice of the Christian Herald Family Bookshelf as was Mrs. Barney's first book, "Fruit In His Season." "Green Rose of Furley" is a book that can be enjoyed by seventh graders as well as twelfth graders.

"ELIZABETH THE QUEEN"

Marion Crawford's new book "Elizabeth The Queen" begins with the birth of Prince Charles where "The Little Princesses" left off.

In this book we see Queen Elizabeth as a woman of dignity, nobility, charm, and above all, simplicity. We read about incidents in the Queen's life never told before—her off-the-record talk and opinions, and her fun over family jokes. We read also about how disappointed she is because she is never allowed to choose her own clothes, her furniture, or her food.

Once again the fairyland tale of her romance with Prince Philip is told, and the rejoicing over the birth of her first child, Prince Charles, who will some day rule England, is widely recalled by the author.

This book covers Queen Elizabeth's life including her Canadian tour, her visit to America and the brief African expedition, and tells dramatically of the moment when she receives the sad news that her father is dead and she realizes that she is England's new Queen.

"THE WHITE ROSE OF STUART"

"The White Rose of Stuart" by Lillian de la Torre is the story of a Highland lass, Flora Macdonald, and a Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, known in history as "Bonnie Prince Charles."

Flora Macdonald's story is full of love, adventure, sorrow, and fear. It is the story of how she rescued Prince Charles from the militia of the English king and certain death. Her part in rescuing the Prince leads to imprisonment in the Tower of London—and to fame.

"The White Rose of Stuart" is more romantic and fascinating than fiction, though it is "a true story, told without deceit," as Flora Macdonald would say. For a thrilling story with historical background, I recommend "White Rose of Stuart" for any young girl.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO HOLLAND HALLERS

"What does Christmas really mean to me?" Searching for material for English themes, many Holland Hall girls have been giving this matter serious thought. We quote a few of the results.

Kay Stover, Grade 12—

Christmas is the time to forget ourselves, our wants and desires, and concentrate on bringing joy into the lives of those near us. The world would certainly be a better place if Christmas came more than once a year, for the spirit which prompts us to bring happiness to others is one which should be with us throughout the entire year, not for a few short weeks each December.

Mariellen Smith, Grade 12—

At Christmas time colors seem more vivid, music has more meaning, people laugh more loudly, and everyone dresses more gaily. Little girls wear taffeta and velvet dresses. They wear little fluffy hats, carry fur muffs, wear angora mittens, and sport little bracelets that tinkle. It is a time full of joy and a feeling of universal brotherhood experienced at no other time of the year.

Jenny Alcott, Grade 12—

I can think of nothing more full of Christmas spirit than going caroling—walking on crunchy snow in the still, crisp air of a starry night. During the holidays, with all the brilliance, gaiety, and good will, generosity diffuses from person to person until everyone has caught the "giving germ."

Faith Blocksom, Grade 11—

To me Christmas means nippy weather; brightly lit Christmas trees; holiday shoppers laden with gaily wrapped presents; secrets I know and the ones I don't know; a child's wistful face pressed against a toy store window; the swirl of many-colored dresses at holiday parties; and the popular poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas." It means a dimly lit church; the singing of Christmas hymns; and the retelling of the ever beautiful story of Christ who is really Christmas to me.

News

Jill Kreager, News Editor

YEARBOOK, "EIGHT ACRES," TAKES 2ND PLACE

Last year our sponsor, Miss L. B. Beckington, entered the Holland Hall yearbook in the annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association contest. The yearbook received second place for the schools of its class. The certificate read as follows: "Eight Acres has been awarded this second place certificate in the twentieth annual yearbook critique and contest conducted by the Association at Columbia University in the City of New York, October 15, 1954."

COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVES VISIT H. H.

On October 29, Mr. Theodore Pinckney came to Holland Hall to talk to the senior class about Lindenwood College. He told them what procedure was to be followed for entrance into Lindenwood and he explained their methods of teaching.

On November 12, Miss Patricia Crabtree talked to the junior and senior classes and told them about Pembroke College. She spoke about its location, ways of teaching, and entrance exams.

On November 29, Miss Alice M. Bovard talked to the assembly about Sarah Lawrence College. She discussed its high scholastic rating and impressed upon them the importance of good study habits.

On November 30, Mr. Raymond Saalbach spoke to the senior class about the University of Pennsylvania. He gave them a very good picture of the school and many girls were interested.

CHINESE TEACHER ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY

Jane Keng Chee Wu, from the Federation of Malay and a junior in the education department at the University of Tulsa, gave a delightfully informative talk in assembly December 6. Miss Wu is a Chinese Christian Methodist and teacher of English in Malay, studying supervisory methods here to help her and her people when she returns to her own country.

NEW RULES PASS IN STUDENT COUNCIL

With the beginning of our school year at Holland Hall, the Student Council representatives drew up the following rules for the student body and faculty.

On a paper posted in the Faculty room, each teacher indicates when tests are to be given, so that no other teacher will assign a test for the same day. Every Monday or preceding Friday, the assignments are posted in the rooms for the coming week. A temporary ruling has been passed concerning the depositing of books during Intramurals. While waiting for a rack for our books, we are to put them into the Spanish room.

Detention is being held this year on Fridays at 2:45 p. m., for those students who have been found out of uniform twice, tardy three times, or chewing gum or eating candy. Students who have not obtained a B— average are required to stay Wednesdays at 2:45 p. m., for a conference with the teacher of the subject in which their average needs to be raised.

MARY NESBITT CHOSEN CITIZEN OF FIRST QUARTER

Mary Nesbitt was chosen by the Student Council as the citizen of the first quarter of the school year 1954-55. She was selected from the girls of the Upper School for outstanding deeds and thoughtfulness in all her work.

EILEEN SIMPSON

UPPER SCHOOL CHRISTMAS SERVICE IS HELD

Each year a queen is selected from the junior class to preside over the school's Christmas festivities and to reign during the ensuing year. The election is by secret ballot on the part of the entire Upper School. This year Eileen Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Simpson, Jr., was chosen. The crowning of the Christmas queen took place at the close of the candlelight carol service of the Upper School, on Thursday, December 16. Melinda Mize, of the first grade, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Mize, was flower girl, and James Hamilton, also of the first grade, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, served as crown bearer.

Eileen was crowned by the 1953 queen, Marsha Lackey. Following the ceremony, Joann Fenton, president of the Upper School Student Council, and Chris Stowell, president of the Lower School Council, presented the queen with the money gift for the maintenance staff. At this time was announced the amount contributed to the students' philanthrophy, this year the care of a child adopted through the Foster Parent Plan.

Chosen by the vote of the student body, Cathy Crouch served as director for the carol singing. Della Jane Dunkin and Susie Schempf were student accompanists. Ann Millison and Marsha Lackey carried voice solos, with Mrs. Williams accompanying Marsha, while Mrs. Ross played a violin obligato.

News

Jill Kreager, News Editor

Cathy Crouch

Sylvia McCormick

FIELD DAY SUCCESSFUL CATHY CROUCH QUEEN

This year the annual field day festivities were held on Thursday, October 14. The usual pop, hot dogs, and candied apples were sold, plus many other delicious foods. Each class was successful with its project.

Reigning over the day's activities was Queen Cathy Crouch. Her attendants were Barbara Jo Davis and Malissa Billingslea.

SECOND GRADE NEWS ITEMS

By Future Journalists: Sidney Born and Lance Brown

The second grade elected officers. They are:

President, Lance Brown
Calendar Marker, Bob Lindstrom
Student Council Representative, Henry Eddins
Secretary, Ann Brice
Housekeepers, Alene Davidson and Alice Morrow
Messenger, Melanie Bates
Teacher, Mrs. Eckel.

John Gibson got his hand burned at home when he was burning leaves in the burner.

Timmy Hewett brought his football to school and we played with it. He also brought his toy airplane. It flew high. We had fun with it.

Lance Brown ran into a tree and he had to have two stitches in his forehead.

Steve Cullinan broke his finger during play.

Mrs. Dan Davisson is leader of the new Brownie troop for the second grade. Mrs. J. W. Bates, Jr., is her assistant.

STUDENT SPEAKS FOR DEMOCRACY

On November 29, Faith Blocksom, a member of the junior class, spoke in a city-wide contest for democracy on television station KCEB. She was entered as the school winner in the "Voice of Democracy" contest which was jointly sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Association of American Radio Broadcasters. The nation-wide contest is open to members of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades and has school, city, state, and national eliminations.

Jerry Smith of Daniel Webster High School and winner of the city contest will represent Tulsa in the state meet at Ponca City.

ADVERTISING CONTEST REACHES $1,000 OVER GOAL

This year the advertising contest between the Sakawas and the Wanatas reached an overwhelming high. The contest lasted four weeks during the month of October. The goal of the two teams was $4,000. The Wanatas earned $2,200 while the Sakawas earned $2,800, making the total $1,000 over the goal set.

There were two girls whose help in the contest was especially outstanding. Sylvia McCormick who sold over $800 worth of advertisements, won the first prize of ten dollars, while Nancy March won five dollars as second prize. The reward for the whole school was an extra holiday (Wednesday) before Thanksgiving.

"INDIAN SUMMER" THEME OF SAKAWA-WANATA DANCE

On November 13, the Wanatas gave a dance for the Sakawas since the Wanatas lost the advertising contest. It was a semi-formal dance held in the school auditorium. The theme "Indian Summer" was carried throughout the auditorium. Girls could be seen working for several weeks before the dance and we all should like to thank Jolene Haynes, captain of the Wanatas, for her hard and excellent work.

CONFUSION

By Marty Bish (Grade 7)

The church bells are ringing,
And children are singing,
While on the street
There lies lots of sleet.
Ladies are gabbing,
Car horns are blabbing—
It's a busy day,
But all is O. K.—
We want it that way.

Mary Eckel watching Marsha Moore brush crumbs from her middy after lunch asked: "What are you doing?"

Marsha informed her.

Mary replied: "It won't do any good—there's still one big crumb on the inside."

sports

Mary MacKay, Sports Editor

ATHLETIC OFFICERS
1954-1955

President of Athletic Ass'n	Marsha Lackey
Vice-President of Athletic Ass'n	Mary MacKay
Secretary of Athletic Ass'n	Nancy Meadows
Treasurer of Athletic Ass'n	Cathy Crouch
Captain of the Wanata Team	Jolene Haynes
Co-Captain of the Wanata Team	Jill Kreager
Captain of the Sakawa Team	Jean Campbell
Co-Captain of the Sakawa Team	Faith Blocksom
Freshman Representative	Judy Pat Johnson
Eighth Grade Representative	Marsha Moore

WANATAS WIN SOFTBALL TOURNEY

On Monday, November 1, the softball tournament came to a close during an intramural period. The Wanatas won three straight games. All were hard fought victories for the Wanatas and the scores were close.

The Wanatas' greatest power was brought out in their hitting. Members of the team who excelled in batting were Judy Iverson, Jolene Haynes, Peggy Seay, and Linda Schoenfeld.

The Sakawas made a fine showing in the field, breath-taking plays being executed by Faith Blocksom, Gretchen Barnes, and Molly Shearer.

Four players to be commended for their playing are Jolene Haynes, catcher for the Wanatas; Jill Kreager, pitcher for the Wanatas; Jean Campbell, catcher for the Sakawas; Marsha Lackey, pitcher for the Sakawas.

The glare from the sun made many players misjudge or drop fly balls. When discouraged because of this, Mrs. Kaboth, our gym teacher, reminded both teams, "You can't catch them if you don't see them." The spirit and playing ability of both teams was at a very high peak, making the tournament equally enjoyable to spectators and participants.

SHORT BUT EXCITING HOCKEY TOURNAMENT ENDS

With dirt and dust flying, the field hockey tournament ended Thursday, November 18. This hard played sport calls for iron will power and lasting energy.

Both teams played exceptionally well. The Sakawas were at their best offensively; whereas the Wanatas stood out defensively. Marsha Lackey, Molly Shearer, Faith Blocksom, and Jean Campbell kept the Wanatas jumping every minute. The Wanata halfbacks and fullbacks showed good teamwork against the advances of the Sakawas. Judy Iverson, Eileen Simpson, Patti Young, and Peggy Seay put up a good stand and sent the ball down into Sakawa territory where the Wanata forwards were waiting.

The Wanatas won both games by a score of 1-0. Susie Schempf scored each time with the aid of the other forwards.

HURRICANES END 7-GAME FOOTBALL SEASON

By Jack Davenport, Boys' Athletic Director

Here are the results of the 1954-55 season for the Holland Hall Hurricanes.

In the first game H. H. lost to Lee 12-6. Steve Janco scored the only touchdown for the Hurricanes. Lee scored in the last forty seconds with a pass play. H. H. played without Donny Feagin, who was a star end.

In the second game the Hurricanes beat Eliot 12-0. Chris Stowell scored. H. H. played without Vaylord Cox and Steve Janco.

In the third game H. H. lost to Lee 24-6. The Hurricanes played without Fulton Collins, John Stombaugh and George Elder, three of their best linemen. H. H. scored first and fought well throughout the first half The score was 6-6. After successfully defending the goal four times inside the 10 yard line, the Hurricanes took over the ball. On the first play the ball was fumbled and it bounded back into the endzone. A Lee man fell on it making a touchdown. At the half the score was 12-6. Lee scored a touchdown in each of the last two quarters. Chris Stowell was removed from the game with an injury.

In the fourth game H. H. beat Eisenhower 12-0. The Hurricanes played an outstanding defensive game. Benny Briggs and Chris Stowell scored the touchdowns. This was the first game in which all the first string men were able to play.

There were three unofficial scrimmages. The Hurricanes won two and lost one. The final record is 4 won and 3 lost.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE (from page 13)

inside. All at once something went bang, bang. We screamed at the same time. But we were determined to go inside and see if the thing was really haunted. Once inside we decided to get under an old table and stay a few minutes anyway. As we huddled together, we heard boards squeak overhead. Then a tramp, tramp like some one walking. Nancy grabbed my hand and whispered, "Let's get out of here."

"No," I said. "Let's see what is making that noise."

About this time we saw a light but were too frightened to run. We sat still, wondering if we had discovered the ghost—or if the ghost had discovered us. As the light came closer, we could see the figure of a bent woman carrying a lantern. It was a real woman with a real lantern and no ghost. When she saw us, she asked. "What are you girls doing in my house?"

"In your house?" we exclaimed at once.

"Yes," she answered; "I lived here years ago and came back today, only to learn that the house is being torn down tomorrow."

We explained why we were there and told her that we were glad the house was not really haunted

Thus ended to our satisfaction the tale of the haunted house.

Alumnae

Ronda Russell, '50, Editor

THEN AND NOW:

Once again the football season has come to an end. Seen at Norman cheering Oklahoma to a perfect season were Tulsans Jackie Warren, '53, Jeanne Warren, '51, Louise Curran, '51, Pat Flint, '53, Sue Franklin, '54, Jean Newton Tate, '47, (Mrs. Joseph Tate), Ann Arnold Hood, '50, (Mrs. David Hood), Carol Bryan Izaird, '49, (Mrs. Dick Izaird), Joan Wetzel, '50, Bixby; Joan Newton, '49, and Barbara Fullerton, '50, Miami; Laura Clarke, '51, Pat Davis Law, '50, (Mrs. Tim Law), and Nancy Michaels Berry, '45, (Mrs. Charlie Berry), Oklahoma City.

Also seen cheering for Tulsa's Golden Hurricanes were Tulsans: Martha Canterbury, '52, Jane McKinney, '51, Suzanne Lindsey, 52, Marie Dickason, '52, Cadijah Helmerich, '52, Tish Moran, '48, Julie Flint Smith, '48, (Mrs. Walter D. Smith, Jr.), Barbara Brander, ex-'51, and Ann Stewart, '50.

Debby Page Larsen, '49, (Mrs. Robert Larsen), a new Junior League Provisional has transferred to the Bridgeport, Conn., League.

Always looking lovely and doing a fine job of modeling at the Seidenbach fashion shows on Saturdays at the Mayo Hotel is Marilyn Vinson Grant, '45, (Mrs. Charles Grant).

Seen home around Thanksgiving were Betty Ann Bohart, ex-'44, who is a stewardess for Pan American Airways and June Scarborough, '43, (Mrs. Karl Martin), who has recently moved from Midland to Denver.

Joan Kennedy, '48, is the new president of the Junior League of Tulsa and is doing a fine job.

Pat Flint has been elected vice-president of her pledge class Kappa Alpha Theta of Oklahoma University.

Suzanne Lindsay, '52, just returned from Chicago where she won two championships and a first at the Chicago Horse Show.

ENGAGEMENTS:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clyde Fullerton, Jr., of Miami, Oklahoma, announce the engagement of their daughter, Barbara Ruth, '50, to Mr. John Fields of Tulsa. The wedding will be December 28 in Miami.

WEDDINGS:

On October 15, 1954, Miss Sally Carlotta White, '48, and Miss Katherine Dorothy White, 49, were married in a double wedding ceremony. Sally became Mrs. John Walter Jordan, Jr., and Katty became Mrs. John Michael Beyhan.

PLEDGE ROW:

These girls were pledged to the following Sororities: Kappa Alpha Theta, Pat Flint at Oklahoma University, and Jacque Elaine Lair at Colorado College. Kappa Kappa Gamma: Marie Dickason, Cadijah Helmerich, and Martha Canterbury, of Tulsa University and Norma Wolff of Colorado College. Pi Phi: Sue Franklin of Oklahoma University. Chi Omega: Jean Conway of Tulsa University.

BIRTHS:

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Barnard, (Nancy Jo Canary, '46), a son, Mark, on September 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Smith, Jr., (Julie Flint, '48), a girl, Sharon Irene, on October 14.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, (Meg Simpson, '50), a girl, Valerie Simpson, in October.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Fair, (Mimi White, '46), a girl, Elizabeth Katherine, on August 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans van Nes Allen, (Frances Blow, '36), a girl, Frances Ashley, on August 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Taylor Stuart, Jr., (Pat Galbreath, '41), a girl, Anne Donovan, on July 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Nackerud, (Katherine Johnson, ex-'52), a boy, Rolf Edward, in November '53.

NEW ADDRESSES:

Janey Porter McNeill (Mrs. N. E. McNeill, Jr.), '46, 3724 South Florence, Tulsa.

Joey Canterbury Davis (Mrs. Wayne Davis), '50, 381 Adams Street, Oakland, California.

Meg Simpson Davis (Mrs. John Davis), '50, 1216 South Greenwood, Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

Debby Page Larsen (Mrs. Robert Larsen), '49, 5060 Congress Street, Fairfield, Connecticut.

Julie Flint Smith (Mrs. Walter D. Smith), '48, 2101 South Boston, Apartment 2, Tulsa.

YULE TIDE NEWS:

With Christmas just around the corner many ex-Holland Hall girls will be coming home. The three McMillin girls will be home visiting their parents. Virginia (Mrs. Brad Streeter), '46, Marion (Mrs. Simeon Wooten), '47, Frances (Mrs. Breene Kerr), '48, also Meg Simpson, '50, Sheila Reilly, Patricia Lawson, ex-'53, Janet and Suzanne Voth, '53 and '51, Betty Harts, '54, Jo Hackett, '53, Ann Wolfe, '53, and Mary Carter Nelson, '52. Also, Norma Wolff, '54, and Jackie Lair, '54.

Seen at the December Junior League meeting at S. H. C. C. were Margery Mayo Feagin (Mrs. Don Feagin), '33, Pat Sloan Manning (Mrs. Tom Manning), ex-'43, Janet Felt Deck (Mrs. Bill Deck), ex-'48, Leonore Egon, '43, and Marcia Berkey Crews (Mrs. Ira Crews, '41.

I hope everyone has a Merry Christmas.

The Merriest of Christmas Greetings

to the

Faculty and Students of Holland Hall

from

AN ADMIRER

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

When in Baltimore Listen to

WFBR

"The Station of the Stars"

▼

Just in Case You're Not in Baltimore,

Listen to

Joe Knight's "Tulsa Ballroom"

on KRMG

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

to

Holland Hall

From

GORDON TYLER CO.

703 Oil Capital Bldg. Tulsa, Okla.

HOME OFFICE TULSA, OKLAHOMA

COMMONWEALTH

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Commonwealth Life Insurance Company was established in Tulsa in 1940—it is an Old Line, Legal Reserve Company. Commonwealth protection embraces many classifications including all forms of—

Life . . . Group . . . Retirement . . . Mortgage Cancellation . . . Credit Life . . . Accident and Health . . . Savings Plans . . . Hospitalization Plus Polio and Cancer.

Joe R. Jarboe,
President and
Chairman of the Board

E. A. Berghuis,
Vice-President and
Agency Director

ETHEL TABLER SHOP

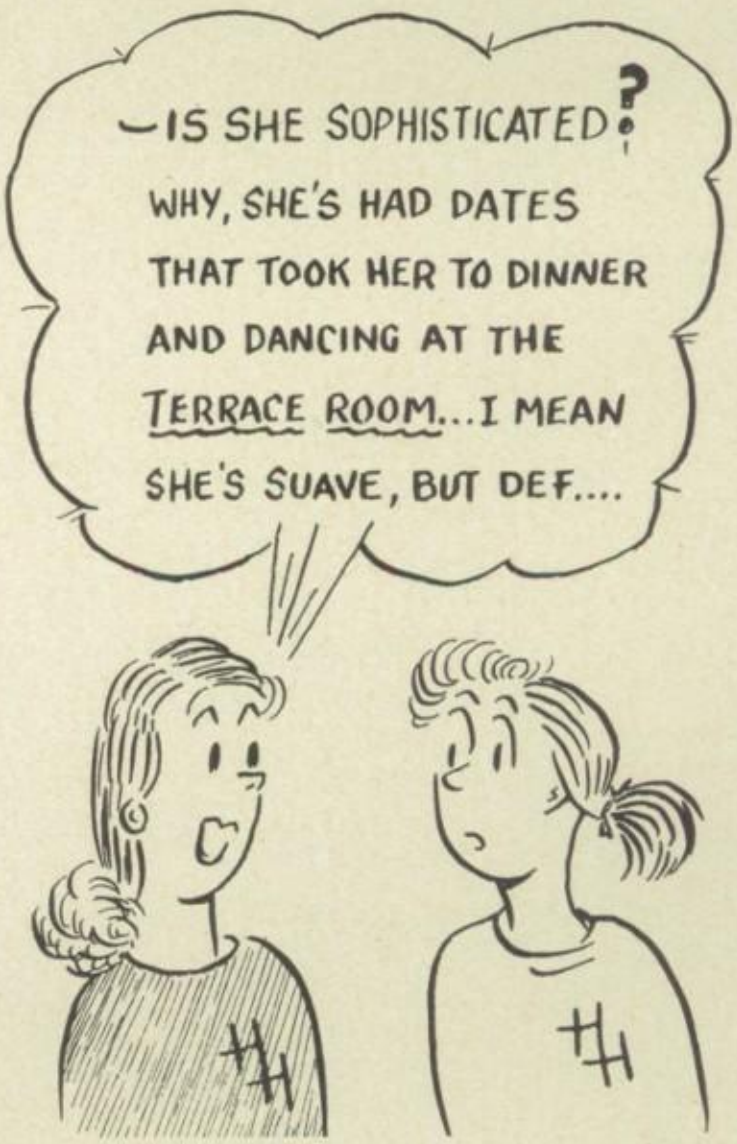
has those personal gifts that all girls and ladies adore. Undies, either tailored or very feminine, blouses, shirts, daytime and after 5 frocks.

▼

Free Gift Wrapping, Free Parking
and Free Alterations

▼

1411 East 15th St. Phone 54-5979



SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

Fields of Tulsa

▼

Downtown and Utica Square

BEST WISHES

FOR HAPPY HOLIDAYS

FROM

ABERDEEN PETROLEUM CORP.

Season's Greetings From

THE

STANDARD INSURANCE COMPANY

TULSA, OKLA.

— Home Office —
823 South Detroit
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Phone 2-2251

"Bring Your Insurance Up To Standard"

Ben Voth, President

C. L. Wright, Vice-Pres. Lewis Lacy, Sec'y

WAREHOUSE MARKET

"GOOD GROCERIES

AT WHOLESALE"

▼

10th and Elgin

3rd and Lewis 21st and Harvard

CADILLAC OLDSMOBILE

Fine Motor Cars

GREENLEASE-LEDTERMAN, INC.

Boston at Eleventh Tulsa, Oklahoma

DAN P. HOLMES AND ASSOCIATES

Formerly Halliburton Agency

INSURANCE AND BONDS

▼

National Bank of Tulsa Building

Telephone 2-7184 Box 2356 Tulsa 1, Oklahoma

town and country

FURNITURE STORE

"Tulsa's
Colonial and Provincial Shop"

▼

3739 South Peoria

(Across from Safeway in Brookside)

Compliments of

PONCA CITY
SAVINGS AND LOAN
ASSOCIATION

▼

P. D. Barnes

22 West 4th Tulsa, Oklahoma

Bright Students

Know it pays to SAVE Regularly

AT THE

BRIGHTside of Banking in TULSA

Brookside STATE BANK

33RD AND PEORIA • MEMBER F. D. I. C.

MANHART,
MILLISON
& BEEBE

Petroleum Exploration
Consultants
Domestic and Foreign

Jenkins Building
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

IVERSON'S

1650 East 21st, Tulsa

▼

EXCLUSIVE APPAREL

FURS — GIFTS

ACCESSORIES

▼

Telephone 3-5811

Get your Holland Hall short sleeved middy blouse on Seidenbach's third floor. White braid on white with navy regulation ties. Sizes 3 to 6, 7 to 14, 10 to 16. Holland Hall girls love them!

Seidenbach's

You'll find your favorite Dressy Flats and Casuals at Cinderella Bootery.

(Also Edwards shoes for children, exclusive at Cinderella in Tulsa).

524 South Main Phone 3-7350

COMPLIMENTS

OF

DALE C. MOODY

JEWELER

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

MARY GLASS
RIDING SCHOOL

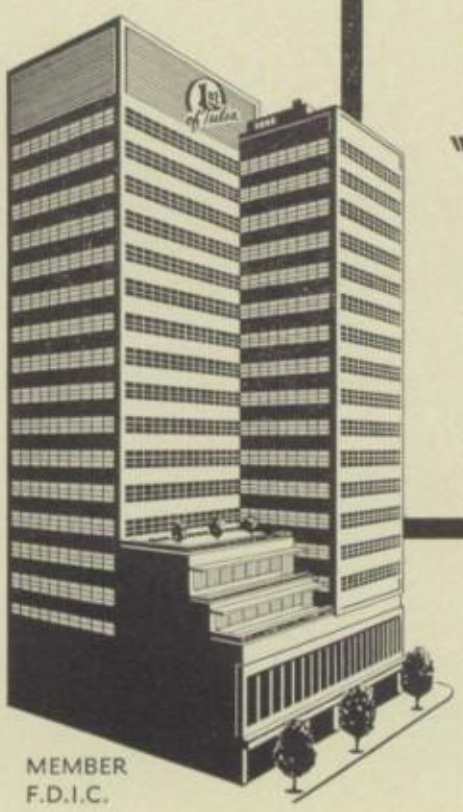
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

KAKC
RADIO STATION



MEMBER
F.D.I.C.

Breathes there a girl① with soul so dead

Who never to herself has said②

"If part of my money I'll keep well nursed③

It's there when I need it! VIOLA! *Think④. . FIRST!*

① A young lady of Holland Hall, we mean. ② Among other things, of course. ③ Saved regularly, that is. ④ SAVINGS DEPARTMENT IS IN THE MAIN LOBBY — 5TH AND BOSTON.

FIRST
NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST CO.

1st of Tulsa
SINCE 1895

Compliments of

HARRY L. SEAY, JR.

HORSTER CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

GENERAL

CONTRACTORS

▼

Oil Capital Building

With All Good Wishes

for a

Happy Holiday Season

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

CHANDLER MATERIALS COMPANY

LIMESTONE • ARKANSAS RIVER SAND • CONCRETE PRODUCTS • PIPE • BRICKS • BLOCKS

P. O. BOX 627 – TULSA, OKLA. 1723 SO. BOSTON PHONE 5-7256

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ZEPHYR DRILLING CORPORATION

▼

First National Building

IF IT'S WORTH BUYING

IT'S WORTH SEEING . . .

Liberty Glass Company

SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA

MANUFACTURERS OF RETURNABLE GLASS CONTAINERS

HOWARD C. GRUBB

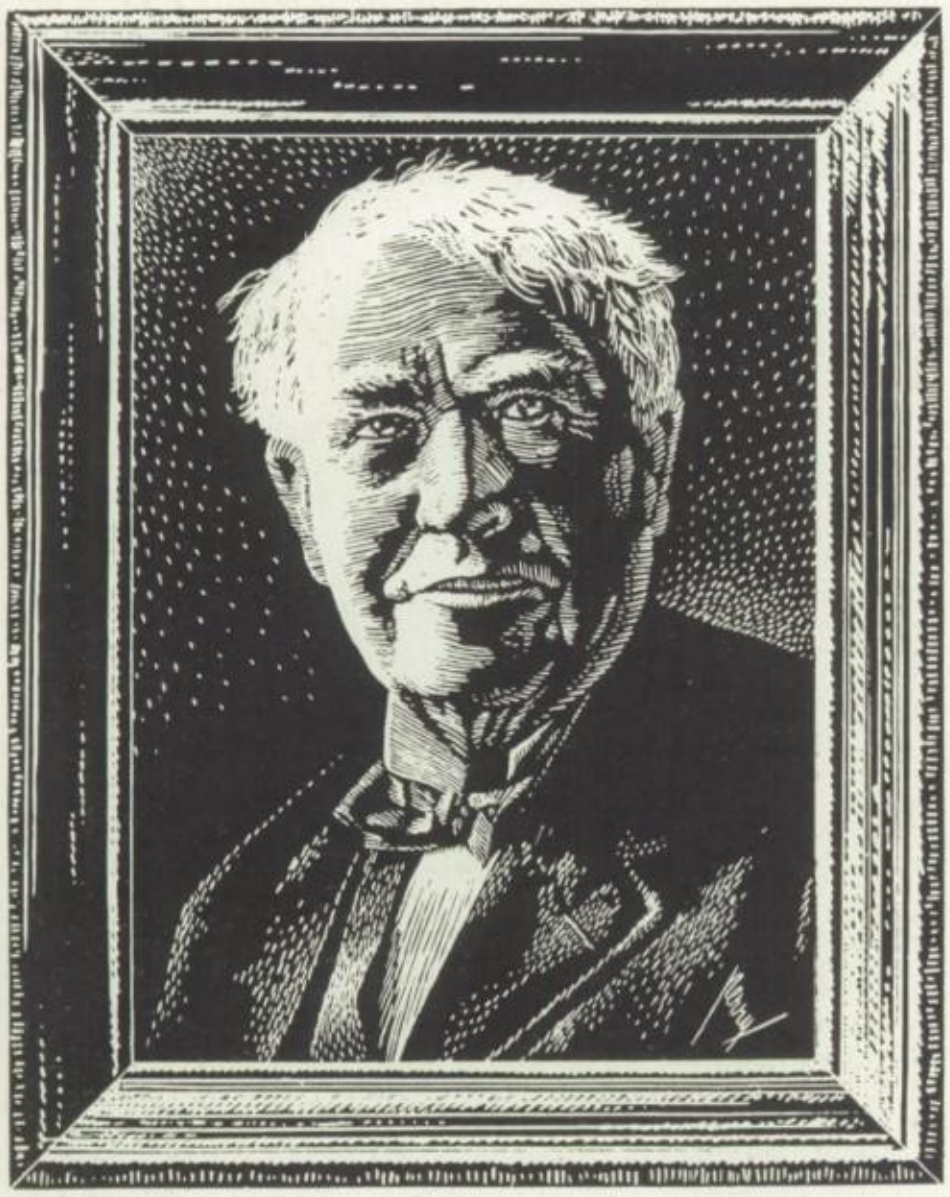
BUILDER

▼

Phone 3-2278

617 Daniel Building

Tulsa, Oklahoma



. . . . An Eager Mind . . . .

Curious . . . patient . . . a tireless worker . . . Thomas Alva Edison was always eager to know the how and why of things. Then, with this knowledge, he would invent useful products for mankind.

More than anyone the world has ever known, Edison typifies the "eager mind". Finally, when he died at the age of 84, his patents had reached the remarkable total of 1,150. He explained his success by saying that it was "2% inspiration and 98% perspiration".

The most important of Edison's inventions were in the electrical world of light, sound, and entertainment. And it all started on October 21, 1879 when he discovered a carbon filament for his lamp which burned continuously for 45 hours. That's why . . . on the 75th anniversary of the electric light . . . we are proud to pay tribute to the memory of Thomas Edison.

The world will always need the eager minds for there will always be the challenge of the future. And this challenge belongs to the eager minds of tomorrow.

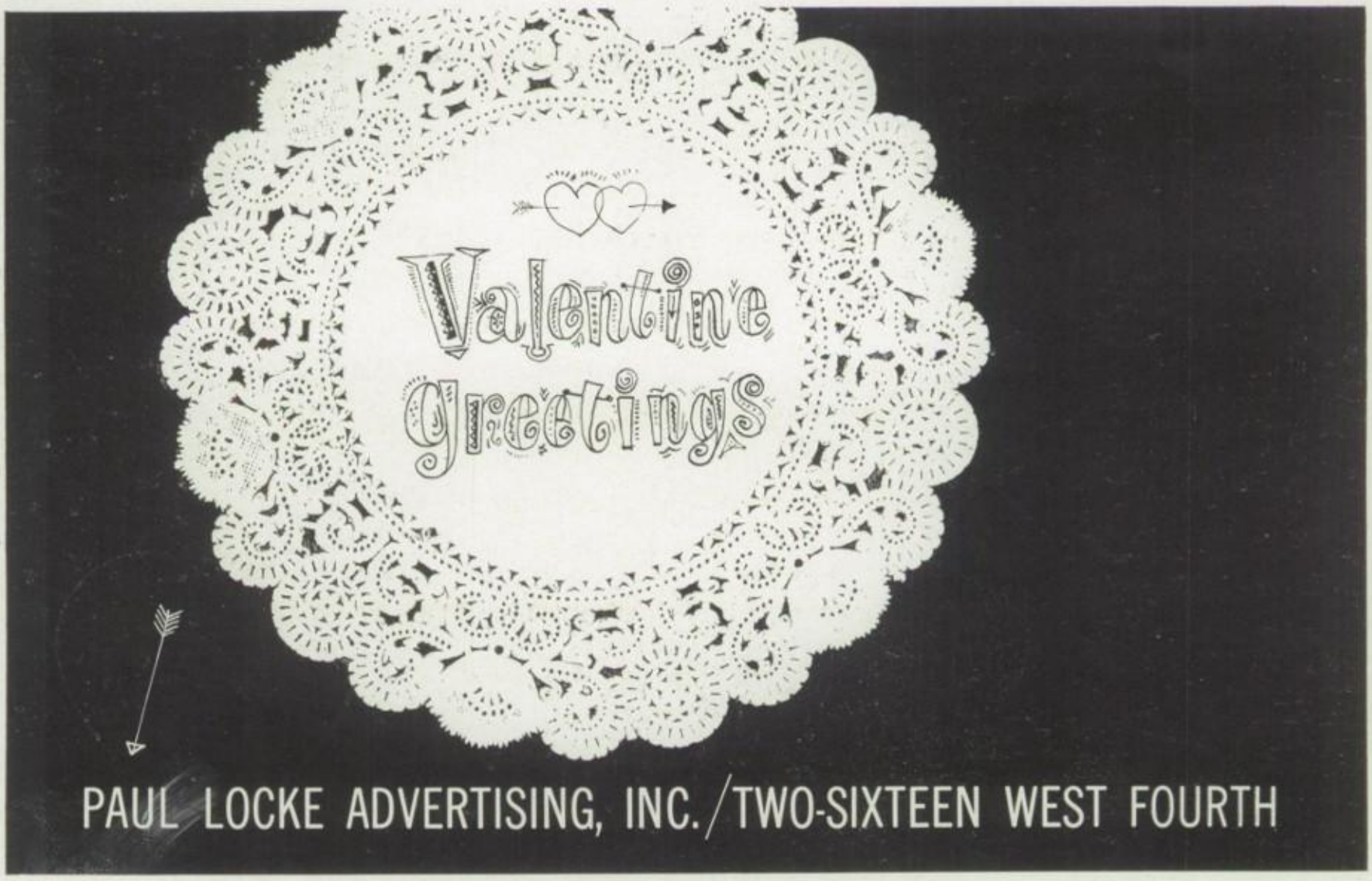
Your PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF OKLAHOMA

Dependable, Low-Cost Electric Service to Help Build Oklahoma

Miss
Holland Hall
February,
1955

Sweethearts

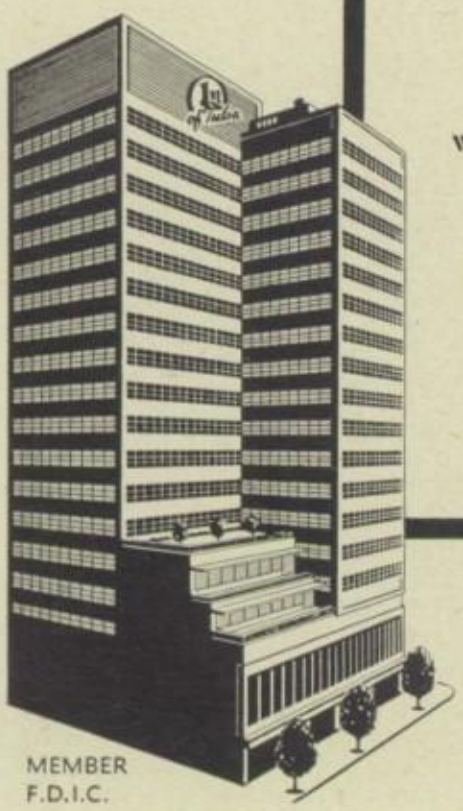
for YOUR CAR



FOR THE BEST IN PORTRAITS

BOB McCORMACK
STUDIO

1722 South Boston Phone 4-2628



MEMBER
F.D.I.C.

Breathes there a girl ① with soul so dead
Who never to herself has said ②
"If part of my money I'll keep well nursed ③
It's there when I need it! VIOLA! *Think* ④ . *FIRST!*

① A young lady of Holland Hall, we mean. ② Among other things, of course. ③ Saved regularly, that is. ④ SAVINGS DEPARTMENT IS IN THE MAIN LOBBY — 5TH AND BOSTON.

FIRST
NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST CO.

1st of Tulsa
SINCE 1895

DAN P. HOLMES AND ASSOCIATES

Formerly Halliburton Agency

INSURANCE AND BONDS

▼

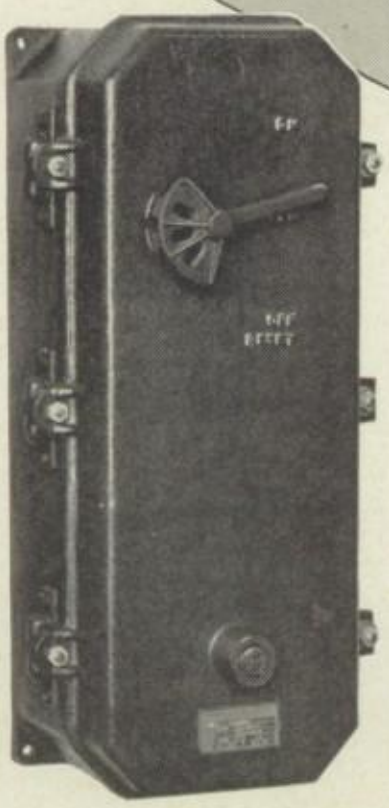
National Bank of Tulsa Building

Telephone 2-7184 Box 2356 Tulsa 1, Oklahoma

FOR SAFE AND DEPENDABLE MOTOR CONTROL

install ..... NELSON

COMBINATION STARTERS



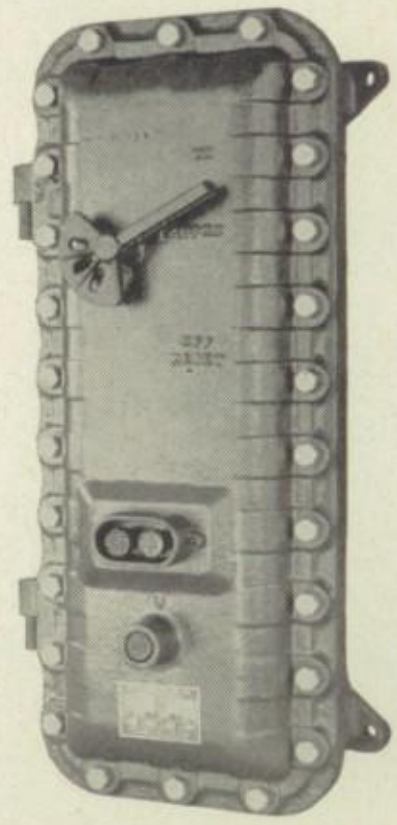
Nelson Size 2 Combination Motor Starter in water-tight and dust-tight cast iron enclosure.

The Nelson Combination Magnetic Motor Starter combines in ONE enclosure: (1) An air circuit breaker that serves as a disconnecting device and provides short circuit protection; and (2) A full voltage, across-the-line, 3-phase motor starter.

Motor overload protection is obtained with overload relays.

Starters can be furnished in explosion-proof (NEMA VII) enclosures for hazardous locations. Or, water-tight and dust-tight (NEMA IV and V) enclosures can be furnished.

Write for descriptive bulletins.



Nelson Size 2 Combination Motor Starter in heavy duty cast iron explosion-proof enclosure. Note built-in control station.

NELSON Electric MANUFACTURING CO.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

217 N. DETROIT AVE. TELEPHONE 2-5131

HOWARD C. GRUBB

BUILDER

▼

Phone 3-2278

617 Daniel Building

Tulsa, Oklahoma

IF IT'S WORTH BUYING

IT'S WORTH SEEING . . .

Liberty Glass Company

SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA

MANUFACTURERS OF RETURNABLE GLASS CONTAINERS

LAUGHLIN-SIMMONS

WELL EVELATIONS

▼

Utica Building

2010 South Utica Tulsa, Oklahoma

IVERSON'S

1650 East 21st, Tulsa

▼

EXCLUSIVE APPAREL

FURS — GIFTS

ACCESSORIES

▼

Telephone 3-5811

VALENTINE GREETINGS

GALORE

FROM

MARY GLASS

RIDING SCHOOL

Compliments of

GOODNER VAN

ENGINEERING

COMPANY

COVER GIRL

Cathy Crouch

Cathy Crouch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Crouch, 2122 East Thirty-first Place, was chosen Cover Girl by vote of the Publications Staff of MISS HOLLAND HALL for 1955. The honor is awarded each year to a member of the senior class.

Miss Holland Hall

FEBRUARY • 1955

Volume XII Number 2

Published by the students, prepared by the publications class, and mailed to sponsors, patrons, alumnae, and friends of Holland Hall. Publications Office, 2640 South Birmingham Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

THE STAFF

Ann Maness, Editor
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Mary Jo Kellough, Associate Editor
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Jean Campbell, Editor of HEAVE-HO

Kay Stover, Editor of EIGHT ACRES

Jill Kreager, Associate Editor
of EIGHT ACRES

Ann Winters, Advertising Manager
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Faith Blocksom, Advertising Manager
of EIGHT ACRES

Mary MacKay ..... Sports Editor

Jill Kreager ..... News Editor

Jenny Alcott
Gretchen Barnes
Betsy Cole
Joann Fenton
Nancy Meadows
Mariellen Smith
Joanne Williams
Pat Wright
} Publications Staff

Lulu B. Beckington,
Faculty Sponsor of Publications

Josephine Beattie ..... Art Consultant

Eliza Bennett Heavey,
Headmistress of Holland Hall

A LETTER TO HOLLAND HALLERS

Holland Hall

February 14, 1955.

Dear MISS HOLLAND HALL Reader:

If you were walking through Holland Hall today, you would find many evidences of the presence of love, not just on Valentine's Day but all through the year: things such as boys' names or initials penciled on book edges or scrawled along page margins; i.d. bracelets with hearts entwined; sparkling eyes and excited tones as one girl tells another what HE said; and even engagement rings.

Perhaps, if your eyes were sharp, you would spot other proofs of love——in the good-natured jokes as students and teachers become less like students and teachers and more like good friends; in the sportsmanship in our athletic and academic contests; in the shy confidence of a Lower School child asking help from an Upper School girl; and in the joyous abandon of the lunchtime singing. Perhaps you would also notice the absence of jealousies and the infrequency of petty disputes or unkind remarks.

It is probably that you would become aware after you had been here just a little while that love is a part of Holland Hall all year round; and, knowing that learning to get along with people in such ways is an important part of education, you would be glad that it is so.

Yet we at Holland Hall realize that comradeship and kindness, as well as sentimental love, although parts of love, are just a beginning. Love, as we believe in it as Christians and and Americans, extends to all our neighbors, no matter where we find them. We do well to remember the divine commandments, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Love ye one another, even as I have loved you." What better time is there than now, on Valentine Day, to resolve that we will not be afraid to venture to extend our love to an ever-widening circle?

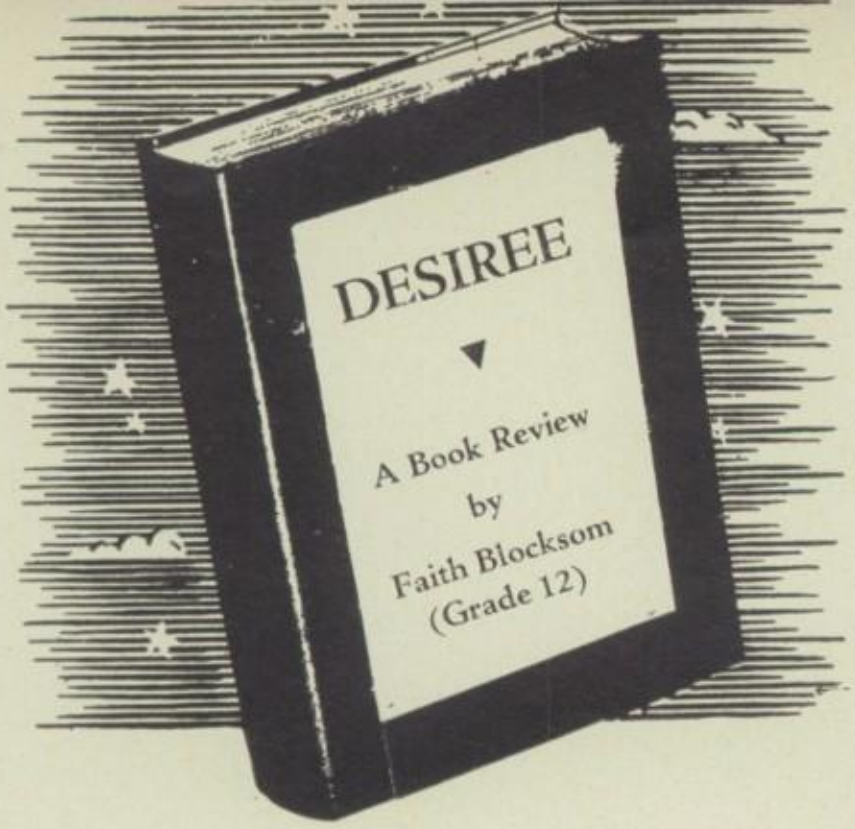
Such love is greater than mere affection. It involves understanding, for one thing. We can begin on a small scale by striving to see others' points of view; by concentrating on the things we have in common with people we meet, not on the differences; by accepting differences and perhaps learning from them, but never mocking them. If we stopped to think, none of us would dream of looking down on any person because of his beliefs or his race, because we are much too intelligent for that. Our mistake comes when we giggle without thinking, or allow blind prejudice to creep into our thinking because we are too indifferent to find out the real facts.

To resolve to try to love everyone is to attempt a difficult thing, because it entails so many things. Begin with this morning; think back over the things you have done and said and thought. Imagine changing each one of those hasty words to the sort of kind remark you'd make to someone you love dearly; imagine revising each act so that it would never hurt anyone you love; imagine rethinking your thoughts, and retaining only those prompted by love.

You may doubt that it is worth all this effort. "What kind of reward do I get for all my work?" you may wonder. It has been proved over and over again that rewards of love are many. On this Valentine's Day of 1955, may we, as earnest devotees of Holland Hall, not be satisfied with just a sentimental interpretation of love, but strive to learn the deeper, Christ-like conception of love.

Earnestly yours,

THE EDITOR.



Annemarie Selinko, the author of "Desiree," was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1914. She has spent much of her life in Denmark where she went as a bride in 1938. At present she lives in Copenhagen with her husband and son. This leading young Austrian novelist has written three previous books, but "Desiree" is her first novel in more than ten years.

Napoleon Bonaparte is well-known for his brilliant career; and his wife, Josephine, for her beauty. But "Desiree" tells, in the form of a novel, about the girl whom he, as a young man, jilted for Josephine. It is the story as it might have happened if we knew all the facts—the story of Bernadine Eugenie Desiree Clary.

Desiree was the daughter of a well-to-do silk merchant of Marseilles, Francios Clary. The book is her diary which she began when she was fourteen.

France was still experiencing the effects of the Reign of Terror when she met Joseph Bonaparte whom she invited to come visit her sister and bring his brother, the General.

During the summer months that followed, Desiree and her sister, Julie, entertained the Bonaparte brothers, Joseph and Napoleon. From the first, Desiree saw that Napoleon had ambition—more than was good for him. He once said that the crown of France was lying in the gutter and that one had only to lean to pick it up.

In September Julie married Joseph. Everyone in the Clary family thought the marriage unsuitable; everyone, that is except Desiree who found that she was in love with Napoleon. Even though she was not quite sixteen, Napoleon had asked her to marry him when he would return from Paris where he wished to present his plans for combat to the Minister of War.

After a year of separation, Desiree went to Paris to find Napoleon. After much searching in the rain, she found the house in which Napoleon was being entertained and asked to be admitted. She was promptly told that all ladies must have escorts. Finally, in desperation, she ran up to a very tall and imposing general and asked him to be her escort. This was how she met General Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte.

Inside the massive drawing room she saw Napoleon sitting with a petite lady with childish curls and silver painted eyelids. This was Josephine. At the surprising announcement that Josephine was going to be married to Napoleon, Desiree cried out, flung her champagne at the feet of her victorious rival, and raced from the room.

She found herself running along the quay in the rain. A sudden thought struck her, and she began to climb to the edge of the bridge. At that moment a strong arm restrained her and a deep voice reassured her. Exhausted, Desiree offered little resistance as Jean Baptiste carried her to the waiting cab. Suddenly he asked her to marry him. She went back to Marseilles the next day without replying.

In the months that followed, Napoleon became the most talked-of man in Paris. He had Joseph appointed as the French ambassador to Italy and Joseph, Julie, and Desiree went to Rome. Here Napoleon sent three of his leading generals to propose to Desiree. But because of political uprisings they returned to Paris, with Desiree still unmarried.

One night after their return Joseph invited several influential people to dinner. To her great surprise, Desiree found that General Bernadotte was among the guests. During dinner, in front of the company, Bernadotte again asked Desiree to marry him. To her own, and to everyone else's surprise, she accepted.

In the autumn of 1798 they were married. Their honeymoon was cut short since, almost immediately, Jean-Baptiste was sent to the front. In July she gave birth to a son. Oscar was his name, for Napoleon insisted upon it. Soon after Napoleon was made the First Consul by a coup d'etat, and Bernadotte was appointed to the State Council as the representative of the Ministry of War.

In the ensuing months, Napoleon became more and more powerful. Finally he had the National Assembly vote to make him emperor. The next six months were filled with preparations for the coronation.

December 2, 1804, was a day of grandeur. Napoleon had even sent for Pope Pius VII to crown him. As the Pope was pronouncing the blessing, Napoleon reached for the crown and put it on himself!

Soon the Emperor made Jean-Baptiste the Prince of Ponte Carvo with jurisdiction over Hanover and northern Germany, an area which French armies had recently conquered. He worked wonders by introducing the Rights of Man and numerous reforms. Although he won many battles for France with his Saxon armies, his success was never recognized by Napoleon. In a few years he returned to Paris amid rumors of his friendship with Sweden, but Desiree did not pay any attention to rumors; she was in ecstasy to have Jean-Baptiste home. However, as a result of the rumors all their correspondence was censored.

Three months later Jean-Baptiste awoke Desiree in the middle of the night. Still in a state of complete ignorance, she followed her husband for what proved to be the greatest moment of their lives. They entered the salon to be greeted by a group of foreign uniforms. One official stepped forward and addressed Jean-Baptiste: "—I have the honor to report that the Swedish Senate has unanimously elected the Prince of Ponte Carvo heir to the throne of Sweden."

Soon after, Jean-Baptiste left for Sweden, where Desiree and Oscar joined him in six months. To a girl who had always lived in France, Stockholm proved cold, unfriendly, and cheerless. The present queen resented her and after a disagreeable meeting between the two, Desiree left for Paris.

Here she stayed for six years, although she greatly missed her husband and son. Soon after Napoleon's downfall, a messenger came bearing the news that the Swedish king was dead and that she was now Queen of Sweden. She returned to Stockholm at once.

The book continues to what seems to the reviewer an anticlimax, since Desiree was not crowned queen until late in her life. The film version of this novel follows the story closely but does not spoil the reading of the book in its entirety, because one who sees the film realizes that many important events have of necessity been left out of the scenario.

Upper School Valentine Poetry Contest

GUESS WHO

By Jill Berghuis (Grade 9)

First Place

Valentine boxes were so much fun
When I was a little child,
Filled to the top with valentines,
Each different and cleverly styled.

And when my name was called aloud,
I'd claim my precious few.
I knew that they were meant for me,
But they'd be signed, "Guess Who!"

One which would make me happy today
Asked this, "Will you be mine?"
Guess Who, I need a boy friend now
Much more than when I was nine.

The ones for me were much the same—
I never was high in favor.
Guess Who could think of lots to say,
But always with vinegar flavor.

"Get lost" was one gentle hint to me.
"You have a face like a pickle."
This Guess Who even forgot to erase
On the back, "Price——two for a nickle."

One said that I was much too skinny;
One said I was much too fat.
"Make up your mind, Guess Who," I thought,
"You charming little rat!"

One pictured a telephone and said,
"You are such a wrong, wrong number."
And if that alone were not enough,
Guess Who said, "You couldn't be dumber."

Flattery and tact were quite unknown
In the days when men were lads.
If they wrote those verses to me today,
I'd say all Guess Who's were cads.

Some girls got notes of simple beauty,
Hearts bordered by white, frothy laces.
Guess Who wrote many a lovely verse,
With cupids and angelic laces.

But mine all funny were planned to be,
Suggesting ways I might improve.
Maybe, Guess Who, if you saw me today,
You'd thing at last I'm "in the groove."

Then came the prettiest one of all,
A satin heart of gold and red.
Silence awaited the name to claim it;
Astonishment rose when my name was said.

Who sent me this lovely, prized valentine?
Some precious, adoring, sweet little elf?
This "Guess Who" was not a mystery to me—
It was one I bought and sent to myself.

Jill Berghuis

LONELY ME

By Nancy Meadows (Grade 10)

Second Place

Under the cover of darkness,
Upon the shelf I lie,
Another lonely valentine,
Passed by without a sigh.
I hope that someday I will find
A perfect home for me,
And nevermore be lonely,
For wanted I will be.

Lower School Valentine Poetry Contest

Marian Cole

AHOY!

By Marian Cole (Grade 7)

First Place

Ahoy there! It's me—a sailor.
I'm after a girl, an' I'm gonna nail'er.
Far out upon the sea we'll sail
In the light o' the moon against the gale.

There, in the stern, will be my Lou.
It's needless to say I'll be there too!
Aw, it's no use dreaming; I can't get a pass.
Oh, me! Oh, my! I pine for a lass.

I hope Dan Cupid will help me lure
A beautiful maid—and that's for sure!

RIVALRY

By Mary Ellen Slemaker (Grade 7)

Two little valentines sat in a store,
One named Brown and the other Moore.
They were looking for boys, cute ones too,
But alas, alack, they were sad and blue!
One looked at the other with eyes cast down,
"I think all the boys have left this town."
But the other glanced up with a determined grin,
"To give up now would be a terrible sin."
So they took on new life and looked rather coy,
As toward their counter strolled a handsome boy.
He instantly glanced in their direction,
And simply beamed at their perfection.
"One for a nickel" read the cardboard sign;
So out of his pocket he pulled a dime.
"We've both been chosen!" whispered Brown to Moore
As pleased with his purchase, he skipped from the store.

IF

By Jimmy Perry (Grade 4)

Second Place

If apples were pears,
And plums were limes,
I'd love you dearly—
But just sometimes .

If okra were purple,
And oysters were pink,
I'd love you never—
Never, I think.

If that dollar valentine
Is for me, you say,
I'll love you surely—
At least for today!

MY FAVORITE VALENTINE

By Sarah Butler (Grade 4)

We all should be right gay and merry
On the fourteenth day of February,
For that's the day cut out for fun,
With valentines for everyone.

There are some with flowers, and some with hearts,
And some with funny moving parts.
Here's one from Billy, and one from Sue
But best of all, here's one from YOU!

CUPID

By Judy James (Grade 5)

I am a little Cupid.
I'm cute and very clever
And when my lover comes along
I'm happy and joyous ever.

We sit in a little corner,
And flirt the whole night long;
But when the early day breaks
Everything seems wrong.

There is no one to hold me,
Nor hug me 'round my neck.
I am all alone in a corner,
And I don't like it, by heck!

VALENTINE

By Melanie Moore (Grade 3)

I love my mother,
So on this day
I'll make her a heart
And paint it gay.

. . . and so we take

AH LOVES
By Vannesa Allen (Grade 4)

Spring is coming
And valentines too.
Ah loves blue skies
And Ah loves birds too.

Ah loves red hearts,
Ah loves Cupid's bow,
Ah loves sweet talk—
But most, Ah loves yo!

THIS GIRL'S NO SISSY
By Ronda Cushing (Grade 5)

The snowballs were flying
Both this way and that,
When all of a sudden
One took off my hat.

I retrieved it and joined
In the frolicsome game.
But throwing snowballs
Isn't so tame.

I proved a target
For one little boy.
Believe me, I thought it
Anything but joy.

But this girl's no sissy,
I'm telling you,
'Cause I surely did beat him
Before the fight was through.

CONTENTMENT
By Susan Lindstrom (Grade 7)

Outdoors it looks icy and cold;
The deer are lonely and still.
The dreary trees stand gnarled,
And icicles hang from the mill.

Inside it's cozy and warm,
The flames are fluttering high;
Chestnuts crackle on the hearth,
While the family gathers nigh.

A STAUNCH STATESMAN
By Linda Bragg (Grade 8)

On a cold and bleak
February morn,
A president great,
Our first, was born.

As a boy he was honest,
Forthright and strong;
Accurate in work,
He studied long.

He marched with his soldiers,
Both near and far,
To save his country
In wretched war.

At Valley Forge
He suffered cold.
Hunger and losses?
Yes, manifold.

In viewing this life
We repeat yet again,
"He was first in the hearts
Of his countrymen."

A VAGRANT WISH
By Mary Moore (Grade 7)

In an old neighborhood lot
A snowball fight took swing.
Behind two sturdy forts
The balls began to zing.

An innocent bystander proved
A target for the bully.
He pelted him with hard packed snow,
His trick enjoying fully.

I wish I were a snowball
Whizzing through the air;
I'd head straight for that culprit
Who tricks kids unaware!

THRILLS
By J. G. Morris (Grade 5)

Snowballs flying through the air,
Snowmen sit and stare and stare.
Sleigh bells ring from distant hills;
Winter's full of dizzy thrills.

THE TRUTH
By Michael Kerr (Grade 3)

I'll send my mother a fancy heart
Because I'm shot by Cupid's dart.
I'll give her my love and kindness, too,
And say these things are really true.

ENOUGH
By Gary Susott (Grade 5)

Here comes Ole Man Winter
On his merry way,
To make snow drifts
For us kids to play.

He blankets the grass
And ices the street,
And sends cold chills
From head to feet.

We run up the slope,
Then slide down the hill,
And play in the snow
Till we've had our fill.

IT'S FUN
By Mike Hare (Grade 5)

Saint Valentine's Day
Is lots of fun
For me and you
And everyone.

You may get two,
You may get one;
Anyhow I think
It's lots of fun!

THANKS, FEBRUARY
By Susan Chandler (Grade 7)

February brings birthdays galore,
Two of famous men in days of yore.
One grew up to wealth and fame;
The other, without a penny to his name.

Each became an honored president;
For love of peace their lives were spent.
At Valley Forge one suffered long;
That story is told in verse and song.

The other wrote a speech in time of distress.
How we all cherish that famous address!
Thank you, February, for each great son—
Honest Abe Lincoln and George Washington!

HOW WE DO IT
By Mary Ellen Slemaker (Grade 7)

I'm sitting here in terrible plight.
Good grief, good grief! What shall I write?
My teacher stands with hands on hips.
"No poems, no stories," she tersely quips.

Sitting still, with blank looking faces,
The seventh grade responds with grimaces.
"Miss Beckington calls," she'll reiterate;
So we buckle down and begin to create.

At last everyone writes a poem or story.
Be it ever so happy or ever so gory.
Alas, alack! our work's finally done.
We've achieved our goal and had our fun.

our pen is hard!

IN VAIN
By Elizabeth Mulford (Grade 8)

In many a house
On this fateful night
Shines in the window
One lonely light.

'Tis the night before doomsday—
Tomorrow, exams.
And many a student
On this night crams.

The students will toil
Far into the night
'Cause they know if they flunk
'Twill be a sad plight.

When at long last
They hit their beds
English, history, and math
Are crammed in their heads.

Though they've stuffed their brains
Like pennies in a bank,
In the midst of an exam
Their minds go blank!

A LITTLE VALENTINE
By Carolyn Born (Grade 4)

I am a little valentine;
I am so bright and gay.
I bring a lot of joy to folks
And this is what they say:
"Oh, thank you, little Valentine,
For coming right to me.
You've brought a heap of joy and love,
And filled my heart with glee."

MY SISTER
By Eric Oliphant (Grade 3)

Cupid brought us a valentine.
Mother named her "Nancy."
I will make her a pretty heart
And trim it up all fancy.

WHY?
By Paul Brockwell (Grade 3)

I think February is
The best month of all.
Why? My dog's birthday
In it will fall.

A FLEETING SEASON
By Dana Jones (Grade 8)

A walk in the cold, clean air;
Sun glistening; a day so fair;
A book by the fire to read;
And whistling winds with speed;

Cozy under blankets high;
Snow in the morning sky;
Thawing and freezing again;
Sleet and snow and then rain!

Bordered 'round with crystal lace,
Brooks lie silent in rigid place;
Icicles glistening high—
A miracle for every eye.

Winter is magic, I reason,
And all too fleeting a season.

WHEN I WAS A SNOWBALL
By William Paul White (Grade 5)

Once I was a snowball,
So very big and round;
Then someone threw me
Smack upon the ground.
You can never guess
What's become of me:
I melted and watered
A big oak tree.

RESOLVED!
By Della Jane Dunkin (Grade 9)

In this poem there is a girl
Who had on her head a little curl.
As my sad tale's about to begin,
We find the girl at her wit's end.

Upon this day, so bright and fair,
We see her glued to the piano chair.
She's only seven years or less
And in a great unhappy mess.

Now she has been attempting tunes
To play by ear for many moons.
Her parents have many sessions had
To see if lessons would make her glad.

Their final answer filled her with gloom,
Since once a week she now meets her doom.
For years it's been wormwood and gall,
Conquering Chopin, Bach, and all.

Society has beckoned strong,
Making practice time each day not long.
Of her music teacher she's often scared,
Because each week she's unprepared.

Her New Year's resolution now
Is to quit piano scales—and how!

MY "DRUTHERS"
By Lucy Diggs (Grade 8)

I think if I had aught to do,
I'd go and read a book;
In fact, though I had much to do,
I'd still go read a book.

I'd travel the streets of gay Paree
With "The Count of Monte Cristo,"
I'd help him poison the Villefortes three
Then hie me off to Frisco.

On the Hispaniola with freight of gold
I'd sail to the Island of Treasure.
Among the pirates, ferocious and bold,
I'd mingle and chat a measure.

Like Doctor Watson I'd seek out trouble
And attempt to solve a case,
But I'm no good as Sherlock's double
So I'm off on another chase!

I'm "Gone With the Wind" to a place called Tara
A Southern plantation once fine—
The home of a dame—Scarlett O'Hara
Who's naught like a clinging vine.

Yes, I think if I had aught to do,
I'd go and read a book;
In fact, though I had much to do,
I'd still go read a book.

Fiction

THE NEEDED, THE WANTED

By Nancy Meadows (Grade 10)

The lights were off throughout the village. A quiet hush stole silently over the moors. There was neither man nor mouse stirring, only a young girl who stood trembling in the cold night air. Something had awakened her and drawn her to her beloved moors. She knew not what had made her restless—only that she was searching for something or some place, perhaps in the next town or the next, or the next. And so she spent her days wandering from place to place. That was the story of her life.

Now the restless feeling was returning. She had already stayed in this small town too long. Left parentless when but a little girl, she had learned to take care of herself. When the townsfolk awakened in the morning, there would be many questions. Where had she gone? Why? But she would be far away, going in any direction that seemed to lead to nowhere.

That night it stormed without warning, as frequently it does on the moors, making it harder for her to make any progress. Ahead was a cabin, old, but better than getting soaked to the skin. Rather cautiously she entered. Although expecting to find nothing, she was careful because of previous experiences. There was the dim glow of a candle in one corner of the shabbily furnished room. As she made her way towards the light, she saw the head of an old, sick man. At first she thought him dead because the look upon his face was that of a man who had at last found peace and was at rest. After what seemed hours, but was really only minutes, he began to waken. His tired eyes did not immediately see her, but as soon as he realized that she was there, his eyes grew wide with terror, but he did not move.

She tried to speak, to tell him he had nothing to fear, but the words stuck in her throat. She suddenly cried out in an agonized voice, resulting from the silence and tension, that she did not mean to harm him; that she had only stopped at the little cabin for shelter.

A dazzling smile spread over his wrinkled face making the room bright with warmth, friendship, and understanding. Impulsively she reached for his hand and held it firmly. She could see in his faded blue eyes that he was deeply touched, and she felt warm and good inside.

There was no need for explanations, for they understood each other. It was as if they had both been away from home, and after much suffering and longing, they were back, an old man and perhaps his granddaughter or niece. Secretly both hoped that they were there to stay.

From that day her life took on a new meaning. She was helping someone who needed her, forgetting herself for once. It was an indefinable feeling, but she knew she liked it. The elderly man taught her the secrets of the moors, and she became an ardent friend of Mother Nature. At the back of the tiny shack she had started growing flowers along with a few necessary vegetables.

At night she would stand for hours looking out of the broken window at the moors. For some reason it brought her comfort.

She watched the old man grow stronger and now he was well; but not completely, for he was an aged man. She prepared their meals, and little by little she straightened up their small home, making it as comfortable as possible.

The thought of leaving never occurred to her for she was completely happy. It was too good to be true, yes, too good.

Suddenly the terrible feeling of restlessness was beginning to take hold of her. As usual she did not fight it. It was becoming a habit, a very bad habit.

She waited, not daring to move lest she wake the sleeping figure. Without a sound she crossed the room. When she was outside, a cool breeze touched her cheek and played about her hair. Rain, she thought. It had been raining the night she first came here. As she walked, she remembered everything that she had done with her kindly old friend. She at last knew what contentment and having peace of mind meant, and she was leaving all of it for what lay in front of her.

The unknown beckoned to her. Something inside her hesitated. She looked behind her. Back in that cabin was an old man—a sick, feeble man who needed her—and she was going away. As she ran, tears fell freely down her cheeks unchecked. She turned back.

With the dawn the sun shone with renewed splendor, bringing with it peace to an old man and perhaps to his granddaughter or niece.

VALENTINE FOR CINDERELLA

By Marsha Lackey (Grade 12)

"Oh, why am I so plain and ugly? All the rest of the girls have curly hair, yet mine is stringy and straight. All the rest of the girls have terrific figures and I'm so fat and bulky. Some people say that you can't have everything, but I don't have anything," Carmelita sobbed as she thought of her miserable day at school.

Today was the day that everyone exchanged valentines and as usual the only ones she got poked fun at her. She looked at the crumpled heap on the floor. One day those kids would be sorry!

When she heard footsteps coming up the stairs, she quickly dried her eyes, opened a book, and pretended to read it.

"Carmelita, I have made some cookies for you, Dear. Won't you come down and sample some of Auntie's cooking?"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, how sweet of you! I'm sure they're delicious. I can't wait to try them. Let's go!"

Aunt Margaret often made little goodies for the time after school, hoping that Carmelita would bring some of her friends home for a snack, but she never did. Her aunt never asked about it, because she knew that Carmelita was touchy about it.

"Ummmm-Wonderful! Where did you get this recipe?" Carmelita cooed with delight.

"Oh, my goodness, Dear; it's nothing new. It's been in the family for years," Aunt Margaret replied. "My mother used to bake some cookies for me and my friends when we would come home from school."

"That must have been marvelous! Sometime I wish I could—Oh, Aunt Margaret, I'm so unhappy. I don't have any friends and no one seems to like me. Every day it's the same old faces with the same sneering smiles. I try to ignore them, but today it was terrible."

"Now, Honey, it can't be that bad. Won't you tell me about it? Your old auntie will know what to do."

"Well, today everyone gave out valentines and Susie Blair was sitting next to me. She got so many nice ones and all I got were comic ones. Even Billy Pryor gave me a comic—you know the boy down the street who used to come up here a lot? I was so hurt. It was all I could do to stay in the room with them. Why can't I be like the rest of the girls? Am I such an ogre that I have to be an outcast?"

VALENTINE FOR CINDERELLA (Continued)

"Of course not, Darling. You are a very sweet little girl. You are just imagining things. People just kid with you because they like you. We used to trade funny valentines when we were in school."

"But you don't understand," replied Carmelita.

"Now, Dear, you just forget about it. I'm sure everyone was kidding with you."

For the next few days Carmelita tolerated the arrogance of her classmates, and one night her aunt announced that she had planned a trip for both Carmelita and her during summer vacation, with Florida as the destination. The proposed trip filled Carmelita's heart with eagerness and excitement.

The next three months went quickly by and soon came the day to start on the trip. Carmelita's heart was overflowing with happiness. She and her aunt hopped into a cab and started to the airport. As she climbed on the plane, Carmelita saw the hostess close the door and check everyone's seat belt. She knew that they were on their way.

It wasn't easy for her to get to sleep that night, but finally her eyelids grew heavy and she fell asleep. All that night she dreamed of Florida, which she pictured as a wonderland of sandy beaches, moonlit nights, and ebbtides.

They arrived in Florida the next night. They moved into a resort inn with a lovely view of the seashore. It was magnificent. Within a week Carmelita had changed completely. She had given herself a home permanent and had attended a reducing salon where her baby fat started to mold into a whistle figure. She met many people and learned poise and savoir-faire. All summer she enjoyed her vacation while she improved both her looks and her personality. She had gained both a wonderful tan and many new friends with whom she went swimming and water-skiing almost every day.

In the fall they talked her into staying and joining the ranks of a girl's school in Miami. The days at school were really loads of fun, but somehow something was missing. After the first semester she returned to her home town where she enrolled in her former school.

The news that Carmelita was coming back spread rapidly, but no one knew of the change in her appearance and manner; so, when she walked into school the first day, it was truly a surprise. They could not believe that this beautiful young woman was once the freckle-faced, chubby, stringy-haired little "gal" that they used to tease.

The second semester started about the last week in January, and by that time they were electing committees for the decorations and entertainment of the Valentine dance. Carmelita was asked to join almost every committee and to the envy of the other girls at least three of the football team had offered to escort her to the dance. Such lavish attention would have made even Cinderella jealous. It made Carmelita radiantly happy.

A MOUNTAIN MOVES

By Sharon Parker (Grade 7)

Night was falling; the stars were peeping out; the moon shone round and bright. Beneath lay the fallen snow.

The scene of this story is a cozy den where a crippled girl gazes out the window. Patsy sits back in her chair, raising her hand to wipe away an unwelcome tear. "Why can't I go to the Valentine party, Mother? I'm old enough and I can play games; at least a few."

"But, Dear, you know it's very cold outside, and the doctor told you to stay in."

(Continued on page 24)

THE WRONG MOVE

By Judy McDonald (Grade 8)

Rushing into the sunroom, expecting to see her desk piled with large and small envelopes, Pat Martin called loudly to her mother, "Any mail for me today?" Flinging aside books and coat, she waited for the answer. When a lovely voice replied, "No dear, not today," all of Pat's dreams were exploded. Unbelievingly, yet not really doubting her mother's word, she walked slowly toward her desk. It was as bare as when she left it the night before. No valentines, yet Pat was one of the most popular girls in town.

The next morning Pat trudged slowly toward school. She saw the school "drip," Patricia Martin, at the corner. It was most strange how similar their names were and yet how different their lives and looks. Pat tried to avoid her, but, as she started to turn into a driveway, a shrill voice sounded. "Pat, hurry and I'll walk with you."

"As if I wanted to walk with her," snorted Pat, but realizing that she must, she quickened her pace and reached Patricia's side.

Patricia was glowing from head to toe. "I received so many lovely valentines yesterday," she announced excitedly. Pat said nothing but inwardly she cringed at the thought of Patricia's getting a pile of cards and she, one of the most popular girls in school, receiving none.

The girls parted at the door and as they did so, three girls strolled up to Pat and announced, "I got your valentine" and "Did you get mine?" Reluctantly Pat admitted that she hadn't. The girls just couldn't understand why Pat hadn't received their cards. Pat pushed through the group of girls and started toward her locker. Just as she reached it, someone called her name. "Hey, Pat, did you get my valentine?" The voice was that of Tom, Pat's steady. Again she had to admit that she had not received the card. Tom shook his head slowly and announced that he just couldn't understand it.

Patricia reappeared at that moment shouting, "I got your lovely valentine, Tom. It was so sweet of you to think of me." She pranced gaily down the hall humming a tune under her breath. Tom was staring after her with eyes as big as saucers. "I didn't send her a valentine," he finally blurted.

Pat stared at him in astonishment. "You what?" She asked.

"I said I didn't send her a valentine," he repeated slowly as if Pat were a first grader instead of a senior.

Then Pat came to. Yes, this is what happened when a girl, namely, Pat Martin, moved from her old apartment house and Patricia Martin moved in. Not only did Patricia get a new apartment but also many valentines that she ordinarily would not have received.

MY TALL TALE

By Judy Wright (Grade 4)

One day when I was going to ride my horse (of course I need 350 ladders to get upon him because he is a mile tall) I decided to go to New York City to see the Empire State Building. It took only three of Buck's steps to get to New York City. When we got there we couldn't see anything but gray mountains with points on them! But really what happened was that Buck, my horse, was so tall that the Empire State building seemed like a hill compared to him. So we went in three steps and I put him in his stall, which was one mile and a half high and 250 feet wide. Then I went to play ball.

Brown-Dunkin

TULSA'S DOMINANT DEPARTMENT STORE • FOURTH & MAIN • DIAL 2-7101

The New Long Look

Miss Ann Winters is pictured here in the latest fashion in "The Dior Look" . . . . her dress is of Crystalette tone-on-tone turquoise styled with the long torso bodice, scooped neckline set off by a big rhinestone buckle and cap sleeves; the full skirt is topped with another rhinestone buckle accenting the long look. With her dress Ann wears pink lustre calf Barefoot Originals.

Dress $22.98 from the Teen Shop, 3rd floor, east building . . .
Shoes $16.95 from the shoe salon, mezzanine main building.

CADILLAC OLDSMOBILE

Fine Motor Cars

GREENLEASE-LEDTERMAN, INC.

Boston at Eleventh Tulsa, Oklahoma

HEAVE-HO

VOLUME XII, NO. 2 HOLLAND HALL, TULSA, OKLAHOMA FEBRUARY, 1955

HEARTS . . HEARTACHES . . AND . . HOCKEY . . HARASS HOLLAND HALLERS

A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE

By Jean Campbell (Grade 12)

Now that I have attained the advanced age of seventeen years, I can readily admit to being a most naive child during my sixth grade era, but by the end of that year I had become much wiser. Whether I was ready for it or not, one of the most momentous events that can occur in a girl's life came along during grade 6A for me: my first formal dance!

It all started innnocently enough. A boy called me up as the result, I am sure, of much prodding on the part of his mother. This Romeo's voice sounded as if his next stop would be the guillotine as he stammered the fateful words: "Will you go with me, huh?" Speedily I accepted.

Before I could replace the receiver, Mother, with the rapidity of a kangaroo, dashed upstairs, threw open closet doors, and soon appeared carrying what seemed to be a bathrobe. Beaming, she told me to put in on.

It took a minute for her idea to sink in; then it hit me. She meant for me to wear this gunny sack to my very first dance. No! But soon she persuaded me that her "little baby" would look just like an "angel from heaven" in the dress.

Mother was now, however, confronted with a major problem. It seemed that my shape, although like that of many other twelve-year olds, was still very like that of a board. In coping with this predicament Mother really shone, and she also brought about one of the downfalls of my life, although she was completely unaware of it at the time of her unique planning. She set to work and made me a pair of built-in hips of paper.

While dressing, mortified, on my night of nights, I could plainly see that I should be a marked woman after the party because of my false figure.

After I had been at the dance about an hour, I found to my surprise that I was having a really good time, and the hours flew by. But fate was not through yet. As I was dreamily following my date around, while he stumbled through a rhumba, I suddenly felt an earthquake! There was the stiff paper (meant to enhance my figure) sticking straight up like a cliff at a 90-degree angle.

I end this episode with one thought for the younger ones: 'Tis better to sit home and read a Lulu comic than to end up looking like the Cliffs of Dover.

VALENTINE BOX

Judy Adams	Bubbles
Mary	Steve
Carolyn	Sparks, Jr.
Kreager	"Muscles" Hall
Mary Ruth	Rock
Fenton	A neighbor
Millison	Chris
Eileen	The mailman
Nelson	One in La Jolla
Jolene	The Army
Kay	Edmund
Mary Jo	"Laugh-A-Minute" Berkey
Lucy	Secret love
Peggy	The Brown-Dunkin-Dunkin
Cathy	Gene
Campbell	Spike
Susie	Jimmy
Lackey	Lawrenceville
Mariellen	Hmmmm—
Penny	A Virginia man

A WELCOME VISITOR

By Corky Wolaver (Grade 5)

Here comes Old Man Winter,
With his blanket of snow,
Bringing chills and thrills
And cheeks aglow.

He makes a place
Where girls and boys
Can romp in the snow,
And makes lots of noise.

LIFE CAN BE DUTIFUL

By Peggy Seay (Grade 10)

And now, for you Radioland listeners, Ledbetter's Lacy Lockets for Leprous Labor Leaders is presenting Lucy Lastic, Jim Nastic, and Peggy Plastic in that most stirring of all radio dramas, "Life Can Be Dutiful."

At the close of our last episode, Lucy Lastic was locked in the twelfth floor of the haunted house. Jim Nastic was at lunch with Peggy Plastic, unaware that she had set a time bomb to go off in the haunted house within five minutes, until Peggy Plastic said, "Jim, dahling, you love me madly, don't you, Jim, dahling? As soon as deah Lucy is blown up——ah ——I mean, can phone up, we shall be all alone togethah."

But, Jim, his mind seasoned to her catlike treachery, smells a rat and says, "Yes, my dear, but what IS that awful smell? By the way, where is Lucy Lastic? I haven't seen her in the past half-hour."

Peggy, sensing his uneasy apprehension, says in her most continental tone of voice, "Oh, rilly Jim dahling, must you always discuss that vulgah woman in my presence?"

Jim, suddenly realizing what is happening, leaps to his feet, galvanized into action by the thought of Lucy Lastic blown to smithereens, and hisses at scheming Peggy, "Aha! I see it all now, you wicked woman! You—you traitor to the YWCA, how could you do such a thing? I must dash off and save Lucy Lastic from the dynamite!"

Peggy, seeing that it's now or never, reaches steadily into her purse and her slim, milk-white hand emerges clasping a lady's pearl-handled revolver, as she says, "Jim, dahling, I have a gun! I don't want to be nawsty, but I shall have to kill you if you try to save that vulgah woman, Jim, dahling!"

Jim, oblivious to her threats, dodges the pearl-bottomed bullets that she shoots in his direction and dashes out the door. He jumps into his Buick Minx and zooms off to the haunted house. As he arrives and

(Continued on page 4)

H E A V E - H O

Miss Holland Hall Fun Section

Send all contributions to:
Jean Campbell, Editor
Gretchen Barnes
Mary MacKay
Mariellen Smith
Lulu B. Beckington, Sponsor

HOW TO HOOK HIM

Part II: The Conquest

After glancing at the title of this series, "How To Hook Him," one might get the idea that I look on men as fish. Oh, my no! But I must admit that some members of the male sex do act like eels. Here we come to the main topic of this article: how to hook a slippery eel.

Picture yourself in a classroom (it takes imagination!) surrounded by a man-hungry group of girls, with the fish to be hooked sitting across the aisle. How can you get him to notice you? Since the male species can be divided into three classes, we must attack this problem from three angles.

Let us say the boy falls into group A: handsome but stupid. Naturally if the lad has little grey matter upstairs, he will not appreciate a girl's constantly spouting Shakespeare and The Factor Theorem. Here is your cue: make it a habit regularly to fall asleep during a dull class. If you want him to dispell all doubt that you are an Einstein, practice a booming snore to attract his attention. There is only one drawback to this plan: one does get rather black and blue after being thrown out of class on her notebook every day.

Here we come to the second group of men. If the character falls into this class, he will be bulging with muscles and a Mr. America, but he will probably also have a mortal fear of girls. The trouble with this Joe is that he thinks of girls as fragile Dresden creatures who are simply petrified by all his brawn. In order to bag him, you must maneuver outside class.

You spy him lumbering along with a couple of 100-pound weights tucked under his arm; lights; camera; action! Mambo merrily after your victim and start bellowing, "They Always Call Him Mr. Touchdown." Just as he is about to yell, "Escaped Lunatic," tackle him from behind and run him down. My, but you will make an impression!

Now we arrive at group three. I saved this one till last for no particular reason. Boy Three is a very witty one (at least he thinks so) and is also an intellectual. You

(Continued on page 4)

WANTED

Fewer "cool" alley cats.....Fenton
Someone to take us to meetings.....Four Loafers
A five-pound, heart-shaped box from P. C.....Eileen
Another date with Chris.....Millison
A forged report card.....Those with cold feet
To inherit the Buick next year.....Nancy Meadows
To disinherit little sister.....Big Meadows
Miss Sharp's sandwich.....Famished Juniors
A sudden surge of talent.....Those without
Police to catch the wandering neighborhood hoodlum.....The petrified
A penquin.....Harriet Gates
Some of Sylvia's discarded boy friends.....The second fiddlers
The Cadillac once in a while.....Callahan
Fewer poems to memorize at Friday detention.....The gum chewers
Mrs. Heavey's idea to work out.....Seniors
A baby lion to cuddle up with.....Naive Maness
A sugar daddy.....Fuller
Barbara to invite us to Florida.....The palefaces
Some Noxema for sunburn.....Gussman
Pat Wright's sense of humor.....Her audience
Some Vigoro for sleepy students.....Teachers
Piles of valentines from the opposite sex.....Ha! Ha!
Miss Beckington to accept Classic comics.....The foolhardy
Certain people to use their telephone more often.....Judy Pat
The Brookside gang to come over.....The Utica Square gang
Boys with elevator shoes.....Tall females
Leslie's legs.....The knobby-kneed
H. H. to acquire a swimming pool.....The athletes
Scales that lie.....The pudgy
No more wall-eyed squids.....Miss Moulton
A foot warmer.....Campbell
Everyone to ask me what time it is.....Mariellen
Studious study halls.....Mrs. Cole
A trip to Paris to try out my French.....Faith
Jimmy to buy me Neiman-Marcus.....Susie
A date with Bert.....Joanne
Toothpicks.....The overfed Sophomores
Some perfume that intoxicates.....Malissa
More singers like Soprano Lackey.....Mrs. Ross
A word from Robinson.....Smith
Marlon Brando not to get married.....The mourners
A Cascia sticker.....MacKay
H. H. yearbook to win more prizes.....Supporters

QUIPS AND QUOTES

Paula—"Look what I've got!"
Malissa—"Does anyone want this one meatball?"
Sylvia—"Well, I'm not really going with him but——"
Marsha—"Only 146 days, 5 hours, and 2 minutes more to wait."
Bungardt—"Please, oh, please, let me play!"
Meadows—"Who was the dirty rat that stole my parking place?"
Rebecca—"Did you get your Geometry?"
Cathy—"Penny, I've got a good joke for you."
Wolaver—"I don't understand the last part of it."
Fuller—"Who is Gwendolyn?"
Jill—"Don't you think they have great golfers at A. and M?"
Susie—"He's the neatest thing; I mean really!"
Betsy—"Has anyone seen what's at the Delman?"
Faith—"Let me tell you about my date last night——."
Trinka—"It's natural. Don't you believe me?"
March—"I can't find his pin anywhere!"

LIFE CAN BE DUTIFUL

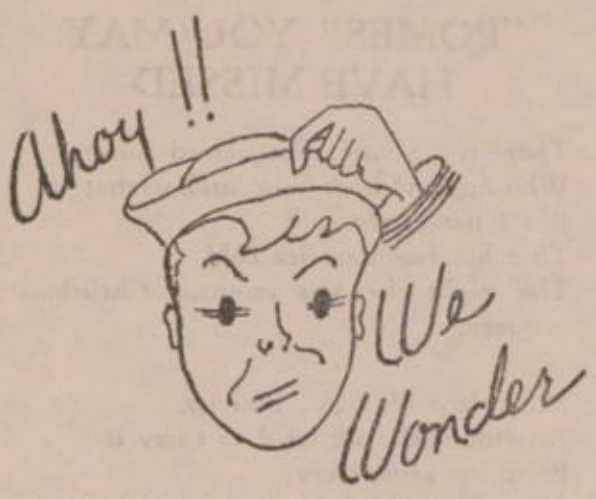
(Continued from page 1)

vaults out of the slinky sports car, he hears Lucy Lastic's frantic scream, "Help!"

Happily, he spies a hundred-forty-four foot aluminum extension ladder which happens to be lying in the weed garden. He picks it up, unfolds it, raises it to the twelfth floor, climbs it, jumps in the window, grabs Lucy Lastic, and starts down the ladder. Just then, a rung breaks and they are saved from disaster only by a flagpole which happens to be protruding from a tenth-story window. He then drops Lucy Lastic into a net held by some firemen who happen to be in the vicinity. Then he drops into the same net. Lucy Lastic flees across the lawn with Jim into a bomb shelter which also just happens to be there.

Will the TNT blow up Lucy Lastic and Jim Nastic? Will Peggy Plastic be apprehended by the FBI? Will the hundred-forty-four-foot aluminum ladder still anchored on the twelfth-story crush the handsome fire chief as it falls? Is the flag on the tenth-story flagpole yet at half-mast?

Tune in tomorrow at 1:11 to station WELT, 1955 on your dial, to hear the unusual conclusion of this episode of "Life Can Be Dutiful."



If M. N. and M. S. stayed home and built snow men?
What Mary Jo did on New Year's Eve?
If anyone else had a similar experience?
What fiend tore up Stover's yearbook? (Heads will roll!)
Who belongs to the red and white Olds? MacKay?
Where all the new blondes came from?
If Harlan has more hair than Penny does?
What a smu is? (A snow shmoo?)
How many got a diamond ring from "him" for Christmas?
If all the seniors forged their baby pictures? (They're too cute!)
If Noland's heart is broken?
Why Ruthie couldn't remember what color hair she was?
If all Bobby does is write letters?
If Eileen has brought her permission from home yet?
Where Ann got those big blue eyes?
What the boys in the operetta will be like?
If diamonds are a girl's best friend? Paula?
Who Iverson's latest is?
How many seniors will sing "Boomer Sooner" next year?
If Miss Sharp's Trigger has gone down the drain?
If Marsha and Jenny and the twenty men had a good time at Danner's?
Who the soprano is in second hour study hall? Mrs. Rockwood?
What happened to Rebecca in gym?
If the sun has melted that cold, cold heart? Mmm, M. S.?
When H. H. will open a tap dancing school?
Why Penny Soule wants to go to Notre Dame?
Why Jill is so inspired by Macbeth? (Come, let me clutch thee.)
How Seay likes French?
Why Kay hoards pictures of Ned?
Where Carolyn Bradford learned to make squares?
How many people like George Gobel?
What kind of rings the Juniors chose?
Why no one likes to go on hayrides?
Who Joanne Williams loves to go driving with?

The Tragic Love Affair of Closemary Rooney

By Marsha Moore (Grade 8)

Closemary Rooney was known around the small town of MOBILE, as the NAUGHTY LADY OF SHADY LANE, because, although she was famous for her MUSKRAT RAMBLE and WANTED by several suitors, she claimed that all men had HEARTS OF STONE. So she led a lonely life; that is, until MR. SANDMAN same to town. The minute she saw him Closemary began to SHAKE, RATTLE, AND ROLL. Feeling this strange sensation, she was oblivious to warnings that he was probably THE BANDIT and started after him saying, "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE."

Gaily, Closemary called, "HEY THERE," and Mr. Sandman answered politely, "I GOT MY EYES ON YOU." This prompted an introduction, and she learned that this stranger was the famous Hernando G. Sandman, owner of a chain of hideaways. Encouraged, she invited him to drop by THIS OLD HOUSE, and ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK. Hernando accepted eagerly, and Closemary rushed home to make ready for the coming visit.

Promptly at seven he arrived, so Closemary suggested a short MAMBO IN THE MOONLIGHT. This was interrupted by her parents who were trying to prove the fact that PAPA LOVES MAMBO. After the older people had retired, Hernando requested that she DIM, DIM THE LIGHTS. Closemary did so, saying, "MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE." He presently took her in his arms, and in response to her cry of "LET ME GO LOVER," said, "LOVELY, DOVEY, I LOVE YOU TRULY." "HEAVEN WAS NEVER LIKE THIS," she cooed.

He countered with "LET'S GO AWAY TO LING TING TONG ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA."

Hernando left, supposedly on a business trip and no word was heard of him for a long time, and Closemary lapsed into a MOOD INDIGO.

Many weeks ensued; then a letter came. In this he stated that he was in dire financial straights and needed MONEY, HONEY. in order to support his Mrs. Sandman and six little Sandmen. Closemary was infuriated and wrote back hurriedly saying, "SUGAR LUMP, NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO! I WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU WITH A TEN FOOT POLE."

This ended Closemary Rooney's sad love affair. She always said that Hernando G. Sandman was a RUNAROUND who broke her UNSUSPECTING HEART, so that she remained a LONESOME POLECAT to the end of her life.

Joann (hearing bell): "Thank heavens, Miss Moulton didn't find out that I didn't have my homework today."

Miss Moulton: "We have two periods today, Joann."

Mrs. Ransdell (seeing some seniors enter the office): "Oh, you can't come in! Can't you see that door is supposed to be closed?"

Penny Wolaver, walking into class with a new hair cut, immediately got many comments; one of them especially pointed.

Kay: Penny, where did you get your hair cut?

Penny: Oh, Denard's.

Kay: Are you going to sue them?

Ruthie Broach, transformed over night from a striking platinum blond to a dashing brunette, took her seat in algebra class and started talking to one of her classmates.

Miss Sharp, looking up from her desk in surprise, queried: "Who's the new girl?"

Judy Nelson's definition of the word "ransom" on her English exam: "A ransom is something paid for goods stolen by a 'bugular'."

Miss Sharp (explaining imaginary numbers to the algebra class): Don't forget to graph your answers for tomorrow."

Ann Winters: "Do you mind if we use imaginary graph paper, Miss Sharp?"

Miss Sharp: "Oh, no; and you can imagine your grades, too!

Eileen: "Mary Window, please roll down your Jo."

DID YOU SEE:

Carol Seidenbach and Leslie Holmes bisecting their meat loaf with a compass?

The bleak expressions following Saturday's exams?

Mr. Sayama Tokeo's gestures while describing the tight red shorts he saw in Washington?

Kay's side-splitting (?) droodles?

And hear Mrs. Rockwood's description of Belle Walting in "Gone With the Wind?"

The senior's blue suede jackets?

Cathy taking up for Gene on a certain matter discussed at the senior table?

Mary lighting the wrong end of a Viceroy?

The happy Sakawas finally winning a game?

Or smell the hydrogen sulfide experiment?

Jill's and Eileen's expressions when they were told that they were the first Holland Hallers ever to make 100 on an Algebra II exam?

Linda and Beverly back at ye olde school?

The industrious mole that makes hills on the field?

Mrs. Heavey handing out gum to the Eighth Grade?

Linda Mole buying the Brooklyn Bridge?

Mrs. Kiker reclining on a dining room table while teaching Eighth Grade English?

Mary Eckel, while impersonating Scarlett O'Hara, falling down the steps of Stanton Hall?

HOW TO HOOK HIM

(Continued from page 2)

may find it a bit more difficult to attract him, but in the end you will be rewarded for your originality.

The next time your teacher asks someone to make a voluntary speech in front of the class, you should volunteer, and write a speech with the humorist in mind. A good topic would be: "The Fluctuation of the Stock Market in Outer Mongolia," or, "How to Become a Siamese Twin in Three Easy Lessons." This title should grab him if nothing else will.

If perchance on your safari for men you should discover some glad lad who is all three types in one—honey, you have hit the jackpot! The surest way to make this Greek god your personal property is to lasso and gag him on the spot. But I should appreciate it if you could send the specimen over to me so that I might study the case.

Bait your line, Sister, and don't forget the landing net!

SUPER SENIORS

STOVER:

Favorite Color	Pink
Favorite Expression	"Oh, and another thing . . . "
Favorite Book	"McGuffey's Reader"
Favorite Subject	Biology
Favorite School	Holland Hall
Favorite Movie	"Stalag 17"
Favorite Actor	William Holden
Favorite Pastime	Running around with Ned
Favorite Food	Anything rich and fattening
Favorite Brand	"Nostalgia"
Favorite Car	1953 Green Ford
Favorite Song	"When Day Is Done"
Always Seen	I hope so!
Always Seen With	That lucky boy!!

WOLAVER:

Favorite Color	Turquoise
Favorite Expression	"My word!"
Favorite Book	"Chemistry and You"
Favorite Subject	History
Favorite School	Lindenwood
Favorite Movie	"Julius Caesar"
Favorite Actress	Audrey Hepburn
Favorite Pastime	Eating
Favorite Food	Enchiladas
Favorite Brand	"Del Monte"
Favorite Car	Ford Thunderbird
Favorite Song	"Perfidia"
Always Seen At	Night Spots
Always Seen With	Slim!

CAMPBELL:

Favorite Color	Surf green
Favorite Expression	"This'll slay ya!"
Favorite Book	"Dick and Jane on the Farm"
Favorite Subject	English
Favorite School	Holland Hall
Favorite Movie	"On the Waterfront"
Favorite Actor	Marlon Brando
Favorite Pastime	Breaking fingernails
Favorite Food	Lobster
Favorite Brand	"Pall Mall"
Favorite Car	Buick Skylark
Favorite Song	"The New Ashmolean Marching Society and Students' Conservatory Band"
Always Seen At	Southern Hills
Always Seen With	Tennis balls

"POMES" YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

There is a young miss named Eileen,
Who appears both calm and serene;
But I have been told
That her feet were ice cold
The night she was crowned Christmas queen.

An ardent biologist, Harriet,
An etherized frog tried to carry it.
From her came a cry;
Away froggy did fly.
Then Harriet cried, "Quick, Girls, a lariat!"

A gal full of pep is our Molly.
To say she's not fat is no folly.
If she should stand sideways
She'd be lost in the byways,
And that isn't jolly, by golly.

There is a blond junior named Nancy,
Who to bop records takes a fancy.
She goes back for more
Till she buys out the store,
And this keeps her mind in a trancy.

There is a cute freshman, Louise,
Who paint from tubes likes to squeeze.
She is making a start
In the profession of art;
"Back to work, Louise, if you please."

Our sophomore card shark is Beth,
But she never cheats, so she saith.
With stern poker face
She'll slip out an ace,
And that's how she wins, we all queth.

There's a jovial lass called Pat Wright,
A rollicking, frolicking sprite.
She's nifty; she's neat;
She's light on her feet
Whenever a man heaves in sight.

NESBITT:

Favorite Color	Blue
Favorite Book	"So Big"
Favorite Expression	"Wait just a minute"
Favorite Subject	Chemistry
Favorite School	Holland Hall
Favorite Movie	"Magnificent Obsession"
Favorite Actor	Rock Hudson
Favorite Pastime	Watching Television
Favorite Food	Steak
Favorite Brand	Wintergreen
Favorite Car	Mercury
Favorite Song	"Mr. Sandman"
Always Seen At	Never can tell
Always Seen With	Penny

to the
students of
Holland Hall
VALENTINE GREETINGS

From
NELSON
ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.
526 North Main • TULSA

IT'S COTTON PICKIN'
TIME

For the Easter Parade, summer work, or vacation, pick gay Cottons in suntan backs, swooped necklines, or bolero styles at the

ETHEL TABLER SHOP
1411 East 15th St. Phone 54-5979

▼

Free Gift Wrapping, Free Parking
and Free Alterations

COMPLIMENTS
OF

ZEPHYR
DRILLING
CORPORATION

▼

First National Building

The Senio

SENIOR OFFICERS

Student Council President	Joann Fenton
Senior Class President	Kay Stover
Senior Class Vice-President	Ann Maness
Senior Class Treasurer	Penny Meadows
Senior Class Secretary	Mary Nesbitt
"Eight Acres" Editor	Kay Stover
"Miss Holland Hall" Editor	Ann Maness
"Heave-Ho" Editor	Jean Campbell
"Tulsa Tribune" Correspondent	Joann Fenton
Athletic Association President	Marsha Lackey
Athletic Association Treasurer	Cathy Crouch
Sakawa Captain	Jean Campbell
Wanata Captain	Jolene Haynes
Student Council Representative	Jenny Alcott
Red Cross Representative	Mariellen Smith
Fire Captain	Penny Wolaver

Above: Jolene Haynes
Left: Mary Nesbitt
Right: Joann Fenton

rs. . . .

SENIOR CLASS POEM

The seniors of '55 are we;
A fun-loving group we'll always be.
We never shirk what's to be done,
And now to college we're on the run.

Mrs. Rockwood is our teacher grand;
Her mirth and wit are ever at hand.
We think she has a heart of gold;
Our thanks to her we'll always hold.

A gal with pep is our prexy Kay,
No one has more on the ball we'd say;
A mind alert her talents show,
To greater heights she'll surely go.

Our Cathy Crouch has a beaming smile
And graces our cover with her lovely profile.
Her mood is so gay, her heart seems to sing,
Is it because of that diamond ring?

Penny Wolaver, an inquisitive lass,
Brews her concoctions in chemistry class.
Perhaps she'll discover an element new;
Perhaps 'twill be only some sticky old glue.

A lovely miss is our Jolene
With slender form and stately mein.
To the top as a model she'll surely go;
She'll grace the pages of Vogue, we know.

In her blue Ford she's always found;
She is seen driving all around.
When needed for errands you'll find her at hand;
Her name is Mary; she's really grand!

Joann has shown her leadership true
And great rewards to her are due.
She plans her future at Northwestern fine
And as a scholar she'll surely shine.

(Continued on page 19)

Above: Kay Stover
Center: Cathy Crouch
Below: Penny Wolaver

SENIOR ASSEMBLY

At long last on January 25 the Upper School was given a surprise assembly by the Seniors who had chosen their jackets, written their poem, composed their song, and prepared entertainment for the students.

The Seniors' jackets were kept secret until the last minute when the auditorium was filled with "oh's" and "ah's" as the girls modeled their light blue suede jackets.

Kay Stover, Senior prexy, read the class poem as the girls appeared on stage.

A stuffed rust and yellow monkey named Cebidae was introduced as the Senior Class mascot. The assembly was closed by the Seniors' singing of their class song to the tune of "Mr. Sandman."

SENIOR PRIVILEGES

Following tradition, at their special assembly, the seniors read to the school the list of privileges accorded to the Class of 1955. They were as follows:

1. Seniors may wear sweaters and hair ribbons of a style and color chosen by the class.
2. Seniors may attend the Town Hall lecture series and remain down town for luncheon afterwards.
3. Seniors are exempt from clearing luncheon tables.
4. Seniors are to occupy the front row of seats at assemblies.
5. Seniors are privileged to study without supervision in the senior study hall, during conference period, and in warm weather to study out-of-doors.
6. Seniors may have final examinations early and may have a Senior Week completely free from school duties except those incident to commencement practices.
7. Seniors may go out for lunch occasionally with special permission.

Above: Mariellen Smith
Left: Jean Campbell
Right: Marsha Lackey

SENIOR CLASS POEM (Continued)

A welcome girl is Penny Meadows,
Admired so much where 'ere she goes.
With smile so sweet and eyes of brown—
We're awfully glad she is around.

Our Jenny has musical talent galore.
To listen to her is never a chore.
Bach and Chopin, she knows them all,
And we soon shall see her in Carnegie Hall.

A budding author is talented Ann
As years the bridge of time do span
Her books, her articles, and stories, too,
We'll find in print—there'll be a few!

Who is the girl with the flaxen hair?
Who is an actress beyond compare?
The heights she'll reach, there's just no tellin'
What's her name?—Why, Mariellen!

When it comes to arguing there's none like Campbell, Jean,
No matter what the question another view is seen.
Her laughing manner and her wit serve as a saving grace;
We like her for these things and for her pretty face.

Now here's our Marsha; she has, 'tis true,
The voice of song, the eye so blue.
She's quick to smile, to laugh or jest;
You must agree she's one of the best.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

CLASS OF '55

(Tune: Mr. Sandman)

We're the seniors of '55.
If our exams we can survive,
With our diplomas we'll go on to college
And there apply as best we can our knowledge.
Teachers (we like them all)
Brighten our memories of Holland Hall.
When we are gone from joyful days,
We'll remember these times always.

Above: Penny Meadows
Center: Jenny Alcott
Below: Ann Maness

Articles

MISS HOLLAND HALL

(A Composite Picture Snapped by Jean Campbell)

Who is this girl who is such enjoyable company and who had a magazine named after her? You must have seen her around town because she's a gal who's always on the move. She rides busses, bikes, and horses; she loves to mingle with the kids at the movies, a fair, or at Quaker; and often she is heard practicing for a singing, a dancing, or a piano lesson, sometimes gritting her teeth. By the way, her name is Miss Holland Hall.

While our subject is powdering her nose, why don't we peek over her shoulder and get a few statistics on this girl? After all, someday, she may become a famous star on Broadway or a golf pro, and you'll be glad to say that you knew our Miss 'way back when.

She is a girl of average size, standing about five-feet-five in her size-seven suede loafers. The scales don't groan when she comes around because she weighs only about 115 pounds. However, in the summer, since she consumes so many chocolate malts, she is likely to gain poundage, and when school rolls around again, a diet begins with it. No need to tell you how strong her willpower is..

She has bright, hazel eyes and light brown hair that is almost always curled the way she wants it—slightly turned up at the ends. She is greatly pleased with her new short haircut, but she has had a hard time convincing her parents that she would look presentable. More than likely, Miss H. H. has experimented with a blond streak at least once in her life.

For a girl of fifteen, her ideas as to a career are pretty definite. In the long run though, she really wants to be married and rear a family. However, right now her motto is: "You might just as well live while you're young and alive."

If you take one look at her dressing table, you may find the array somewhat astounding. The simple explanation is that Miss H. H. is "mad" for perfumes. Even when donning her uniform for school, she never forgets a dab of "Midnight" behind her shell-like ears. You might expect to find much mascara and other makeup spread out there, but not for our girl! She much prefers the natural look except for the occasional formal when she wants to send her date into a tailspin.

Anyone can see that she is an alert young lady, always on her toes in matters that concern her. Her inquisitive mind may be pondering world affairs discussed in "Time" (between issues of "Seventeen"), and an algebra problem, or what she shall wear Saturday night. Probably, however, her thoughts are revolving around boys! Miss H. H. is normal, isn't she?

If we have the task of finding her on that Saturday night date, she will invariably be found dressed in her baby blue sweater and skirt and seated next to Him (that tall blond athlete with the scintillating personality—her favorite type), in the balcony of the neighborhood theater. If luck is with her, she will be mooning and sighing over Marlon Brando's muscles, since he is her favorite actor. After the show, our heroine may be found at Pennington's sipping a limeade and looking around to see who has a date with whom. Her mouth is probably watering for some fresh shrimp or even a thick steak, but she never thinks of ordering such food because of the strain on His wallet.

Since she is so athletic, she loves to participate in almost any sport, be it tennis, swimming, basketball, or hockey. She has probably won a medal in one or more of her favorites too.

Miss Holland Hall gets so much enjoyment out of life that it is hard for her to think of a hobby which she prefers above all others.

If her wide range of activities could be narrowed down, her most enjoyable afternoon recreation would probably be watching television or talking over the phone to friends, especially those of the masculine gender. However, if a boy should call while Perry Como or Sinatra was on, we are willing to bet that she couldn't be dragged to the telephone.

Miss H. H. has a pretty full and exciting future we think, and after graduation from the college of her choice, there is no telling what may happen to a girl with so much initiative! Anyway, it will be fun to see.

WHAT THRIFT MEANS TO ME

By Lucy Diggs (Grade 8)

Perhaps the main trouble with America today is our various misconstrued ideas about thrift. Some Americans are prone to put their money away in some nook or cranny and claim that they are thrifty because they are saving their hard earned cash. Others are liable to pass by some worthwhile objects for an amusing whim. I think that this is the biggest waste of money there is. What good is money if it is not used for some worthwhile cause, spent for the improvement and promotion of better living?

A miser is the worst spendthrift there is. Scrooge, a character in Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol," was a mean, miserly man who had hoarded his every penny. In his mind he was a wealthy man, for he had a large amount of money. But Scrooge was not wealthy in the qualities that count. Yet in the minds of some people he was a thrifty man. He was not happy nor did he have peace of mind. Not until the three ghosts pointed out to him a better way of life did he realize his unhappiness and change his ways. In giving up the money he treasured, by helping a needy family, he achieved personal happiness and was being thrifty in the true sense of the word.

As the Master says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.;

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moths nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—Matthew 6:19, 20.

At the end of the Civil War when the Yankees took Richmond, the Confederate government opened the warehouses for any Southerners to come and take what they wanted. This was a last desperate measure to keep their supplies from the oncoming Union forces. When the warehouses were opened, they were stacked to the top with food, blankets, and shoes. The Confederate army were starving; they had almost no clothes and certainly no blankets. Shoes were scarcer than gold, yet at the head warehouses in Richmond were supplies enough to keep the army going. What is the explanation for this? The Confederate government had a mania for having enough, saving for the crucial moment when the supplies would be necessary; yet when the time came they kept thinking that an even greater need might arise. In their eyes they were being thrifty because they were saving for this hour of disaster, but when the end came, the Confederacy was millions of dollars in the red. They could have come clear and perhaps won the war if they had had capable management of expenditures and the ability to recognize true thrift.

The illfated Confederacy is a perfect example of wasting money. We, the Americans of today, should profit by our forefathers' mistakes.

Note: Lucy won second place in the Junior High division and a fifty dollar bond in the City Thrift Contest by submitting the foregoing essay. Congratulations!

TV AND ME
or
THE BIGGEST LITTLE WAR WE EVER HAD

By Ann Maness (Grade 12)

I like television. I love to turn on the set, sit back with an apple, kick off my shoes, and watch a drama or a comedy. There's a sort of magic fascination in the way the images flash on the screen, in reality just series of dots and dashes, but to the imagination, people and objects. There's a sort of Pied Piper magnetism about the sound of TV, drawing me from any corner of the house, dropping me cross-legged on the floor, to leave me staring with tired eyes at the little gray-blue screen.

On the other hand, I hate homework. Now just consider the absurdity of learning to say "Montrez-moi le livre," "El burro es un animal," or "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres," when I can be hearing "One of these days, Alice . . . one of these days!" or "DOES ANYBODY WANTTA BREAK THE BANK?" Having considered the absurdity of it, imagine the impossibility of undertaking homework while television is blaring in my ear.

I have closed my door and am remembering the little pioneer children in their blab school. "They could do it," I tell myself. "They learned to concentrate in spite of the noise." But this noise is so interesting! I can just catch snatches of the announcer's voice, reminding me that "it's best to brush between meals but she's too busy to brush, so she uses new Gleam toothpaste, the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal!"

Oh—oh, I was listening again. Back to French—je fais, tu fais, il fait, nous fai—— "THE BOB HOPE SHOW!" Why do announcers have to shout? I know he's on tonight. Nous faisons, vous faites, ils fai——.

This episode could have several endings. She might decide to turn on a radio and drown out the interesting noise with uninteresting noise. Still another solution might picture our heroine overcoming the temptation, overriding the interruption, and actually concentrating on her homework. But since I am she, I guess our ending should show her seated cross-legged on the floor, peeking with tired eyes and guilty conscience at the gray-blue screen, her French lesson lying forgotten in the other room.

THE STRONG DRAGON

By Janie Stauss (Grade 4)

Once there was an orange dragon with green horns. Every time he went through town, all the people ran into their homes and yelled, but he was just as big as your thumb. He was so strong that when anyone threw iron at him he would never die.

But one day something happened that made him very weak. He was going to be in the strong contest. Dragons were all lined up to be hit with iron. The orange dragon had been sick the day before. He was hit. He still was never killed.

THE RED-EYED DRAGON

By Caroline Owens (Grade 4)

I was walking home one day and I saw a small bit of smoke around the corner. So I ran around the corner to see what it was. When I got there I saw a purple dragon with red eyes smoking a green cigar. When I saw that, I ran to the baker and got a butcher knife and came back. And there he was, still there. I stabbed him as hard as I could. And he dropped dead in his tracks. So that is the end of the red-eyed dragon.

RULES OF CIVILITY

Before he was 16 years old George Washington copied down 110 "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation" as an exercise in penmanship. Here are some of the Washington "Rules" just as he spelled and punctuated them:

(Eighth Grade Interpretations follow each rule.)

1. Associate yourself with men of good Quality if you Esteem your own Reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad Company.

   "Choose your friends wisely and with care
   For of bad company you should beware."

2. Be not hasty to believe flying Reports to the Disparagement of any.

   "Avoid all gossip about anyone
   For you cannot foretell what harm will be done."

3. Shift not yourself in the Sight of others nor Gnaw your nails.

   "Fidget not in company nor gnaw your nails
   For he who does this in society fails."

4. Eat not in the Streets, nor in ye House, out of Season.

   "There's a proper time and a proper place,
   So when in public don't stuff your face."

5. If You Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or Yawn, do it not Loud but Privately and Speak not in your Yawning, but put Your handkerchief or Hand before your face and turn aside.

   "If you cough, yawn, sigh, or sneeze
   Cover your mouth with a Kleenex, please."

6. Let your Discourse with Men of Business be Short and Comprehensive.

   "Make your conversation apt and brief,
   To men of business it brings relief."

7. While you are talking, Point not with your Finger at him of Whom you Discourse nor Approach too near him to whom you talk especially to his face.

   "Point not your finger at friend or foe,
   Practice self control; good breeding show."

8. Think before you Speak, pronounce not imperfectly nor bring out your Words too hastily but orderly and distinctly.

   "Think before you speak and distinctly pronounce—
   Poor articulation one should denounce."

9. In visiting the Sick, do not Presently play the Physician if you be not Knowing therein.

   "In visiting the sick don't prescribe pills,
   It's the doctor's job to diagnose ills."

10. In Company of your Betters be not longer in eating than they are, lay not your Arm but (only your hand upon the table).

    "Sit upright if you are able;
    Lay not your elbows on the table."

11. When you Speak of God or his Attributes, let it be Seriously and with Reverence. Honour and Obey your Natural Parents altho they be poor.

    "Honor your parents and the Deity respect;
    Character above reproach this trait will reflect."

Junior Book Shelf

By Betsy Cole (Grade 10)

UNCERTAIN GLORY

"Uncertain Glory" by Frances C. Krautter is a fiction story based on an incident in the author's life. This novel is the winner of the Compact-Dodd Mead Prize Competition, an annual award given by Compact magazine and Dodd Mead Publishing Company for an outstanding teen-age novel.

While studying in Canada to be an opera singer, Merry Morrison, the daughter of a Washington, D. C., doctor, meets and falls in love with Bruce MacAllister. However she has to face more problems than most young girls. She must decide between an opera career and marriage. How she solves the conflict between her musical ambitions and her personal happiness; how she reacts to applause, glamour, and hard work; and how she adjusts to the tragic loss of her voice—all make a highly convincing and heart-warming story.

SPIES FOR THE BLUE AND GRAY

In Harnett T. Kane's book, "Spies for the Blue and Gray," he gives a zestful narrative of civilian spying during the Civil War. These spies changed the whole course of the Civil War. They became intimate with the highest officials of both the Union and Confederate armies.

They were a mixed and sometimes churlish group, these spies—a glittering and illustrous assortment, but they were also human. Their band included all types: Washington hostesses who charmed secrets out of lovesick Cabinet members; actresses who traveled all over the country, working their wiles on all soldiers in view; men who dressed in women's skirts and wore black faces; young girls who pretended to be men and dug up bodies at night. All in all, these spies make modern spies look colorless.

As is Harnett T. Kane's way, the women come first. They often did spying that men would not dare to risk, and got away with it. They outspied the men many times and proved again, as Mr. Kane says, that "the female is not only the deadlier of the sexes, but also the livelier."

THE RAINS WILL COME

"The Rain Will Come," by Florence Crannell Means, is a powerful and moving story of a disaster which overcame a whole village, and of the courageous struggle of the one boy who felt it was his responsibility.

Lohman lived in the famous Hopi village of Walpi with his gifted and fun-loving family. Life for the Hopi was never easy, but here was always plenty of vitality and clowning until the year of the great drought, when the corn stopped growing. Lohman watched his family grow thin and lifeless from lack of food and wondered . . . could he have offended the gods?

Prayer and ritual dances to the gods brought no rain and Lohman's guilt lay heavy upon him, destined as he was to succeed his uncle as high priest. Finally Lohman decided to give life to his village, though he could do this only by public confession of his sins.

This powerful, moving story is written with courage, understanding, and a dramatic intensity that will touch the hearts of all readers.

SIXTH GRADE LIMERICKS

(All Original, We Hope)

By Sharon Jacobson

I met a man at the fair
Who wore a look of despair.
I asked him why.
He said, "My, my!"
And stuck his nose in the air.

By Fulton Collins

There was an old man named Dundee.
"I'll fly to the moon," said he.
So he bought a rocket
That would fit in his pocket—
Oh, where, oh, where is Dundee?

By Donnie Feagin

There was an old lady of Dimble
Who wanted a pretty gold thimble.
She said, "I want gold!"
But, "No," she was told,
"We only sell those to the nimble!"

By Penny Beach

There was a young lady from Venice
Who liked very much to play tennis.
She never has won,
'Cause she weighs a ton,
That fat young lady from Venice.

By Nancy Daniel

There was a man who ate some crust.
He ate so much he almost bust.
The crust grew small,
The man grew tall,
Until he vanished into dust.

By Chris Stowell

One night in a bright blue sea
Were adventurers numbering three.
One had some money,
And one was quite funny,
And the other was poor little me.

A SNOWBALL FIGHT

By Tom McInerney (Grade 5)

There's nothing like,
A snowball fight,
But how you need,
A lot of might!

Once I was in
A snowball fight,
And boy! was I caught
In a terrible plight!

But I'd better end
The snowball fight,
Or I won't finish
This poem tonight!

GREEKS INVADE HOLLAND HALL

On the evening of January 28 the stage of Holland Hall was filled with the revelry of Dryads, Naiads, Oreads, and elves, singing and dancing as the story of the Greek myth, "The Golden Apple," was unfolded. In authentic Grecian costumes the gods and goddesses of Mt. Olympus made merry at the wedding of the sea nymph, Thetis and Peleus, grandson of Jupiter, king of the gods. The Golden Apple of Discord was thrown on to the stage by Eris to be given to the fairest goddess among those assembled. After much rivalry, it was given to Venus, and all ended in harmony and peace.

Those participating were the students of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. The cast of sixty-seven seemed to enjoy the operetta as much as admiring friends and relatives. This was the second of a series of four operettas being presented this year by the music department under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Ross.

Miss Josephine Beattie was in charge of costumes, Mrs. Margaret Kaboth taught the dances, Mrs. Billie Kiker was dramatic coach, and Della Jane Dunkin played the piano accompaniments. The production was an outstanding success.

BOWLING INTEREST AROUSED AT HOLLAND HALL

The more athletically inclined girls at Holland Hall are starting a bowling league of their own. They are headed by the girls' gym teacher, Mrs. Margaret Kaboth, who is an avid bowler herself.

The group consists of fifteen girls from the eighth through the twelfth grades. They meet every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, this being a time when most of the alleys are empty, much to the comfort of the beginners.

The seniors have decided to meet every Saturday afternoon also, to get a little more practice and to get pointers from some of Tulsa's better bowlers.

SAKAWAS ARE VICTORIOUS

The Soccer tournament began with a kick Monday, January 24. That game ended with a score of 0-0. In the second game, the Sakawas won 2-0. The third game, played January 27 with a score of 2-0, gave the tournament victory to the Sakawas.

EIGHTH GRADERS VISIT NATCHEZ

Eager to learn more about the Old South, members of Mr. Jack Davenport's social studies class journeyed to Natchez, Mississippi, for a five-day visit.

They left Tulsa in two cars Wednesday morning, February 2, accompanied by Mrs. Eliza Bennett Heavey, Principal of Holland Hall, and Jack Davenport. They visited many beautiful antebellum homes in Natchez, among which were Rosalie, Hope Farm, Long Wood, Dunleith, and Stanton Hall, where they stayed two nights.

Saturday morning the group left for historic Vicksburg, where they spent the day revelling in past history.

Sunday evening found the girls back in Tulsa happy and tired, but much better informed. Those who made the trip, in addition to the two chaperones, were Vikki Cole, Lucy Diggs, Mary Eckel, Leslie Holmes, Dana Jones, Linda Mole, Elizabeth Mulford, Julie Russell, and Carol Seidenbach.

ASSEMBLIES

The Reverend Mr. Edwin Hoover, Assistant Rector at the Trinity Episcopal Church conducted chapel service January 5. Clever stories made Reverend Hoover's talk entertaining as well as educational and spiritual.

Mr. Victor Hurt, President of the Southwestern Art Association, and Mrs. Joan Nordling, Acting Art Director of Philbrook, appeared as our speakers on January 11. Mr. Hurt explained the Art Association, while Mrs. Nordling told many interesting sidelights about procedures at Philbrook. Paintings enhanced the program.

On January 13, Miss Billie Sigafoo, the Youth Director of the First Presbyterian Church, was our guest speaker on assembly. She gave us a discriminating view of the lives of various Bible characters including Bathsheba, Thomas, Mary, and an unknown woman. Her talk was in the first person as though the character were talking to us, giving a realistic touch which all enjoyed.

The Assembly on January 17 was given by Sayama Tokeo, of Japan. Mr. Tokeo, a principal of a high school in Japan, told us many of their customs in schools, and of their manner of dressing, among other things. He ended his talk with some songs in Japanese.

At the student assembly of February 8, Mr. Ben Henneke, Professor of Speech at the University of Tulsa, was the guest speaker. From his recent book entitled "Reading Aloud," which he has compiled and edited as a college textbook Professor Henneke read several entertaining selections and gave insight into the characters of some of our present day authors.

The chapel service of Wednesday, February 9, was directed by Reverend Mr. Horace Hooten, pastor of the Yale Avenue Presbyterian Church. The theme of Reverend Hooten's inspiring talk was taken from the parable of the clean house and revolved around the so-called "lost generation."

CITIZEN OF THE SECOND QUARTER

By vote of the Student Council, Malissa Billingslea, a member of the ninth grade, was chosen best citizen for the second quarter. This honor is given to the girl who shows herself to be most thoughtful and considerate in her daily contacts.

CONVENTION BOUND

Holland Hall's Headmistress, Mrs. Eliza Bennett Heavey is planning to attend two national conventions. The first will be the annual meeting of the National Associaion of Principals of Schools for Girls. This meeting will take place in Washington, D. C., on February twenty-eight through March second.

A meeting of the Secondary Education Board will be held in New York on March third, fourth, and fifth. In addition to attending the conventions, Mrs. Heavey plans to visit and observe schools in both Washington and New York. She plans to visit "National Cathedral" and "Potomac" schools in Washington and the Beardley School in New York.

VALENTINE QUEEN

Each year the student body chooses a girl from the Senior class to be their Valentine Queen. This year Penny Wolaver was selected.

Penny presided attractively over the annual Valentine Dance held in the school auditorium Friday evening, February 11. Her attendants were Kay Stover and Mariellen Smith.

Alumnae

Ronda Russell, '50, Editor

THEN AND NOW:

Home from college between semesters were Linda Donovan, '54; Pat Flint, '53; Jeanne and Jackie Warren, '51 and '53; and Louise Curran, '51.

Seen cheering for the Golden Hurricane basketball team at the fairgrounds pavillion were Suzanne Lindsay, '52; Ann Stewart, '50; Jane McKinney, '51; Marie Dickason, '52; Cadijah Helmerich, '52; and Martha Canterbury, '52.

Joan Newton, '49, arrived in Tulsa several weeks ago to make her home here. Glad to have you back, Joan.

Pat Delaney Snider (Mrs. William S. Snider), '50, will be in Tulsa soon for the wedding of Joan Wetzel, '50. Pat is now living in New York.

Seen modeling at the March of Dimes fashion show were Margery Mayo Feagin (Mrs. Don Feagin), '33, and Marilyn Vinson Grant (Mrs. Charles Grant), '45.

Many Holland Hall alums were seen dancing to the wonderful music of Jan Garber's orchestra at the Junior League Winter Wonderland Ball. Some of those looking very lovely were Julie Flint Smith (Mrs. Walter D. Smith, Jr.), '48; Joan Kennedy, '43; Sue Sullivan Hall (Mrs. Raymond Hall); Marcia Berkey Crews (Mrs. Ira Crews), '41; and Tish Moran, '48.

Seen skiing between semesters at Aspen was Cadijah Helmerich, '52.

Suzanne and Janet Voth, '51 and '53, were hostesses at a lovely Christmas open house. Holland Hall grads seen there were Betty Harts, '45; Jackie and Jeanne Warren, '53 and '51; Jo Hackett, '53; Pat Flint, '53; Norma Wolfe, '54; and Louise Curran, '51.

WEDDINGS:

On December 28, 1954, in a candlelight ceremony in the First Presbyterian Church in Miami, Oklahoma, Barbara Ruth Fullerton, '50, was married to Mr. John Taylor Fields, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Eugene Fields of Tulsa. Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clyde Fullerton, Jr., of Miami. Betty Lou Wagoner Russell (Mrs. John G. Russell), '50, was a bridesmaid for her cousin. Following their wedding trip they will live in Norman, Oklahoma, where Mr. Fields will continue his studies in the Law School at the University.

On December 4, 1954, in the First Presbyterian Church in Miami, Oklahoma, Miss Patricia Ann Chestnut, '48, was married to Mr. T. Jack Foster, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Jack Foster, Norman, Oklahoma. Pat is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wylie G. Chestnut of Miami. Betty Lou Wagoner Russell (Mrs. John G. Russell), '50, was matron of honor and Miss Joan Newton, '49, and Jean Newton Tate (Mrs. Joseph Tate), '47, were bridesmaids. Following the wedding trip, they will make their home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel A. Wolfe announce the marriage of their daughter, Anne, '53, to Mr. Otto Verch of Tucson, Arizona.

ENGAGEMENTS:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newton Wetzel of Bixby announce the engagement of their daughter, Joan, '50, to Mr. Lee Vincent Sneed, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Vincent Sneed of Oklahoma City. The wedding will be an event of February 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Voth, Tulsa, announce the engagement of their daughter, Suzanne Gilbert, '53, to Mr. Richard Ralph Dillenbeck, son of Mrs. Walter Ditzler, Dallas, Texas, and the late Ralph Dillenbeck. A definite date for the wedding will be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Bumsted, Kansas City, Missouri, formerly of Tulsa, announce the engagement of their daughter, Emily Lucy Pattee, '52, to Mr. Joseph J. Neuner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald J. Neuner of Kansas City. The wedding will take place in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Carter announce the engagement of their daughter, Priscilla Jane, ex-'51, to Mr. Doyle White Cotton, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Doyle White Cotton of Enid, Oklahoma. The wedding will be an event of February 19th.

NEW ADDRESSES:

Barbara Fullerton Fields (Mrs. John Taylor Fields), '50, 529 Sooner Drive, Parkview Apartments, Apartment B, Norman Oklahoma.

Miss Joan Newton, '49, 1712 South St. Louis, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A MOUNTAIN MOVES (from page 13)

"But, Mother, please."

Mother was on her way upstairs when Patsy heard her firmly say, "Not tonight." About that time the telephone rang. "I'll get it, Patsy," her mother called.

From the other end of the line came the words, "Hello. This is Dr. Wood from the church. I'm calling to find out if Patsy can come to our party tonight."

"No, I'm sorry, Dr. Wood, but it is too cold and the doctor gave strict orders not to subject her to the cold. We are very sorry that she can't come."

"We're sorry too, but give her my regards and wish her a happy Valentine."

"Patsy, that was Dr. Wood calling to know if you could come tonight. I told him why you couldn't go, and he understood. He sent his best regards. Now settle down and read your new book you got for a valentine."

While reading, Patsy fell asleep, but she did not sleep long for soon she was awakened by the doorbell, and she heard her mother say, "Do come in. How nice of you to bring your party here. You boys take the pop into the den, and you girls take the food, please. Dr. Wood, how can I thank you?"

His reply came promptly, "Oh, it was the children's idea. I was only too glad to do it, and I knew Patsy would be glad."

Much later, after her friends had left and the house was again quiet, Patsy, her face radiant, looked up at her mother and exclaimed, "This evening reminds me of the old saying, 'If Mohammed won't come to the mountain, then the mountain will have to come to Mohammed.'"

A FEW LESS FAMILIAR QUOTES FROM A SAGE, ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS BIRTHDAY

With educated people, I suppose, punctuation is a matter of rule; with me it is a matter of feeling. But I must say I have great respect for the semicolon; it's a useful little chap.

Bad promises are better broken than kept.

Leave nothing for tomorrow which can be done today. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping, do all the labor pertaining to it which can then be done.

Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.

Be careful to give no offense and keep cool under all circumstances.

A capacity and taste for reading gives access to whatever has been discovered by others. It is the key, or one of the keys, to the already solved problems. And not only so; it gives a relish and facility for successfully pursuing the unsolved ones.

Others have been made fools of by girls, but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself.

Truth is generally the best vindication against slander.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

We, the American people——, find ourselves in the peaceful possession of the fairest portion of the earth as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of those fundamental blessings.

The Almighty has his own purposes.

Constituted as man is, he has positive need of occasional recreation; and whatever can give him this, associated with virtue and advantage and free from vice and disadvantage, is a positive good.

WINNERS IN SENIOR BABY PICTURE CONTEST!

FIRST PLACE

Jean Campbell

SECOND PLACE

Joann Fenton

THIRD PLACE

Penny Meadows

MANHART, MILLISON & BEEBE

Petroleum Exploration
Consultants
Domestic and Foreign

Jenkins Building
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

VALENTINE GREETINGS

FROM

Fields of Tulsa

▼

Downtown and Utica Square

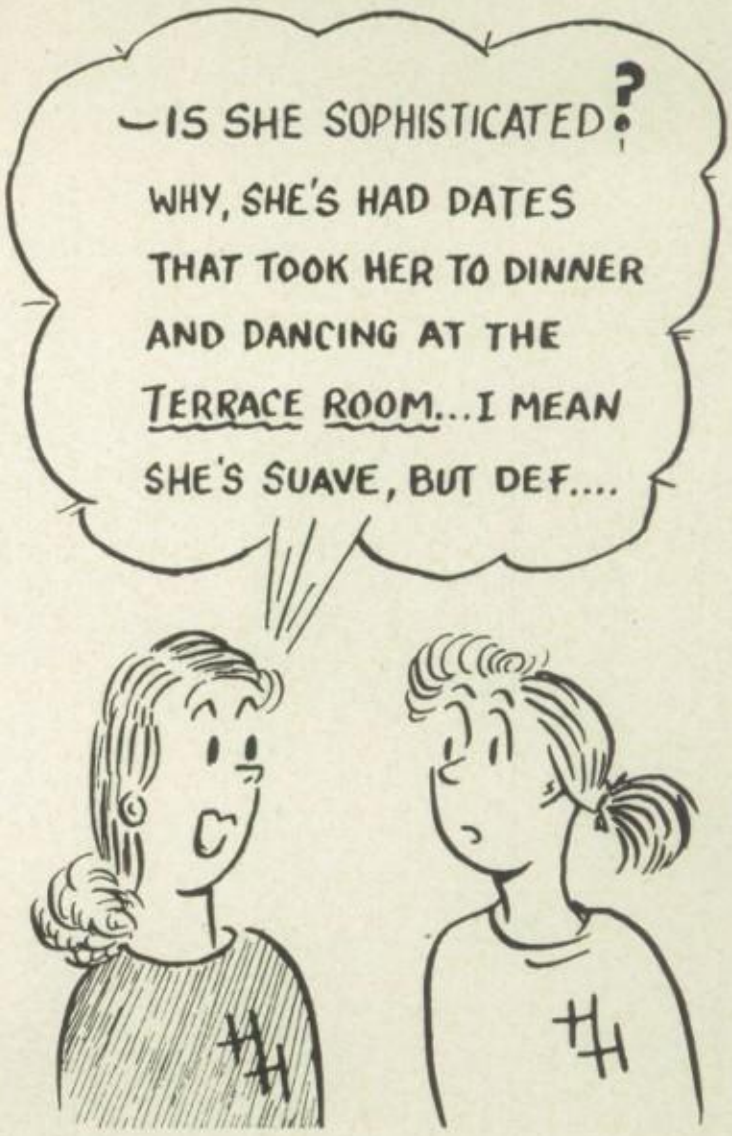
MICHAELIS CAFETERIA

PARTICULAR FOOD FOR
PARTICULAR PEOPLE

▼

507 South Boulder Avenue

Tulsa, Oklahoma



VALENTINE
GREETINGS

FROM

ABERDEEN PETROLEUM CORP.

Seidenbach's

. . . . . has a glamorous selection of gifts to please your favorite Valentine.

HOME OFFICE TULSA, OKLAHOMA

COMMONWEALTH

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Commonwealth Life Insurance Company was established in Tulsa in 1940—it is an Old Line, Legal Reserve Company. Commonwealth protection embraces many classifications including all forms of—

Life . . . Group . . . Retirement . . . Mortgage Cancellation . . . Credit Life . . . Accident and Health . . . Savings Plans . . . Hospitalization Plus Polio and Cancer.

Joe R. Jarboe,
President and
Chairman of the Board

E. A. Berghuis,
Vice-President and
Agency Director

FOR ALL THE

DOLLS AT HOLLAND HALL THE

CUTEST FASHIONS IN TOWN

ARE FROM

Hazel Cox Casuals
and TEEN SPORTSHOP

1908 Utica Square Tulsa, Oklahoma

COMPLIMENTS

OF

SUE AND DALE MOODY

Bright Students

Know it pays to SAVE Regularly

AT THE

BRIGHT side of Banking in TULSA

Brookside STATE BANK

33RD AND PEORIA • MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Compliments of

MR. AND MRS. J. NEWMAN

Compliments of

NADEL & GUSSMAN

Valentine Greetings From

THE

STANDARD INSURANCE COMPANY

TULSA, OKLA.

— Home Office —
823 South Detroit
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Phone 2-2251

"Bring Your Insurance Up To Standard"

Ben Voth, President

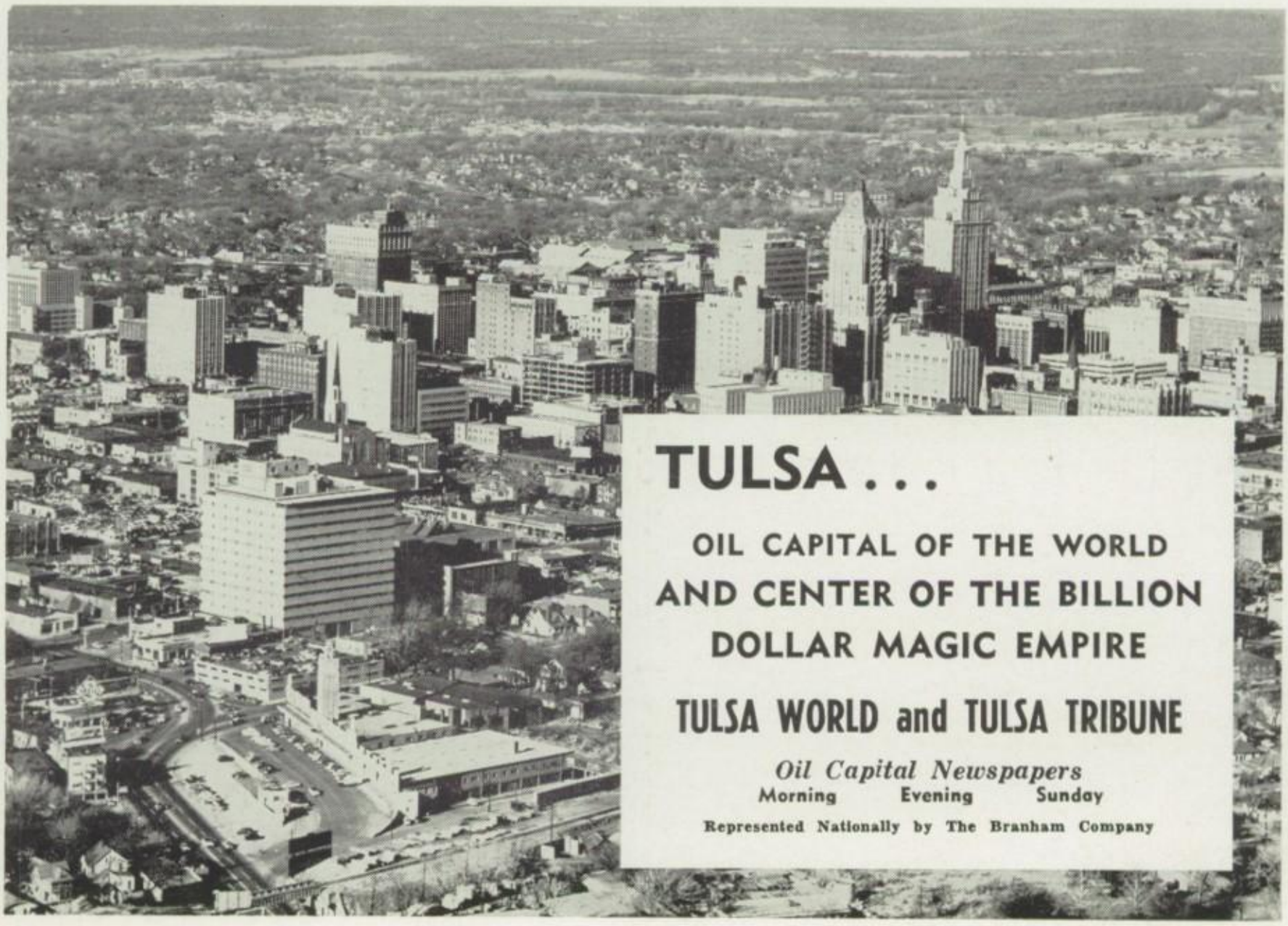
C. L. Wright, Vice-Pres. Lewis Lacy, Sec'y

VALENTINE

GREETINGS

FROM

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK


TULSA . . .
OIL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD
AND CENTER OF THE BILLION
DOLLAR MAGIC EMPIRE
TULSA WORLD and TULSA TRIBUNE
Oil Capital Newspapers
Morning Evening Sunday
Represented Nationally by The Branham Company

Valentine Greetings

to the

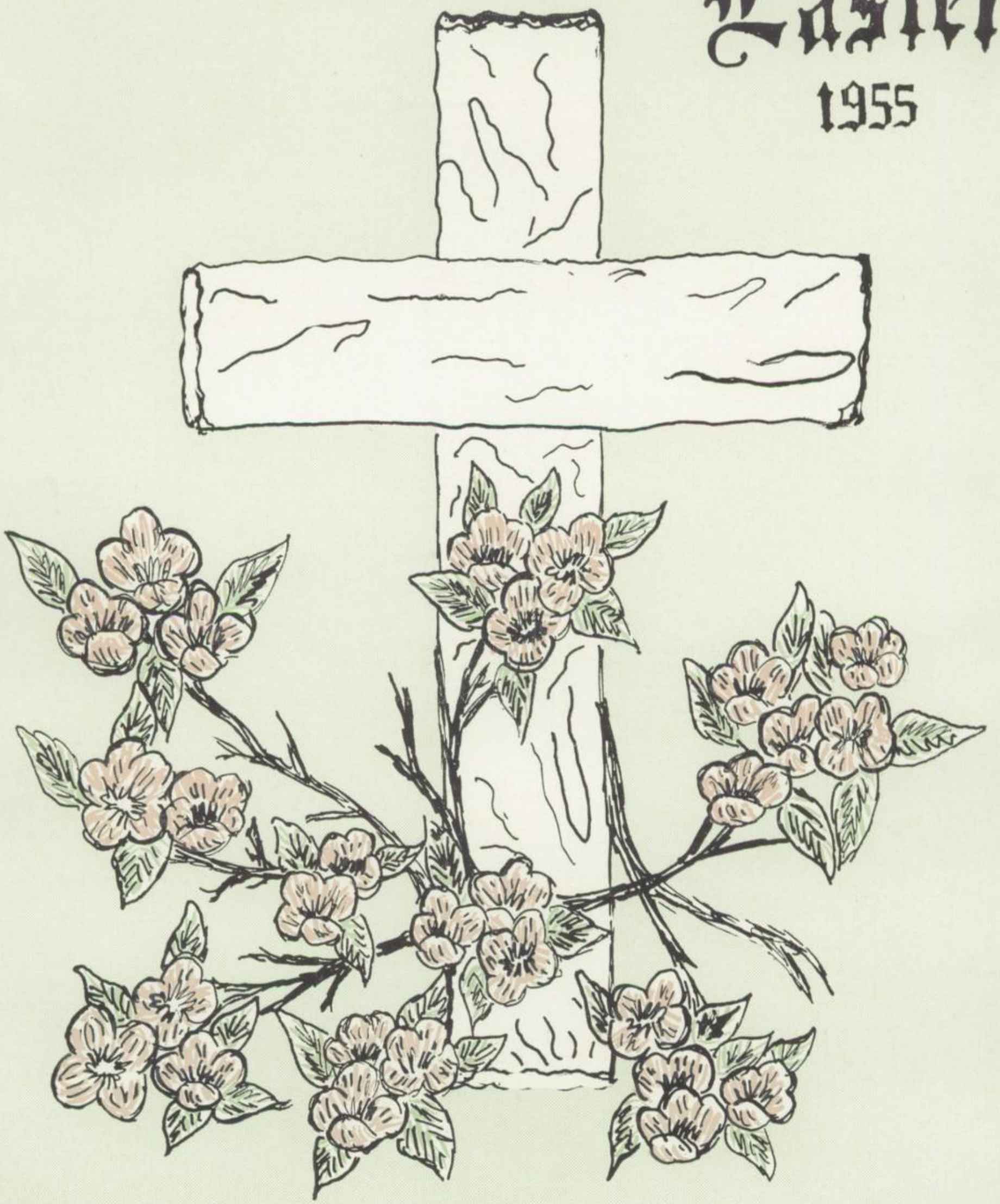
Faculty and Students of

Holland Hall

TULSA PRINTING COMPANY

Easter

1955



Miss Holland Hall

Easter-time, Bunny Rabbit-time . . . all the joy and gayety of the new spring season . . . our best wishes to you for just that!

TULSA PRINTING COMPANY

514 South Detroit

Dial 2-6808

For Fine Printing

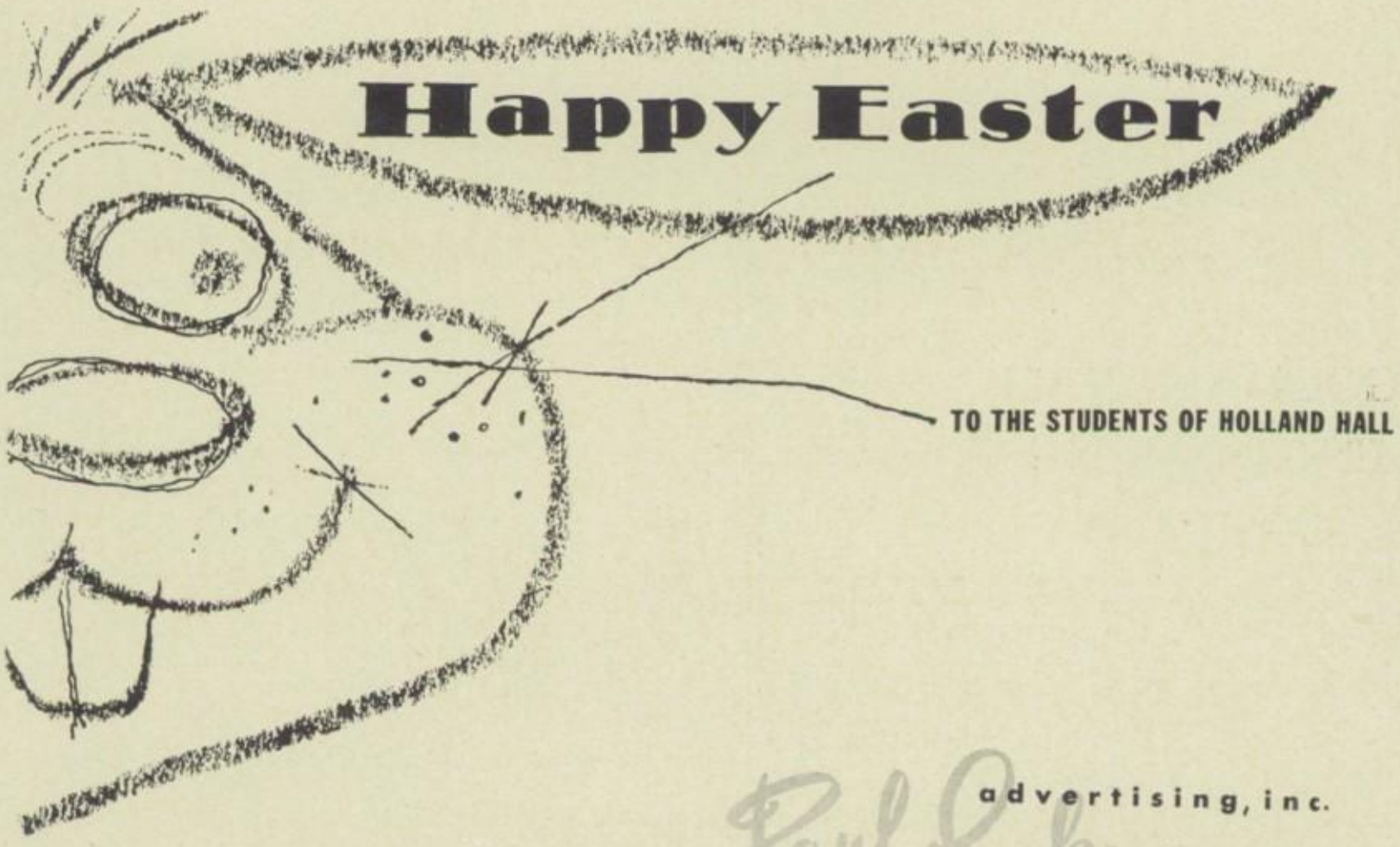
IF IT'S WORTH BUYING

IT'S WORTH SEEING . . .

Liberty Glass Company

SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA

MANUFACTURERS OF RETURNABLE GLASS CONTAINERS



Paul Locke advertising, inc.

216 WEST FOURTH
TULSA 3, OKLAHOMA

serving a select group of quality-minded advertisers.

MANHART,
MILLISON
& BEEBE

Petroleum Exploration
Consultants
Domestic and Foreign

Jenkins Building
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

IVERSON'S

1650 East 21st, Tulsa

▼

EXCLUSIVE APPAREL

FURS — GIFTS

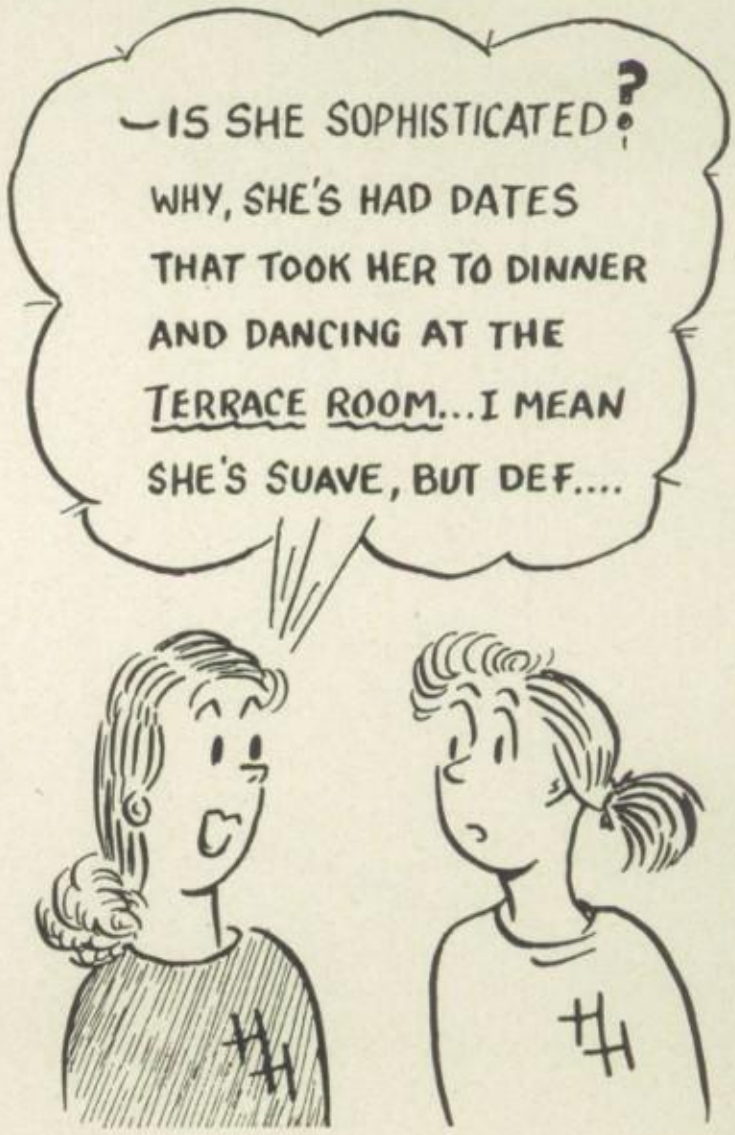
ACCESSORIES

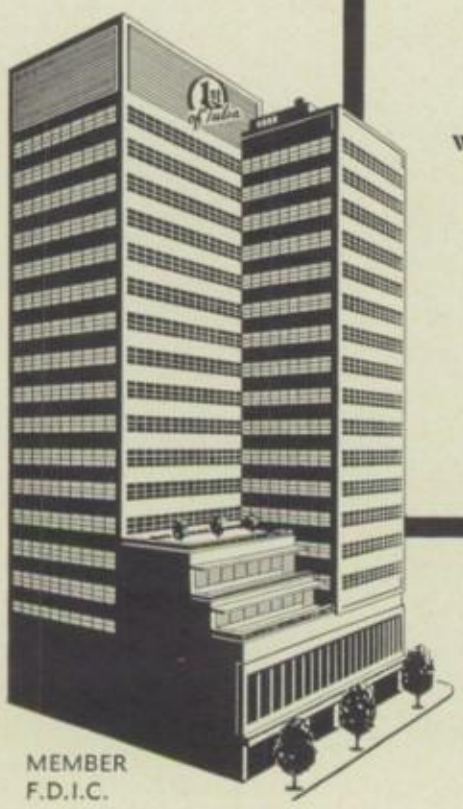
▼

Telephone 3-5811

Compliments of

GOODNER VAN
ENGINEERING
COMPANY





MEMBER
F.D.I.C.

Breathes there a girl ① with soul so dead

Who never to herself has said ②

"If part of my money I'll keep well nursed ③

It's there when I need it! VIOLA! *Think* ④ . . . *FIRST!*

① A young lady of Holland Hall, we mean. ② Among other things, of course. ③ Saved regularly, that is. ④ SAVINGS DEPARTMENT IS IN THE MAIN LOBBY — 5TH AND BOSTON.

FIRST
NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST CO.

1st of Tulsa
SINCE 1895

FOR THE BEST IN PORTRAITS

BOB McCORMACK
STUDIO

1722 South Boston

Phone 4-2628

Brown-Dunkin

TULSA'S DOMINANT DEPARTMENT STORE • FOURTH & MAIN • DIAL 2-7101

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

Miss Nancy Meadows will surely be the belle of the spring ball in her lilac formal . . . the full skirt is made of tiers and tiers of lace ruffles and the bodice of nylon net with matching stole. With her formal Nancy wears silver mesh evening shoes.

Dress $29.98 from the Tulsa-Hi-Shop, 4th Floor, Main Building
Shoes by Fercraft $14.95 from the shoe salon, mezzanine main building.

COMPLIMENTS
OF

ZEPHYR DRILLING CORPORATION

▼

First National Building

ZANDBERGEN'S

For Fine Quality

PLANTS — BULBS — CUT FLOWERS

Importers and Growers
of Choice Flower Bulbs
Since 1930

▼

ZANDBERGEN'S BULB FARMS

4616 So. Peoria Phone 7-5502

COVER GIRL

Mary Ellen Slemaker

Mary Ellen Slemaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Slemaker, 3132 South Victor Avenue, is the designer of the attractive MISS HOLLAND HALL cover for the Easter issue. Mary Ellen is a member of the seventh grade.

The contest was open to the pupils of grades five through twelve. Mary Ellen's design won over the eighteen other entries.

Miss Holland Hall

APRIL • 1955

Volume XII Number 3

Published by the students, prepared by the publications class, and mailed to sponsors, patrons, alumnae, and friends of Holland Hall. Publications Office, 2640 South Birmingham Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

THE STAFF

Ann Maness, Editor
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Mary Jo Kellough, Associate Editor
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Jean Campbell, Editor of HEAVE-HO

Kay Stover, Editor of EIGHT ACRES

Jill Kreager, Associate Editor
of EIGHT ACRES

Ann Winters, Advertising Manager
of MISS HOLLAND HALL

Faith Blocksom, Advertising Manager
of EIGHT ACRES

Mary MacKay ..... Sports Editor

Jill Kreager ..... News Editor

Jenny Alcott
Gretchen Barnes
Betsy Cole
Joann Fenton
Nancy Meadows
Barbara Potter
Mariellen Smith
Joanne Williams
Pat Wright
} Publications Staff

Lulu B. Beckington,
Faculty Sponsor of Publications

Josephine Beattie ..... Art Consultant

Eliza Bennett Heavey,
Headmistress of Holland Hall

Perspective

By Ann Maness, Editor

An old man whose life has been spent helping young people was asked what one trait of character he would most wish his young friends to acquire. Without hesitation he answered, "Perspective—the ability to see beyond their noses—to choose the important over the trivial."

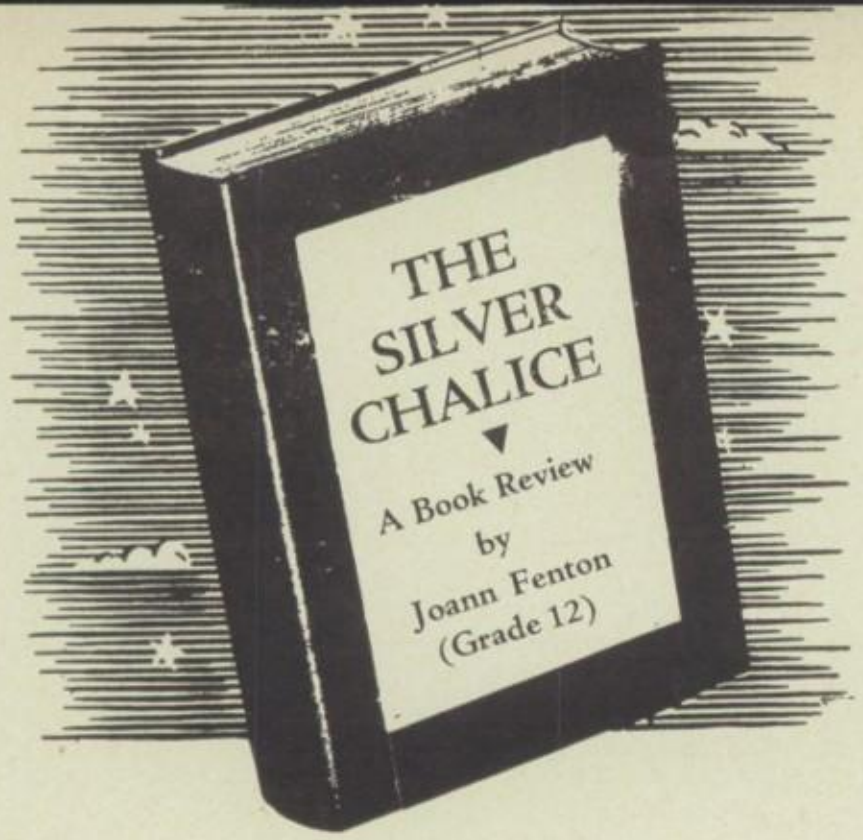
We all need to learn to view our lives in the proper perspective. Too often we become so engrossed in a small portion of life that we see only that part. A high school student who believes that popularity is the only important thing in her life will miss the more vital things. Any person who follows one ideal to the exclusion of all other things runs the risk of choosing a false god, unless he is able to see life in the right perspective.

While few people sit down and say, "I want to be famous," or "wealthy," or "happy," every person decides for herself the goals she will seek. Although we may think we have evaded decision by letting haphazard fate govern our lives, every one of us has a responsibility to life which we cannot escape. Therefore, by our day-to-day living we are choosing and following our life ambitions.

Choosing by chance is dangerous, because we see only the part of life which is most important at a particular moment. No artist can paint a picture in the true perspective while he is part of the scene; he must get away and view the scene from a distance. Perhaps it is also true that we must get a "long view" of life, must "get away," at least mentally, to see life in its proper perspective. It is certain that we need to decide definitely which goals and codes will rule our lives.

Obviously, to decide the course of our whole life in a day or a week is an impossible task. We have as a basis for our decision certain standards which we generally accept, at least in theory. The Ten Commandments; the codes of integrity and honor; and especially Christ's teachings of forgiveness, mercy, turning the other cheek, going the second mile, and letting nothing come between us and God—all these things we have revered from our youth.

But we must do more than calmly admit that these teachings are best. We must apply them to our lives, choosing our goals and building our lives with them as the foundation. We must not be afraid to live our convictions. If we do this, we shall not miss important goals and choose trivial ones. We shall see life in its proper perspective.



"The Silver Chalice" is the widely discussed novel of Thomas Costain who has written several other famous books, including "The Black Rose," "High Towers," and "The White and the Gold."

In "The Silver Chalice," Costain has endeavored to present to his readers a vivid picture of the underlying events and prevailing sentiments which followed the death of Christ. To accomplish this difficult task the author has created a plot which concerns an imaginative course of the Silver Chalice, the cup from which Christ and His disciples drank at the Last Supper.

Theron, a seller of pens, sold to Ignatius, the richest man in Antioch, his youngest son, Basil, a boy of ten. Ignatius legally adopted Basil as his son and encouraged the boy to make use of his talent for sculture. Unfortunately, two days after Basil's seventeenth birthday, Ignatius died and his younger brother, Linus, bribed the court magistrate and Hiram of Silenus, one of the two surviving witnesses of the adoption ceremony, to declare that Basil had been sold to Ignatius as a slave and had not been adopted as his son. As a result, Linus received all of his brother's immense fortune, and Basil was sold to a silversmith and his avaricious wife.

For two years Basil lived in a wretched environment. One evening a Christian, an old man called Luke the Physician, came to the house of the silversmith and purchased the document which gave Basil his freedom. Luke explained to the boy that he had been commissioned by the wealthy merchant, Joseph of Arimathea, to seek the services of an outstanding artificer in silver. He wished to have made a lifelike image of himself to present to his fifteen-year-old daughter, Deborra. Basil was pleased with the opportunity to go to Jerusalem, for it had been rumored that Kester of Zanthus, the other existing witness of his adoption ceremony, had moved there.

During the days that Basil spent in modeling the bust of Joseph of Arimathea, a close friendship developed between Basil and Joseph's granddaughter, Deborra. From her Basil learned that everyone in Joseph's house with the exception of Aaron, Deborra's father and Joseph's only son, was a Christian. Basil also discovered that the apostle of Jesus often came to Joseph for counsel and financial assistance.

One day in the presence of Paul (the great disciple of Christ), Luke, Deborra, and Basil, Joseph disclosed a treasure which had come into his possession and which he had kept concealed for several years. This treasure was a small and unembellished drinking cup, ovoid in shape and made of silver. It was sacred to four of those present at the unveiling, for this was the Cup from which Jesus drank and then passed to His disciples at the Last Supper.

To Basil was entrusted the task of designing and creating an open framework of silver for the Cup. This framework was to contain the figures of the most outstanding of Jesus' disciples.

At this time, Basil learned that he would have to travel to various cities in order to model the likenesses of the selected apostles. Matthew and Mark were in Antioch; John was in Ephesus; and Peter, in Rome. Basil was especially eager to begin his work, for he had learned that Kester of Zanthus had moved from Jerusalem to Rome.

Because of an unfortunate incident, Basil was forced to hide in a warehouse which belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, who lay dying from a sudden heart attack. In his room in the warehouse Basil was troubled with dreams. One evening, unnoticed, he slipped out to see Simon the Magician who claimed to be able to drive away evil spirits. Basil recognized Simon's beautiful assistant, Helena, as a woman who had once been a slave in his father's house. Basil found himself strongly attracted to Helena and he promised to meet her in Rome, where she and Simon were to perform for Nero.

Aaron, Joseph's son, learned that his father planned to give a large portion of his wealth which he kept in Anioch to Deborra at his death. Aaron planned to sail immediately to Antioch after his father's death to claim the money on the grounds that he was Deborra's guardian and was therefore in charge of all her affairs. In order to help Deborra foil this plan of her father, Basil agreed to marry her in form only, for he had confessed that he was not sure about his feelings toward Helena. Deborra and Basil were secretly wedded and with the help of Luke and Joseph's caravan leader, were able to reach Antioch before Aaron. Deborra took the Cup with her, concealing it in a white satin sheet where it took the place of her wedding cup.

There was a new magistrate in the court of Antioch who was an honest man and an ex-slave. During the trial Aaron's lawyer vehemently argued that Deborra's husband was an ex-slave, who according to the law, could not assume the authority of the head of a family. To everyone's amazement, the magistrate retorted that less than an hour before another court had reinstated Basil as a citizen of Rome. Deborra won her case.

Leaving Deborra in Antioch, Basil went to Rome. Here he searched for Peter and Kester of Zanthus. He found the latter first and procured from him a statement which declared that Basil had been legally adopted. At this time, Basil also went to see Helena. He discovered that he no longer cared for her.

Soon after his arrival in Rome, Basil was sent for by Nero, who had learned of his great talent. Here he made several busts of the Emperor. Unfortunately Basil angered Helena when he refused her attentions and she reported to Nero that he was a Christian. Basil did not deny this accusation, for he had finally become a Believer. With the aid of Christians in the palace he escaped the wrath of Nero and found Peter.

Back in Antioch, Basil finished the Chalice which was placed on display for the Christians there. Here again Basil was involved in a court proceeding. Finally he established legally that he had been the adopted son of Ignatius. However, Linus had so squandered his brother's fortune that there was now nothing left to salvage. Depression weighed heavily on Basil not only because the loss of his inheritance but also because of the discovery that the Chalice had been stolen.

In 'The Silver Chalice" the author has succeeded in presenting an excellent interpretation of the struggles which occurred from the days of early Christianity to the time of the firm establishment of that religion.

Fiction

WHICH?

By Faith Blocksom (Grade 11)

A hot noonday sun blazed above the small midwestern town. Its heat was almost insufferable in the houses which lined Elm Street. The street was inappropriately named since the only elms along it were straggling and leafless as they stood as if in military ranks along the paving, as an army standing at attention. The newly built homes, erected hurriedly to house the ever-growing population, were distinguished one from another by an occasional window-box or an almost saucily painted trim to relieve the monotony.

One window-box of wilting geraniums was being watered. Ella Richardson finished the process with a small prayer that it would help the poor things to survive the long summer drought. She carefully put the watering-can back in the neatly kept garage and returned to the house. To her this was the best part of the day. She had finished the routine household chores that morning, and it wasn't yet time to prepare dinner.

As she sat in the multi-colored armchair, she half listened to the ordinary sounds of the street. She could hear the murmur of the tanned children at the playground trying to keep cool in the lukewarm water of the wading pool. An occasional car honked a greeting to a neighboring house. A baby's cry brought Ella back from the drowsy half-slumber into which she had fallen. She began to recall her past life.

She was back again at the university, sauntering down the shaded walk in the springtime with a group of chattering friends. Her dark skin and black hair were highlighted to perfection by the simple white cotton dress she wore. She had become so interested in the latest gossip that she hadn't seen the tall, blond boy coming toward her. Soon they collided, upsetting the numerous books she had been carrying. He had been very apologetic as he helped her pick them up. While he walked with her back to her dorm, she learned that his name was Harry Richardson, that he lived in a small town not far from the university, and that he would like to see her again sometime; in fact as soon as Saturday night. She had accepted, not worrying too much about it; no harm could come from one or two dates, she had rationalized.

As time passed, she had seen and dated him almost exclusively. When the time had come for him to be graduated, he had asked her to marry him.

"I won't be making a lot of money, but there will be enough to live comfortably and to support any little ones that may come," he had told her.

"There never can be any babies," she had said flatly.

"But why not?" he had questioned.

"There never can," she announced with finality. Don't ever ask me about it again."

When she had told her brother Gabe that she planned to be married to Harry, she didn't know whether he would approve or not.

"Why on earth did you ever get involved with him in the first place?" had been his first reprimand after he had recovered from the initial shock.

"Well, I didn't realize it would turn into this. And I really do love him, really I do," she had said, a little defensively. She had scrutinized her brother then, very carefully. His thin, now unusually troubled countenance, his coloring so similar to hers, his lithe, graceful figure, all were so familiar to her.

She had gone on, "Just think of the wider opportunities that would be yours. No one knows except Mother, you and I. No one need know——."

"Don't expect me to be a part of this. If you want to do it, all right, but don't drag me down with you."

"Why, of course, you'll have to do likewise. Everyone knows that you're my brother and if you don't, the secret will be out of the bag."

So the conversation had gone. Her alternating pleadings and threats finally broke down his resistance. With much reluctance he had agreed.

But for Gabe it hadn't worked. He was uneasy and always hounded by the fear that someone would find out and he would be ruined. He hadn't any right to complain, Ella thought. He had a nice store in one of the better sections of town which was doing land-office business. Why should he gripe?

The clock struck two. Time for shopping, Ella thought. As she slowly rose from her chair, she pushed any doubts concerning her marriage from her mind, and again fell into the daily routine.

* * *

That particular day the sun also shone hotly down on a small shack in southern Texas. A large woman was sitting at the lone table in the one-room dwelling, studying a document of imposing formality. Her brown skin glistened in the sunlight.

The paper was a lease for her land. As she read on, she realized what this meant. Oil, black gold, had been discovered on her land! The same land which had yielded little more than enough to support herself and her children, the issue of her misguided youth.

Her eyes misted as she continued reading. The wealth she had done without for so long was now here, but it was too late. She knew it—she was dying. Maybe, she thought, it might help her children. It was hard for her to believe that they were grown up and away from her. She had tried to do her best in rearing them. She had even sent them to a college "up north." She suddenly realized that she was tired, terribly tired. "Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow and can go to town," she thought. "I'll rest for awhile."

The next day the sun shone down, as unmercifully as it had for so many days. The old woman dressed herself in a faded calico and started for town.

Her first stop was at the dim, musty office of the notary public. Behind an old-fashioned roll-top desk, she found an old man squinting in the flood of sunlight that the open door let in.

(Continued on page 24)

THE DECISION

By Elizabeth Mulford (Grade 8)

He walked slowly, his feet dragging in the dust, his heart heavy. He didn't want to do it. He wanted to escape, but he couldn't. The bargain was made; he must go through with it. The money was in his hand. Money. What was money? Was all the money in the world worth the task he must do? It was no use; the promise must be kept.

His thoughts continued in this same pattern until he reached a long building, ascended the rickety stairs, and entered a great room. The room was simply furnished with a long table and several benches. Around the table sat his companions who greeted him cordially. This, he knew, would be the last time they would be together.

All during the meal his promise haunted him. He knew it was wrong. But he had promised. Toward the end of the meal he rose, made some feeble excuse, and left the room, leaving behind him extremely worried faces. One of them knew where he was going and what he was going to do. Soon the whole world would know.

The night air was hot. His legs felt like lead. But he knew he must make haste or he would be late.

Why had he made this promise? He had done it in a moment of weakness. Oh, how he wished he hadn't!

Several minutes later he arrived at the appointed place where many soldiers stood ready and waiting. He gave them the details of their mission, then led them to a quiet spot in a garden not far from where he and his friends had had supper.

As a group of men appeared silhouetted in the twilight, his heart pounded, and his face grew white.

Suddenly, he sprang forward, embracing one man whom the soldiers immediately arrested. There! He had done his task.

Instantly he wanted to run. He didn't know where he would go but he had to run! Get away—he must get away! He turned and fled.

After running for what seemed like miles, he threw himself exhausted on a grassy hillside. Then, horror stricken, he realized what he had done. He alone had done it. He knew that there was only one thing for him to do now. He hurried to find a rope.

Several minutes elapsed before he returned with the dreaded object sought. Glancing hastily about, he spied a tall fig tree. This was perfectly suited for his purpose. Quickly he climbed until he reached the first branch. Over this branch he tied a rope. The other end he tied around his neck. Then he jumped.

Later that night two men passed by the same tree. One asked his friend, "Who is that man? Is he the one?"

"Yes, he is Judas. He betrayed Jesus, the Son of God."

JUST A RED ROSE

By Barbara Bungart (Grade 9)

Being a youth director of fifteen boys isn't an easy job and it seems it's always on nights like this, cold and blustering, that I'm needed at the church. Every Friday night the boys go for choir practice and dinner afterwards. I have to go along to see that the church is in one piece when they leave. They are all very nice boys, but a little too rambunctious. I had made up my mind that I wouldn't go this evening, but, as the clock struck 7:30, I put on my coat and found myself headed for choir practice.

When I came to the church I saw on the steps what seemed to be a bundle of clothes for our church drive. But, as I got closer to the door, I realized that it wasn't a bag of clothes at all, but a small boy. He was pressed tightly against the door as if, attempting to bring the warmth from the inside out to warm him. I bent down and asked, "Why don't you go inside?"

"Me? Oh, no! T-they don't take to the l-likes o-of me i-in a p-place like this." he chattered.

Without a reply, I firmly took his hand and led him into the hall. There in the light, I saw a skinny, mud-streaked, cold little boy. I took off my coat and put it over his dirty, tattered clothes. Beneath all that mud there was something besides freckles shining forth; it was the biggest smile you've ever seen.

Then I led him into the room where choir practice was being held. He slid into the seat and sat with his hands folded, listening anxiously.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Mike," was all he replied.

I knew he was hungry, so I decided that he could eat with the boys when they finished their rehearsal. The boys liked him immediately and treated him as if he had always been in their group. They even gave him extra desserts.

After they had all gone and I was slipping on my coat, Mike came up to me and asked me if it would be all right if he came to church from then on. Naturally, I told him we should be glad to have him. I offered to take him home, but he said he had gotten there on foot and he could get back.

I really didn't think that Mike was serious about coming to church, but I had a surprise in store. That Sunday, surely enough, there he was waiting at the door for me. He came every Friday and every Sunday, always eager to help. Those grubby little hands could go through a job faster than I've ever seen, whether it was passing out hymnals or watering the flowers. The boys really liked Mike. He was their pal. Each time he left, his clothes were a little neater, his face a little cleaner, and he still had that big, constant smile.

Then, one Friday Mike didn't come. I didn't think much about it until he didn't come that Sunday nor the following Friday. The boys and I became worried. I went to see the pastor and asked him if he knew where Mike lived. He said all he knew was that Mike was a newspaper boy. He didn't even know whether he had a family, much less where he lived.

I went to the part of town where I thought Mike might live, determined to find him. I asked many persons I saw if they knew Mike, the newsboy. "Yes, about so high with freckles, sandy hair and a big smile. No? Well, thanks anyway." This went on for a good two hours and I was just about to give up when I saw an old man sitting on the curb. I went up and asked my questions without even expecting a relpy. To my surprise, the apparent derelick replied, "Yep, I know Mike. Fine boy. Never been taught them letters but he can spell his own name. Too bad he ain't got no family."

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

"He lives anywhere, lady. Backyards, benches, under trees, anywhere. He ain't got no home. Too bad that accident he had."

"What accident?" I asked with my heart pounding.

"Oh, he got hit by a truck Tuesday—I think it was. Yep, shore is a pity.'

I rushed home and called all the hospitals, asking over and over if they had a small boy who was injured in an accident Tuesday! "No? Well, thank you." As fate would have it, the last hospital recognized Mike's description.

I went immediately to see him. As I walked down the long corridor, I peered in at open doors but couldn't find him.

(Continued on page 12)

Fiction

THE SYMBOL OF PURITY

By Judy McDonald (Grade 8)

The legend of the beautiful white lilies that have become a symbol of Easter is both tender and expressive of the purity of God.

Before Jesus came to this earth, the lilies were small flowers that grew close to the sod. They were trampled upon by the feet of weary travelers, brave soldiers, and fleet messengers. They were sometimes gathered by shepherds that went to Bethlehem to see the Christ Child and carried these small flowers with them for a gift.

Desiring desperately to be tall, slender, and graceful, these blossoms prayed to be more beautiful and visible to the world.

Each morning all the lilies in certain spots would join leaves and try to stretch their stems so that they would be long and slender. This procedure, however, was of no avail. The lonesome but lovely lilies still were crushed to the ground.

They began to pray regularly, morning, noon, and night, that they would be able to sway in the breeze and be useful to everyone.

As Jesus traveled from town to town, He sometimes stooped and picked a lily. Once as He did so He remarked that it was a shame that so lovely a flower was so seldom noticed. These blossoms seemed to follow Him wherever He went. They were always there to comfort Him when He was tired and upset. They sensed that He was the Son of God and realized that He could make their desire come true.

Even when Jesus was on the Cross, the small blossoms entwined themselves around it and tried to reach Him so that He could have one look at beauty before He died. As He gazed down from the cross, He saw his small friends that had comforted Him and that had always been about, struggling to reach Him. He smiled down upon them and prayed to His Father to let them have long, beautiful stems.

As everyone knows, three days after Christ was placed on the cross He arose from the tomb. On this glorious morning the lilies were determined to try once more to become tall and graceful. When their leaves met, as if by magic each lily arose gently, stately, tall. Rejoicing, they swayed rhythmically in the soft breeze.

This is the reason that the lilies which arose on the same day as Christ are now a symbol of Easter.

A COLLIE

By Robin Flint (Grade 4)

I am a big Collie dog, tan, yellow, and white. I belong to a little boy named Jeff Lock. My name is Lassie. When the wind blows, it tickles the hair on my back. I can't get cold since I have such long hair. When I go walking early at night, I can smell suppers cooking. They smell good. Then I go home, eat my dinner, and sit by the hot fire. It feels good.

When I go out with Jeff in the afternoon, it's warm. Jeff doesn't even wear a coat. Sometimes I get to go downtown with Jeff. He puts a collar on me. I love to ride in the car. When the window is open, I put my head out of it. I love to feel the wind on me. It's so cool and fresh! Sometimes I get to go to a farm in the country where there is a border collie. A border collie is a black collie that herds sheep.

It's fun to be a collie, I think.

JIMMIE'S TALE

By Patricia Brown (Grade 7)

All the animals in Black Tree Forest were preening for Easter; that is, all but Jimmie Jr. Rabbit. Jimmie was the only animal that didn't have a tail, and a tail is surely an essential part of every animal's wardrobe. What was he going to do?

The Parade was only one day away. Ever since the big poster advertising the parade had been put up, Jimmy had been wondering how he could win the big, super, giant washing machine for his mother. All his friends declared he was handsome enough, and certainly he had plenty of talent. The only thing that was ruining his chances was the fact that he had no tail.

This made Jimmie perfectly miserable. His mother needed that washing machine. It was up to him to win it. Maybe he wouldn't feel so bad if he weren't the oldest bunny in the family. But he keenly felt a responsibility as all eldest children do.

He finally decided that he would ask his friends. Surely Olivia Owl could think up something. But when Jimmie went to ask her for an idea, her only suggesion was to paint a tail on. Jimmie thanked her politely. However, he knew that idea wouldn't work.

Next, he decided to ask Josephine Jay. Josephine offered to lend him some of her old feathers to use as a tail. But Jimmie decided that wouldn't work so well either. Josephine's next suggestion was to ask Fenton Fox. This idea Jimmie thought to be a good one. He hurriedly hopped over to Fenton's. Fenton was not at home but Jimmy knew where to find him. He was sure to be over talking to Francis Fox. Surely enough Fenton was there. When Jimmie had explained the situation and asked Fenton for an idea, he told Jimmy to tie a hairbrush on his back. After Jimmie had thanked Fenton, he returned home to try Fenton's idea, but the hairbrush wouldn't stay on.

On his way to the grocery store late that very same afternoon, Jimmie had a wonderful idea. He could hardly wait to see if it would work. On his return from the grocer's, he told his mother that he would be out very late that night. Then Jimmie raced over to Brad Beaver's as fast as he could. When he asked Brad if he could borrow some cotton from the cotton patch, Brad said, "yes." Then Jimmie rushed over to the pine grove and scooped out some sticky pine pitch. Next he applied some of it to the fluff of cotton. Then he gently pressed the sticky cotton on his back where a tail is supposed to be, and then sat fast to the ground.

While Jimmie was waiting for his new "tail" to stick, Minerva Mouse happened along. She tried to get Jimmie to tell her what he was doing but all Jimmie would say to her was that she would see tomorrow at the Big Easter Parade.

After the parade was over, the judging for the best looking, and the most talented animal began. As Jimmie came by the judge's stand, all the animals gasped. Jimmie had a tail. Of course, it wasn't a very big one, but it was a tail.

As all tales must have an end, so does this one. Jimmie won the contest and, needless to say, his mother got her long-needed washing machine.

THE EASTER BUNNY

By Linda Richards (Grade 3)

An Easter bunny will bring me eggs,
And he'll come jumping on nice long legs.
I'll dye Easter eggs on Saturday night,
Then Sunday, I'll hunt eggs gay and bright.

Fiction

"THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO"

By Nancy March (Grade 9)

The sky was dark over the outline of the hill. Here and there through the blue-black horizon were vivid streaks of color which seemed to add even more violence to the horror and sin being committed on the top of one small hill.

A noiseless wind, softly swerving, sent an air of waiting and expectancy over the hushed people below. Some were there with bowed heads and on their knees, cringing in fear. Others stood defiant and unafraid in the face of this strange and horrible happening. But of all these people, there was no one who could quite grasp the meaning of this unprecedented event.

Silhouetted against the sky were three men, different except for one likeness. They were nailed to a cross. The two on the sides were dead, but the one in the middle still lived—the one who was the strongest, yet the kindest and purest of face and heart—the one whose lips still moved and whose head was bowed.

It was for this man the people on their knees wept silently in their hearts and died a little with him, as his life slowly ebbed away to a place far beyond. It was for this man that some stood defiantly and silently mocked and ridiculed him. For this was the crucifixion of a man who was the founder of a new faith. This man was Jesus, Son of God, Jesus, Healer of the sick, strength of the strong, saver of the soul—Jesus, Savior of mankind.

As he had been put upon the cross, cries of pain and horror came from the people on their knees. It was as if they themselves were having the nails driven into their own bodies.

And now as the death of Jesus drew near, the wind which had once been soft drew itself up to a height and told of the coming storm. The sky grew darker and darker, as an occasional cry of anguish was heard from one of the people among the throng. As the storm drew close, some of the men, who had stood so sure and who had mocked and ridiculed this man, found themselves on their knees paying homage to the straight and pure figure nailed to the tall cross.

Suddenly the storm broke in terrifying fury and people began weeping aloud their lament to the sky or to whoever might hear. Then as lightning flashed to the ground and thunder rolled in the heavens proclaiming the wrath of the Lord, Jesus raised his bowed head, his voice ringing clearly over the crowd's cries as he prayed aloud: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Then the head of Jesus bowed for the last time.

THE ANT'S MISSION

By Robin Flint (Grade 4)

Once in Nature land a spring rose was born. It was a new kind of rose. It had stripes on it. A little ant was sent to tell the queen of roses about this new kind of rose.

The ant went very, very slowly, for he had a sore foot. He asked a turtle for a ride, but the turtle was too slow, too. Then the ant asked a fly for a ride, but the ant was too heavy for the fly to carry.

"Oh, dear," said the ant, "I will never get there to tell the queen."

But soon a blue bird came along. The ant asked him for a ride. The bird flew the ant to the queen's palace. The queen was so happy that she had a big party. Everyone come.

GOD'S BOOK

By Margaret Billingslea (Grade 9)

The sound of tramping, weary feet could be heard in the calm stillness of morning. The outlines of tired and troubled men could be seen hazily through the mist. These indifferent men, plodding on and on, were soldiers, soldiers who had found no rest in many months; men who had given up hoping for it.

It was Easter day, but the hearts of these men were not filled with thoughts of God. Some of them weren't even thinking. They were just moving their feet, tired, blistered feet that carried them only into danger and death. In other parts of the world at this time one could see people on their way to church and there would be no weariness in their step. They would be walking toward the house of the God they worshipped, not just walking on and on through a dismal world with no thought except of the pain and weariness in their limbs. The protected people might well be praying for the salvation of their protectors.

The sun broke through and shone down on the soldiers as they moved forward to their unknown destination. The thoughts of these men varied. Some thought of the pain in their feet as they marched and marched; others thought of home and all that home meant. Uppermost in many of their minds, though, was the recent killing of other men that they had taken part in. Feeling as they did about this, they thought they had no right to accept God or anything He could do for them.

Suddenly the men halted as they heard a voice, clear but excited. Some soldier was reading words that were more comforting than any that they had heard for a long time. They were words that had been spoken long ago by the Son of God. The soldier was reading from the Bible.

As he read, the men listened, and their weariness left them. As he read, their guilt left them. There was so much to understand. As the reading continued, they began to see God's plan. God was understanding. He was the Maker of man, and the deeds of man were for Him to judge.

Suddenly the reader began a prayer, and as the strong voices of the fighting men joined in, the sun seemed to shine brighter and the world seemed full of goodness, goodness to fight for; goodness to kill for. They were soldiers and the soldier's job, although filled with death, was a great job. Peace and happiness for all the world would not be a goal that God would condemn.

The soldiers had fallen to their knees but as the prayer ended, they rose. Their shoulders squared, as their hearts were filled with a new Easter meaning.

THE LOST EASTER BUNNY

By Belinda Bates (Grade 3)

Once there was a little boy named Jack who wanted a bunny very much. So one day his mother and father got him one. Then it got lost, so Jack looked and looked for it, but he could not find the bunny.

On Easter Sunday Jack went to the window and looked out. In a little box he saw a bunny that looked very much like the one that had run away. He named it Easter. Jack was happy with Easter for a very long time.

Fiction

THE NEIGHBOR'S COUSIN

By Barbara Potter (Grade 11)

For several days, my friend and neighbor, Louise Hale, talked about her cousin, Judy Henry, who, she said, was going to visit her from another state. Louise told me that she had grown up with Judy and was eagerly looking forward to seeing her again. She asked me if I would like to meet her cousin when she arrived, and I said yes. I looked forward to the meeting, since Judy praised her cousin so highly.

Finally, one afternoon a few weeks ago, Louise telephoned me to tell me that Judy had arrived and that she would like to have me over for a cup of coffee. I was busy at the time with housework, but I stopped working and changed into one of my nattiest gowns.

When I walked into Louise's living room, I got one of the greatest shocks of my life. First of all, Louise's cousin was very flashily dressed—quite different from the conservative and becoming way Louise dressed. She wore a tight-fitting red blouse and a spangled black skirt. Her hair looked like straw, and I am rather sure it was bleached. Second, she sat slumped in her chair in a very unladylike manner, a cigarette dangling from her mouth. She looked like a barmaid. It was hard to believe that this undignified woman was Louise's cousin. Louise is a quiet, refined person, every inch a lady.

While we were having our coffee and cake, Louise and her cousin Judy talked, and I sat in bewildered silence. I could not understand why Louise acted as if there were nothing strange about Judy's appearance and behavior. However, I finally came to the conclusion that Louise was embarrassed, and was doing a good job of concealing her feelings. I felt not only embarrassed, but strangely sorry for her.

Of course, I tried to be polite and not stare, but I knew amazement and disapproval showed on my face. I sat tongue-tied and terribly uncomfortable. Poor Louise, I thought. Imagine having that woman as your cousin. Finally I said that I had to prepare supper and excused myself.

As I put on my coat, I said good-bye to Judy, telling her I had enjoyed talking to her, and that I should love to have her visit our home before she left. Secretly I hoped that she wouldn't come.

I started to leave and got as far as the back door when I heard shouts of laughter from the living room. Louise came running after me, grabbed my arm, and led me back into the living room. There, much to my surprise, was Louise's husband, Bob, with a wig and gloves in his hand. After they stopped laughing, they told me that Bob was practicing for a costume party he was going to attend that evening.

Needless to say, everyone talked for weeks after about the trick that was played on me.

A STREET

By Karen Hamilton (Grade 4)

I am a street. I feel the cars go over me. A deep rumbly sound comes from a distance. I see a truck coming my way. He passes over me. Suddenly I hear a siren. A firetruck rushes over me. I hear it say "Hi" to me as it rushes on. I think about the truck, the cars, and the firetruck. I smell gas. A small car comes putt, putt, putt down the other street. It stops on me. We talk together, he in his little putt, putt, putt voice, and me in my deep gravelly voice.

Soon he leaves. I am alone. It is night. Cars go silently by. Down in the sewer I hear the crickets. Then I go to sleep. I am tired. I have had a busy day.

JUST A ROSE

(Continued from page 9)

Then I heard a small, weak voice call my name, and surely enough, there was Mike. His arm and leg were in a cast and he was covered with bruises and bandages. He tried feebly to cling to my neck with his one good arm, crying, "I knew you would find me, I just knew you would." When I told the boys I had found Mike, they hurried to see him.

About a week later, when I paid my daily visit to Mike, he didn't greet me with his usual smile. Instead, he turned away as I approached, and his eyes were filled with tears. In his hand was a red rose. He turned to me, tears streaming down his cheeks and asked, "Ain't it beautiful?"

"Why, yes, Mike, it's very pretty."

"And look who it's from," he said as he held out a card.

On it was written in large plain letters: "To Mike, from the Christ Child."

I found out that that afternoon the pastor had sent it to Mike.

That Sunday the pastor wasn't his usual self. He stuttered and repeated himself. Then in the middle of his talk he stopped and said, "I have something to tell you much more important than my sermon." He picked up an old, wilted rose and a card on which was written in large badly spelled letters this note:

"Dear Paster,

Jimmy, the boy next to me is real sik. Don't you tell him 'cause he don't no he aint gona liv long. I want you to giv him his rose an on it say: "From the Christ Child." It ain't much, I no, but it's all I got.

Your Pal,

Mike."

Then the pastor looked up and said, "This red rose is the only beautiful thing this small boy has ever had. He loved it and yet he was willing to give the only thing he had in the world for a friend who is dying. Just a red rose, something we all take for granted and yet it meant everything to this boy. We nver shall realize how fortunate we are."

As I left the church, my eyes filled with tears. I was so proud of Mike!

This is a true story, the story of a wilted red rose, but Mike loved that rose more than anything in the world. To us it was just a rose, but to Mike that rose was God.

THE TABLES WERE TURNED

By Sarah Butler (Grade 4)

Things do not always turn out as we plan. Sometimes we fool ourselves instead of the other fellow, as Billy did.

One day at school Billy decided to play a trick on Betty by drawing funny pictures in her spelling book. First he quietly changed spelling books with her when she was not looking. Before he could start drawing, the recess bell rang. Betty came back to the room first after recess and saw that she had Billy's book. So she changed spelling books with Billy.

Billy came in from playing and drew large funny pictures in the book on his desk. He thought this was a very good joke until he saw this written inside the front cover, "This Book Belongs to Billy."

AMATEUR DETECTIVE

By Gretchen Barnes (Grade 9)

Betty Long crept downstairs in her pajamas at one o'clock in the morning. She had heard a noise in the kitchen and decided to investigate. She tiptoed through the living room and reached for the knob on the door leading into the kitchen, when she heard a loud crash. Betty, in just a few bounds, was back through the living room, through the hall, up the stairs, in bed, and under the covers when she finally gave a scream that woke up practically everyone in the neighborhood.

Well, naturally the nosey neighbors were poking their heads through doors and windows in a matter of seconds, all inquisitively asking who screamed and what they screamed about. Betty, her mother, and father were at the top of the stairs, all trying to answer questions at the same time. Betty's parents, bewildered and tired, just gave up and returned to bed. Betty, much embarrassed about the whole thing, told the neighbors that her mother had had a bad dream and woke up screaming. She then invited them, in a polite way, to leave.

In the morning, bright and early, Betty was down at the town's sport shop buying every kind of detective equipment she could lay her hands on, to carry out her plan in catching the burglars, if they came back a second time. She could see in her mind's eye in bold print on the front page of the newspaper—

BETTY LONG CAPTURES BURGLARS

That evening Betty laid her traps. She had powder sprinkled around the kitchen floor, so that when the burglars came they would leave the imprint of their shoes in the powder. She rigged up a machine so that, if anyone opened the kitchen door, he would have a bucket full of water on his head.

That night again Betty thought that she heard a noise in the kitchen. She slipped downstairs, but, upon reaching the kitchen door, she almost lost her nerve and started the mad race upstairs again. She got control of herself, however, and with a mighty lurch opened the kitchen door. The first thing that happened was the descent of a bucket of ice cold water on her head and the second was a slip on the powder which threw her flat on her face. When Betty finally rose, she flicked on the light and glanced about the room. Her eye fell on a bewildered and dazed little mouse that was too scared to run.

She froze in her tracks for a minute and then turned away, mumbling something about doing away with herself in the morning.

FIFI'S NEW HOME

By Louise Gish (Grade 9)

Once there was a little poodle. Now, she wasn't an ordinary poodle by any means. She was a French poodle—and a white one too. She was very small, and for everyday she wore a blue ribbon around her neck, but for Sunday she wore a pink jeweled collar and a flower pinned in her soft, curly fur on the top of her head. Now, this poodle's name was Fifi, and Fifi had a very special bed in which she slept, and stayed most of the day. It was small and round, with a blue velvet pillow, and it was Fifi's prized possession.

As you have probably already guessed, Fifi belonged to a very wealthy family, and most French poodles would have loved being powdered every day and lounging around a three-story mansion, but not Fifi! How she wanted to be free, to romp outdoors all day, to come in dead tired at night, and to plop down on her—well, let's face it, on her bed. Fifi would not give up her beloved bed for all the freedom in the world. She would lie awake nights thinking of foolproof ways to escape her three-story prison. Finally she had an idea. The next night she would escape!

Every night the back door was left slightly ajar so that the servants could come and go easily. Well, this was used as her escape hatch that night. Luckily Fifi's bed was light weight, but she still had difficulty in pushing it across the floor, down the back steps, and across the never-ending lawn. Finally she was pushing her beloved bed down the sidewalk to some free and happy home. Fifi pulled and pushed her bed about nine or ten blocks before she saw it. She knew that the imposing house on the corner would be her home! With one final heave the bed was plumped down in front of a heavy oak door, and an exhausted but happy Fifi sank down on her beloved velvet pillow.

Later she heard voices; voices of children and she was elated. They were saying, "Oh, Mommy, look what the Easter Bunny brought us." Fifi was now being lifted gently out of her bed. She had heard of Easter before; she had, however, known only one in her short life. She loved this present one, and had never before been so happy in her whole luxurious life. She fell asleep in the arms of her new master that night.

THE EASTER BUNNY

By Malissa Billingslea (Grade 9)

Do you believe in the Easter Bunny? I do, and if you had really met him, as I have, I'm sure you would too. Though it was several years ago when I last saw him, I can still remember him, hopping around in his pink-striped suit and yellow bow tie.

The particular time I saw him was a few days before Easter. I was walking around in the back yard, and I sat down under a tree with my doll, for a few minutes. The next thing I knew, I was staring a fat, white, bunny straight in the face. We both were rather shocked at the sudden encounter, and just sat and stared at each other for a while. Just as I had about made up my mind to leave, the rabbit adjusted his yellow bow tie and smiled. This was the strangest sight I had ever seen. Imagine watching a rabbit smile.

I was more surprised when he asked me to visit his work shop and help get things ready for Easter day. I agreed and we started off on the way to his home, a hole, which was very large, with many differently colored rooms. These rooms all had glass doors, with blue, red, yellow, purple and green colored slats on them. On these slats were the names of the rabbits who ran the departments. Inside the rooms were giant vats for coloring and boiling the eggs. All the most modern inventions were to be found here also. An egg-making machine, an egg-boiling machine, an egg-dying machine were among the curiosities. I had time for only a brief glance at everything, for the Easter Bunny had a rush order of 500 eggs to get out by Sunday.

The next thing I knew I found myself sitting under the tree, rubbing my eyes and clutching a bright blue Easter egg.

HOME OFFICE TULSA, OKLAHOMA

COMMONWEALTH

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Commonwealth Life Insurance Company was established in Tulsa in 1940—it is an Old Line, Legal Reserve Company. Commonwealth protection embraces many classifications including all forms of—

Life . . . Group . . . Retirement . . . Mortgage Cancellation . . . Credit Life . . . Accident and Health . . . Savings Plans . . . Hospitalization Plus Polio and Cancer.

Joe R. Jarboe,
President and
Chairman of the Board

E. A. Berghuis,
Vice-President and
Agency Director

EASTER GREETINGS

FROM

Fields
of Tulsa

▼

Downtown and Utica Square

HEAVE-HO

VOLUME XII, NO. 3 HOLLAND HALL, TULSA, OKLAHOMA APRIL, 1955

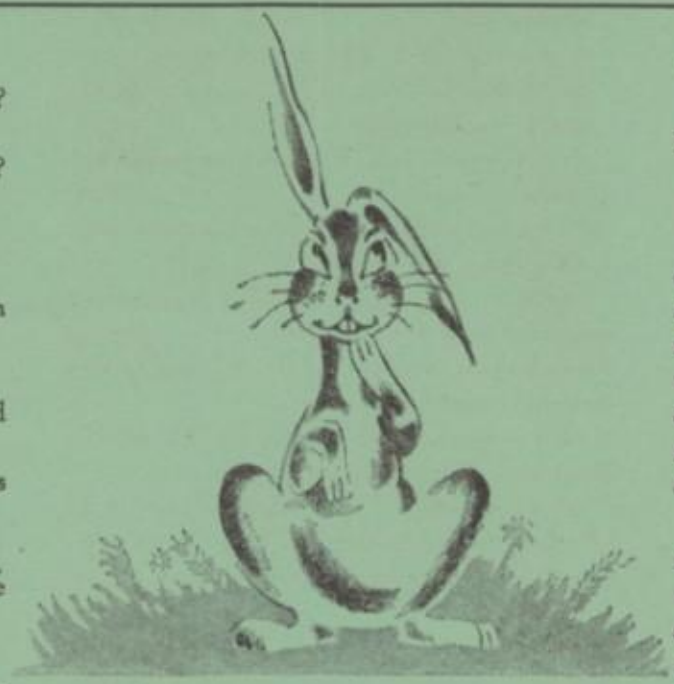
. . . Spring Vacation Relieves Spring Fever Victims . . .

WHO HAS

1. Plastic shoes from Neiman-Marcus?
2. A love for blond streaks?
3. A regular letter from Notre Dame?
4. A car that nobody can start?
5. David do her Algebra problems?
6. A need for lighter fluid?
7. A "Viv" lipstick? (That Revlon look.)
8. Wolaver's missing lamb?
9. Trouble shifting Ned's car around corners?
10. Talent for dropping licorice sticks down people's necks?
11. A little brother who spies on her?
12. A talent for telling stories while slapping her knees?
13. Twenty-four frozen pansy plants?
14. The abiltiy to play a mean accordion?
15. A talent for knocking down king pins?
16. Bowed legs from riding?
17. An avid fan at Cascia?
18. The knowledge that one of Jill's forefathers was bald?
19. A vacuum cleaner that sucks in shorts and shirts?
20. A cute figure and great personality?

ANSWERS TO WHO HAS

1. Little Meadows
2. Take your pick
3. Lucky Eileen
4. Fenton
5. Faith (The truth comes out!)
6. Smith
7. Barbara Jo
8. Probably its mother
9. Who else?
10. Jolene—(still a kid at heart.)
11. Mary Jo—(She should bribe him with Jolene's licorice.)
12. The ol' ham, Judy Pat
13. Yours truly
14. Jenny Contino
15. Adams
16. Senior novices
17. MacKay
18. Miss Moulton
19. Go down to the field house; Mrs. Kabotk cleans everything
20. All H. H. girls!



NOTHING

By Mary Jo Kellough (Grade 11)

There is nothing so inspiring as a pretty day in spring;
There is nothing so delightful as the aroma it may bring;
There is nothing so relaxing as the cool, soft breeze at night,
There is nothing so impressive as a boy flying a kite.

There is nothing so refreshing as an outing in the park;
There is nothing so enjoyable as the song of a young lark;
There is nothing so inviting as a barbecue at home;
And there is nothing quite so corny as this silly little "pome."

Miss Moulton: There are no normal green plants which do not make some kind of food.
Vaylord: I know one.
Miss Moulton: (Very much surprised) What is it?
Vaylord: An Airplane plant—It is painted green and it makes only airplanes!

Penny Wolaver (in Chemistry class, watching an experiment fizzle out): "What's the matter; has the old stuff lost its kick?

SATURDAY SOJOURNS

OR

I USED TO SLEEP UNTIL TWELVE

By Faith Blocksom (Grade 11)

Recently I have been attending an educational lecture series. It wasn't exactly my idea of an enjoyable Saturday morning, but it is amusing if one is able to laugh at one's self. If you are interested in joining this not-so-very-select organization, I will relate my entrance and its effects.

It began on a beautiful Sunday morning as I drove home from church with two of my sisters. Maybe I had been so spiritually uplifted that I could not concentrate on mere earthly matters, such as driving; or I may have been admiring the marquee of the Plaza Theatre (probably the latter), but in any case I was suddenly jolted into reality by a resounding crash! The result was a badly damaged grill and radiator—and a red ticket.

Now, for several years the Tulsa Traffic Department and the Oklahoma Highway Patrol have been conducting a Juvenile Traffic Court and accompanying school. My first contact with these was arranged by the red ticket I mentioned before.

Traffic Court! How terrifying it sounded to me—and it was. I sat in the overcrowded courtroom while my fellow criminals were tried before the judge from a local high school. My turn for prosecution, or was it ("persecution?") finally arrived. Weak-kneed and trembling from head to foot, I approached the bear—I mean the judge. He asked me the facts (just the facts, ma'am) pertaining to my case. In ten minutes I left the courtroom, with traffic school to look forward to for the next twelve Saturdays.

Well, six weeks have passed and so have six sessions. Therefore, I feel qualified to give you an accurate report on the outstanding events of said sessions.

Each Saturday morning class hour begins with a lecture on driving safely and related subjects. Those hour talks are followed by a quiz to test your compre-

(Continued on page 2)

H E A V E - H O

Miss Holland Hall Fun Section

Send all contributions to:
Jean Campbell, Editor
Gretchen Barnes
Mary MacKay
Mariellen Smith
Lulu B. Beckington, Sponsor

HOW TO HOOK HIM

Part III
How To Rekindle a Dying Ember

Have you ever found yourself sprawled on the floor, vaguely translating a Latin sentence, and listening to Joe Knight "tilt" over the newest record by the "Cuddles" and then find that you haven't even heard the title? Oh, blackest of misdemeaners! There can be a variety of reasons for your woebegone state: too many "Late Date" movies watched; a loss of vitamen pills! or maybe just downright laziness. But since this column is not meant to deal with such subjects, I have narrowed the causes down to one. You have lost a boy friend. You no longer have the ring that you wore around your neck (thin neck), and now you are simply lost without that weighty sign of endearment.

"How can I live without him?" you mutter sadly in your root beer. "The world will pass me by; I'll join the Foreign Legion." Daughter, you've got the wrong attitude. If you really want him back, CHARGE!!

Let's review the facts: Some lad whom you've gone with for eons suddenly tells you that he can live without you with ease. Probably he has some other girl panting madly for that ring you are wearing. Would you give up anything else you adore that easily? Never! Now is the time to show your wandering lover just why he took you in the first place.

Step I is to pretend that he isn't worth a plug nickel to you. When he asks for his ring, tear the whole chain right off your neck (this hurts but it's effective) and dash it furiously in his face. He'll think of you as long as he bears the imprint of the class emblem on his nose.

Next you must get back in circulation and show yourself to be available for dates again. If you don't begin immediately, society will think of you as a cooling-her-heels-by-the-fire girl and that would mark you forever. To remedy this situation, it might be wise to run an ad in the paper thus:

WANTED

An eye-opening costume for those Knights dances ..... Fuller
More talent assemblies ..... All
Civil War veteran to give me a personal interview ..... Fenton
A quick and easy formula for doing Geometry ..... Thomas
A certain Russell ..... Potter
People who drink cokes as a steady diet ..... Broke Juniors
A record of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" ..... Soule
Library to subscribe to "Vogue" ..... The Fashioned-minded
Channel Two ..... Kay
Willing subjects ..... Camera bugs
A friend on the Police force ..... The Summoned
Another date with Barbre ..... Haynes
Extension of winter ..... Fur Coat Owners
Another night in front of Lackey's ..... Mary Jo
That new Tarzan to swing on over here ..... The Adventurous
H. H. to buy a few nags ..... The Enthusiasts
Bungardt's enthusiasm on Monday morning ..... The Black-circled
Long hair ..... Iverson
Slower clocks ..... Late Risers
More information for research theme ..... Hair-tearing Seniors
Rachmaninoff's touch ..... Schempf
Steak for lunch ..... Carnivorous Nesbitt
Less of Mary's power ..... Wounded Eighth Graders
Fewer falling stones in garages ..... Meadows
Another talk with Joe Knight ..... Schoenfeld
More movies like "Battle Cry" ..... Fans
A pair of duck tails ..... Harriet
Non-stain blue suede jackets ..... The Soup-spillers
A kilted highlander to guide me around Scotland this summer ..... Adams
More "cool" poems by Mary Moore ..... Cats
Fisher to wait a while for those wedding bells ..... Debbie's Competitors
Explanation why Town Hall group shouldn't eat at "The Green Dragon" ..... Campbell
Explanation of jokes overheard in Biology ..... Second Hour Study Hall
A summer to top 'em all ..... Everyone
Steak for "Bozo" ..... Seay
Honor system ..... "Honest John's"
Winter snow storms to stick to season ..... Frostbitten
Teacher's minds during exams ..... Dunces
A kangaroo to carry books around ..... Heavy-laden
Bullet-proof windshield ..... Meadows
Fewer roller coaster rides ..... Fuller
Quieter bells ..... Those sleeping in class
Lipstick that doesn't come off—anywhere ..... Mary Jo

SO WHAT?

By Susan Chandler (Grade 7)

Hi, I'm looking for an Easter hat!
You understand I can't wear that.
It's brim is narrow;
It's top so flat;
Surely you can see why I can't wear that.

Oh, here's a fascinating style
I think I'll try it—it seems worth while;
But the tag is bears
Erases my smile.
Really will this purchase be worth my while?

As most females would surely say,
"Aw, the heck with what I have to pay!"
So out with the check book.
I feel so gay!
But—I bet I'll live to rue this day!

SATURDAY SOJOURNS

(Continued from page 1)

hension, or attention, as the case may be. If you fail the test, you don't get credit for attending the class, or, if you make a perfect score, you receive double credit. Being one of the four or five girls in the room filled with fifty or sixty boys, I was considered an asset; not for ornamental, but for intellectual purposes. During the test as I wrote my answer, I noticed that the rest of the row would write theirs.

This wasn't confined to me. It seemed as if one did his own paper. For example, one morning when one boy, having had his test graded, found out that he had failed, two rows got up and sedately left the room.

Many painful incidents involving rubber bands and paper wads were left long after class by me. After a few weeks of this, I arrived at the usual time, well-prepared to defend my pride and myself.

This is the lighter side of traffic school. There is also an educational side. I have learned such interesting and useful information as the fact that the first person caught for speeding was arrested in 1901 for going fifteen miles per hour. Another fact that might come in handy someday is the one concerning the first traffic accident. It occurred in 1898 when a man stepped from a street car and was hit by a horseless carriage, traveling the enormous speed of eight miles per hour.

Now, as I close this report, I have five more classes. (I made one hundred on one test and received extra credit). I should appreciate the companionship of anyone who would care to join me. One simple way is to admire the marquee on the Plaze Theatre.

THE ROADRUNNER AND THE FOX

(Taken from an animated cartoon)

By Louise Gish (Grade 9)

The roadrunner is a bird,
As everyone knows,
And a fox is a fox
From head to his toes.

In this sad story
I'm about to relate,
Fox chases bird
And soon meets his fate.

First we see a rope
That's tied to massive rocks,
And at the other end
Is the sly old fox.

Now the rocks, you see,
Are balanced o'er the way
That the roadrunner comes
Day after day.

Here comes the roadrunner.
Crash! go the rocks.
They miss the bird
And hit the fox.

The next thing we see
Is the peaceful old bridge,
Built in the air
From ridge to ridge.

In the middle of the bridge
Are some seeds in a pile,
While under the bridge
Sit fox, saw, and file.

Along comes the bird,
And gobbles the seeds down.
While unknown to the bird,
The fox saws around.

The fox sits waiting
For the bird to fall,
But down come the bridge,
Fox, hills and all!

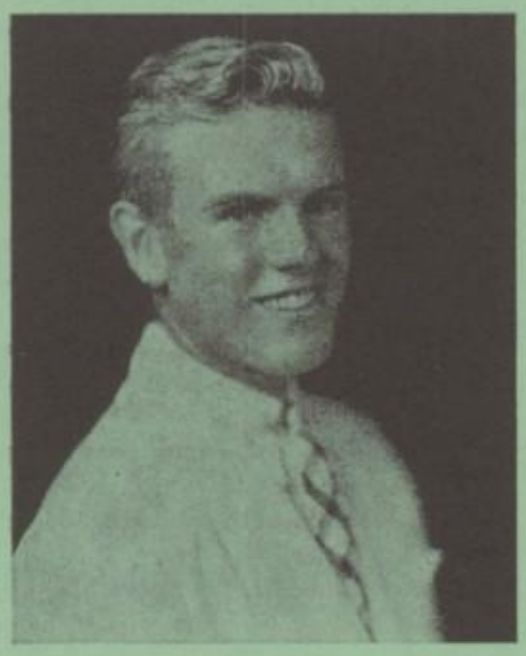
Fox on a motorcycle
In the next scene we see,
Behind a tipping rock
That is next to a "tree."

Along comes the bird,
But zoom! crash! beat!
The fox meets a telephone pole
After three feet!

This is a sad story,
You'll have to agree,
But you would have laughed
If you'd seen it with me.

Our Commencement will be no light affair. Over one thousand pounds of Seniors are being graduated.

"MR. IDEAL HOLLAND HALL" CONTEST



MR. PAUL SOULE

You may have noticed in the past few weeks many Holland Hall girls walking stealthily down the halls with myserious articles tucked under their coats. No, they were not foreign spies seeking for buried uranium beneath our hallowed floors. These girls were entering pictures of their fathers in the "Ideal Mr. Holland Hall" contest. And what a collection of handsome brutes we had too! They ranged in age from Mr. Callahan as a toddler sporting a broad brimmed hat and button shoes to Mr. MacKay as a West Point "plebe" and to Mr. Winters in cap and gown. Also entered were other handsome and distinguished looking devils, Mr. Lackey, Mr. Soule, Mr. Kreager, Mr. Blocksom, (with curly blond hair), Mr. Wright, Mr. Bradford, (a dashing pilot), Mr. Nesbitt, (a young sailor), and Mr. March.

For a long period before the voting, every girl sang the praises of her father, pointing out his terrific physique or big brown eyes. At the election everyone was a bit dumbfounded by the array and also perturbed over the menacing looks from proud daughters who entered. All contestants were judged on looks alone for any other method of judging would have proved much too lengthy.

Finally all ballots were submitted, votes counted and we are proud to announce that the winner is Mr. Paul Soule! The runners up in the contest were Mr. Condon MacKay and Mr. C. H. March. Hearty congratulations to the winners and let's hope that all you girls someday will find someone "just like the boy that married dear old mom."

HOW TO HOOK HIM

(Continued from page 2)

Miss Louella Jones, a red-hot mama, a super-duper, has recently become disengaged and would appreciate someone to take advantage of the situation.

Any male with a touch of the cavalier in him will leap to this S.O.S. Now that you've got somebody, (investigate to see if he steals cars or kicks little children since that might prove embarrassing), take him to a party where you know you will find your roaming cast-off to arouse a jealous spark in his rubber-like head. As soon as you get to the party, scintillate like crazy. Dash through the door, leap into the air, and land in your old flame's lap just to show that you're not bitter. One sure way to indicate that you're having a frantic time is to hurl all the glasses into the fire (if it's summer, use the bar becue pit), while singing a war chant or two. Quicker than an incensed Seminole, the old boy friend will realize what he has thrown away, and trip over to you, grab you by the hair, and weight you down with the ring. But in case he just grabs your hair and doesn't follow through, you must change your line of action speedily.

This boy obviously is not going to return to you without the assurity that you want him more than life; so prove it. Throw yourself at his feet, extract a pocket knife, (you might prefer a dagger for drama), and slit your wrists. Then pass out in the pool of blood Undoubtedly thus you will prove undying love.

I hope that you will be able to keep your man always (with ball and chain if necessary) and that your magnetic powers will never decrease. At any rate, don't forget our motto: "Where there is a razor blade, there is hope."

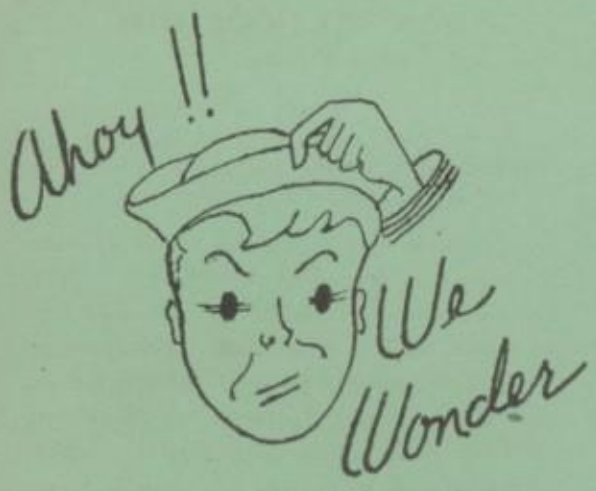
SENIOR STATISTICS

If all the Seniors were placed on top of each other from the shortest to the tallest, they would reach almost seventy feet into the air. Another result discovered from this experiment: it would be rather hard on Marsha Lackey.

If all the Senior's strength were combined, a ball thrown from Holland Hall would almost reach Cascia. (Pause to consider this one.)

If all the Seniors decided to call one another at the same time, twelve telephone operators would hold a strike.

If all the Senior's minds were combined, they still wouldn't reach a conclusion. (Proved innumerable times.)



How the H. H. girls liked the Hockaday girls?
Where Jolene dug up that recipe? (Lux and peroxide?)
Who will be the bridesmaids? (hmm, Crouch?)
Who belongs to that white Roadmaster?
Who gets all those "absentee" sandwiches?
How Miss B. sees with two pairs of glasses at the same time?
How the Seniors did on College Boards?
How the mothers enjoyed treading the halls with their little (?) ones?
If Judy Pat likes to wear Cascia jackets?
If Mrs. Heavey still hears the tug boats on the East River?
How Kay, Penny, and Mariellen are getting along with her M. G.'s former friend?
If anyone will visit Mlle. Andre on the Riviera this summer?
What happened to Stover's claws?
If the Juniors are making wads from their coke machine?
What happened to those Terrace Room luncheons?
Who will sport the first tan?
Why the Opera trip fizzled out?
How many golf trophies Jill will own next year?
If James Bentley was ever convicted? (Inform worried Agatha Christi fans.)
Where the handsome fathers keep themselves?
What Peggy's grandmother thought of her guests?
If MacKay is from the East? (Those socks prove it!)
Who will find the most eggs on Easter Sunday?
Why Wolaver eats chains?
If Gussman's middle name is "Jannut"?
If Penny and Trinka will ever look at a sunlamp again?
If Pat Wright is a fan of the "Boy Scout Manual"?
How many other workmen have aqua Bel-Aire?
What Bobby said when he saw Marsha sheared?
Why Muggy brought a picture of "somebody else" for the contest?
If Jack Davenport heard what was being discussed in French III one day?
Why Nesbitt couldn't spell "oxyacetylene"? (Any fool with a Ph. D. could!)
If Jenny and Ann still want to go to Rockford College after the exams?
Why Faith and Eileen couln't feed cereal to Millison and Winters?
If anyone will be graduated "Summa Cum Laude" this year? (Ha!)
Who will play for the Commencement dance this year? (Susie Schempf and her crazy fourteen?)
Why everyone was posing for the mass picture outside the school? (Looking for movie scouts?)
If Little Meadows and Peggy Seay's dogs really have fleas?
Where the seniors will go during Senior Week?
If viewers should bring portable air-conditioners to Commencement exercises?
How the Eighth grade made St. Patrick feel?
If Mr. Callahan has changed any since his picture was taken?
How many stretchers will be needed at Commencement?

SUPER SENIORS

CROUCH:

Favorite Color	Blue
Favorite Expression	"Shuney"
Favorite Book	"Beyond This Place"
Favorite Subject	Speech
Favorite School	Holland Hall
Favorite Movie	"Magnificent Obsession"
Favorite Actor	Audie Murphy
Favorite Pastime	Going to drag races
Favorite Food	Juicy rare steak
Favorite Brand	Kings
Favorite Car	Ford
Favorite Song	"No Other Love"
Always Seen At	Professional Drug Shop
Always Seen With	Gene

MANESS:

Favorite Color	Ice Blue
Favorite Expression	Really and Truly?
Favorite Book	"Mr. Blue"
Favorite Subject	Publications
Favorite School	Rockford College for Women
Favorite Movie	"The Robe"
Favorite Actor	Darren McGavin
Favorite Pastime	Dashing between Classes
Favorite Food	Ham
Favorite Brand	Kleenex
Favorite Car	Bel-Aire Chevrolet
Favorite Song	"I've Got the World on a String"
Always Seen At	Bus Stop
Always Seen With	John Grant

ALCOTT:

Favorite Color	Aqua
Favorite Expression	"*!*"
Favorite Book	"Rebecca"
Favorite Subject	French
Favorite School	Holland Hall
Favorite Movie	"Titanic"
Favorite Actor	Dick Powell
Favorite Pastime	Wasting Time
Favorite Food	Pork Chops
Favorite Brand	Juicy Fruit
Favorite Car	Buick Super
Favorite Song	"You'll Never Walk Alone"
Always Seen At	T. U. Library
Always Seen With	Reading Cards

PENNY MEADOWS:

Favorite Color	Lilac Champagne
Fovorie Expression	"I'm aware of that"
Favorite Book	"Reach For The Sky"
Favorite Subject	Spanish
Favorite School	Holland Hall
Favorite Movie	"The Caine Mutiny"
Favorite Actor	Robert Francis
Favorite Pastime	Riding
Favorite Food	Turkey
Favorite Brand	Pepsodent
Favorite Car	Buick
Favorite Song	"Melody of Love"
Always Seen In	Three-tone Buick
Always Seen With	My Shadow

How To Annoy Parents And Get Away With It

By Diane Davies (Grade 9)

I have perfected for all ages, a system of annoying parents and getting away with it. For young children it's simple. All they need is an innocent look and a quick mind. A favorite game of the younger set is "Seeing How Far I Can Go." But there's one trouble with this system. Children get so carried away with their success that they don't know when to stop. This game usually ends in disaster; therefore, I brand it a Bad Risk.

A good way for youngsters to catch parents off guard is to be very good for a prolonged time, and then suddenly to let loose. The parents are usually too much surprised to punish immediately.

As we get older, unfortunately, our parents get wiser and are harder to fool. So we must concoct new methods. We all have special ways to get around parent-decrees. Fathers are won to our whims with a few strategic tears, while mothers are susceptible to sweet helpfulness. But if both these methods fail, we can always start an argument. At least we'll go down fighting. Maybe when I grow older, I'll understand my parents, and probably fall prey to similar schemes perpetrated by my own offspring.

EASTER
GREETINGS

FROM

ABERDEEN
PETROLEUM CORP.

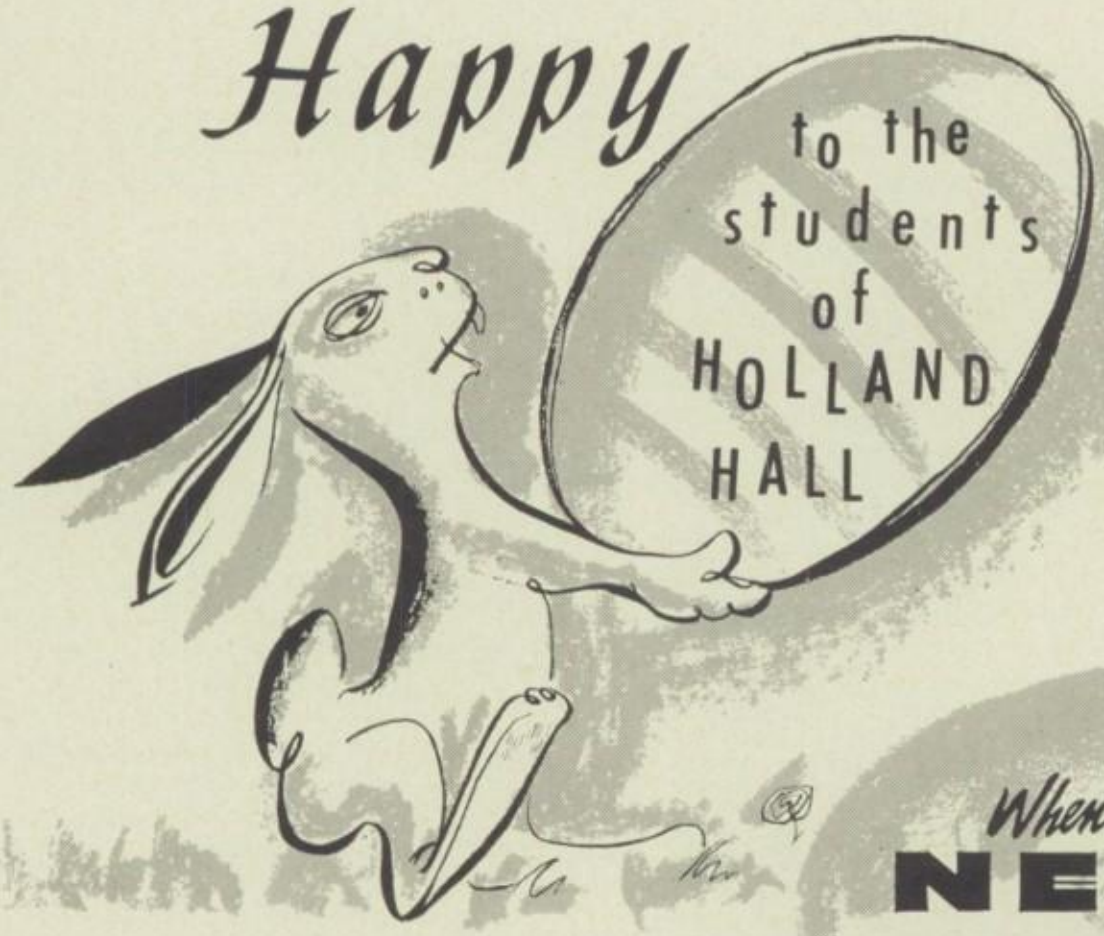
PURE . . .

FASHION . . .

Hazel Cox Casuals
and TEEN SPORT SHOP

1908 Utica Square Tulsa, Oklahoma

Happy Easter



When it's Electrical
NELSON
ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.
526 North Main • TULSA

. . . and so we take

THE EASTER BUNNY
By Jill Berghuis (Grade 9)

Just where does the Easter Bunny go
Throughout the year, I'd like to know?
Does he scamper through the clover,
Or just disappear when Easter's over?

Does he pose for those greeting cards,
That picture him on grassy yards?
Has he great adventures underground,
Like one in "Alice in Wonderland" found?

Does he spend his time with paint and brush,
Working to avoid the Easter rush,
To decorate those beautiful eggs
He's credited with, but never lays?

Can he be a secret employee
Engaged in Washington to see
The Easter Egg Roll, comes at dawn,
Is ready on the White House lawn?

It he that animated star of screen,
"Bugs Bunny," stealer of the scene,
Whose fans, both old and young, do flock
To hear his famous—"What's Up, Doc?"

Sculptures he the chocolate rabbit,
That gets kids in the candy habit
Of eating them, and eggs of creams,
Until they're bursting at the seams?

Does he ride on his last year's merits,
Munching on his lettuce and carrots?
A fare he likes, and doesn't pretend
It's a diet for the slimmer trend.

Or does he maybe—just "stand pat"
To be pulled from some magician's hat?
An act we know is strictly magic,
Although his plight appears so tragic.

Call him a Bunny, Rabbit, or Hare,
When Easter arrives, he'll be right there.
He's very lovable, and for my money,
He's a Funny-Bunny, and also—a Honey.

A MERITED VISIT
By Kathleen Walton (Grade 7)

The old-fashioned bunny
Wears a black hat, you know.
His vest is all white,
Every stitch is just so.
He hops and he jumps,
Doffs his hat all around;
He smiles at the girls
Who don't wear a frown.
Now where are these girls,
So happy and free?
At dear Holland Hall—
Just drop by and see.

PARADE OF FLOWERS
By Julie Russell (Grade 8)

When the rains of spring
Awaken the flowers
Which beautify terraces,
Nooks and bowers;

When flowers pop up
Where once snow stayed,
This is the time
For the Flower Parade.

First come crocuses
Of varied hue,
Then Johnny Jump-ups
A very pale blue.

The sassy little Pansies
With petals bold
Mingle joyfully
With Daffodils gold.

Irises erect
Stand with stately pride;
An array of Tulips
By their side.

Fragrant and delicate
The honeysuckle vine
Shares honors with the Lily
At Easter time.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING
By Karol Seidenbach (Grade 8)

When the leafless trees start budding,
And the drab brown grass turns green,
And the birds start singing, chirping,
Spring presents a lovely scene.

When crocuses peep from their hiding,
And the violets shy return,
The merry yellow jonquils
Their faces skyward turn.

When high the kites are soaring,
And baseball games have begun,
And jacks and marbles reappear,
Then winter is surely done.

When the clouds are soft and fleecy,
And the balmy breezes blow—
More signs of a lovely season,
Spring is what they show.

NOW AND THEN
By Vikki Cole (Grade 8)

Grandmas often tell us
That they did not wear shorts;
They always wore frills,
And never entered sports.

People used to tell them
How sweet they did look,
Just like a picture
In an old story book.

They never went without
Their old-fashioned bonnets.
Poets wrote about them
In beautiful staid sonnets.

They always wore gloves
When going outside,
Whether for a walk
Or going for a ride.

High shoes with buttons
Were the style of the day,
Sitting and knitting
In December or in May.

How times have changed
Since Grandma was a child!
The modern girls to her
Appear very wild.

Grandma would gasp
At the feminine decay,
But I'll bet she'd love being
A girl of today!

A YEARNING
By Linda Mole (Grade 8)

When winter is gone
And spring returns,
For different sports
A young heart years.

Tennis is certain
To enliven our spirit;
Sometimes we hit the ball—
Sometimes just come near it.

Some find real joy
In playing volley ball.
The object's to keep it up;
Never let it fall.

Badminton's a favorite
Where birds are tossed high.
If you bat out of bounds
All heave a deep sigh.

Sports keep us young;
They make us alert.
Those who don't take part
Remain dully inert.

our pen is hard!

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM"

By Peggy Seay (Grade 10)

The angry people loudly raved,
"Let Him be crucified!"
And thus, by those He came to save,
Our Jesus Christ was tried.

They stripped Him and they made Him dress
In robe of scarlet red.
A crown of thorns was woven there
And laid upon His head.

They spat at Him and jeered at Him
And mocked Him without cease.
Then led this blameless Man away
To His eternal peace.

Along His hard and toilsome way
The massive cross He bore.
Wine mixed with myrrh was offered Him.
He tasted; drank no more.

Even the thieves condemned to die
Beside His cross that day
Had scorned, abused this best of men
And sneered along the way.

And yet, while, silent, He endured
Their cruel crucifixion
Absolving them of their great sin
He spoke this benediction:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

BEE-BOP BUNNY

By Mary Moore (Grade 7)

Have you ever seen a modern Easter Bunny,
That's square and slim, upside-down and funny?
This chap is quite a jazzy fellow
Who paints his eggs a cool cat yellow.
He wears a coat that fits his mood;
Man, you kids, he really is a dude.
On Easter morn he's up at dawn
With a beep and a bop and a long loud yawn.
Into his Jaguar he jumps with a whoop,
And zooms down the lane to the old chicken coop.
He pulls up a chair and takes off his hat,
And roasts his eggs on a ro-tis-o-mat.
Now the Bee-Bop Bunny is quite a lad;
He paints his eggs in the latest fad;
Then he snatches them up and zigs down the street.
This modern bunny, I mean, he's neat!

VISION OF SPRING

(With apologies to Lowell)

O what is so gay as a morn in Spring?
Then, if ever, come joyous days;
Then Heaven wakes earth to make it sing
As over it gently warm rain she sprays.
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear birds chirp or see leaves glisten.

HENRY VAN DICK

By Mary Ellen Slemaker (Grade 7)

One day an egg lay on the ground;
It was large and white and oh, so round.
What was inside nobody could see;
Nobody knew what it was going to be.
That night the egg gave a small click, click,
And out popped a fuzzy, yellow chick!
Such was the birth of Henry Van Dick.
He struggled and toiled, did Henry Van,
And grew to be a prosperous man.
Now he's a famous millionaire,
Especially clever and debonair.
Yes, Henry Van Dick is quite the fellow,
With his toll silk hat and coat of yellow.
At Eastertide he leads each fad,
But now and then his heart grows sad,
Because sweet memories bring to his mind
The beautiful fowl he left behind.

EASTER

By Donnie Feagin (Grade 6)

When I was young, I had the habit
Of linking Easter with a rabbit,
And ducks and chickens and jolly things,
And all the gifts that Easter brings.

But now I'm older I truly say;
Easter is a Holy day.
For it was on an Easter morn
My hope of lasting life was born.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE EASTER BUNNY?

By Molly Shearer (Grade 9)

Oh, what becomes of the Easter Bunny?
What does become of the Easter Bunny?
I know he comes when it's bright and sunny,
But what becomes of the Easter Bunny?
I asked my brother and he said to me,
"Don't worry, Sis; say, where's my key?"
So out to the parlor I went for Claire,
But she only sighed, "I love Johnny Fair."
Of Poetry Pat I asked the same,
But, darn her, she said, "From whence it came."
And Daddy, he's a funny bum,
Cause he just said, "Go ask your mom."
So then to Mom, "Where's the bunny at?"
"My darling child, right behind the at."
So I thought and I thought "behind the at?"
It's funny, but, can it be that?
Bunny? Bunny? Why, how funny!
To Bunny Land goes the Easter Bunny.

SPRING IS HERE

By Suzanne Davisson (Grade 6)

Spring is in the air;
Flowers are blooming everywhere;
Birds are singing music fair;
Daffodils are here and there.
I want to dance; I want to sing;
To celebrate the start of Spring!

Junior Book Shelf

By Betsy Cole (Grade 10)

RED CARPET FOR MAMIE

"Red Carpet for Mamie," by Aldin Hatch, is the beguiling story of the pretty vivacious girl who grew up to become the wife of the President of the United States. This book tells of Mamie Eisenhower's early years; her background, her school life, how she met Ike and fell in love with him, her life in the Army, her reaction to Ike's first star, her life at Columbia University and her participation in the campaign of 1952. The book tells a little of Mamie's life at the White House but deals more with her before she became the First Lady.

"Red Carpet for Mamie" takes its title from the red carpet that brightened the front steps of the Doud home in Denver, Colorado, on fair days.

It is a charming book about a grand lady, who is a personal friend of the author.

A COTTAGE FOR BETSY

"A Cottage For Betsy," by Ruth Sawyer, is a romantic fairy tale about a queen and her husband. The story parallels in many respects the real life story of Queen Elizabeth II of England and her husband Philip.

Elizabeth was a sweet young girl who loved to cook and Michael, who was very handsome, loved to work with cars. But Elizabeth was a princess and Michael a prince so they seldom had time to do what they liked.

Shortly after they were married, Elizabeth became Queen and Michael her Prince Consort. Because Elizabeth had so much work to do, she was always very cross and tired at the end of the day, and she had little time for her marriage. She hardly ever spent any time with Michael! It was about two years after Elizabeth became Queen that the Prime Minister decided that Elizabeth and Michael needed a month's vacation in some remote spot. He made all the arrangements and in May they set out for the little seaside village called Wind-off-the-Sea.

Soon Betsy (as Elizabeth was now called) and Michael were settled in a little cottage by the sea. Michael had a job in a garage repairing cars and Betsy worked in her kitchen all day. They made friends with three village children, Colin, Timmy, and Meg and every afternoon there were delightful tea parties at the cottage. It was on one such occasion that Michael and Betsy learned of the long standing feud between the village and Mr. Barnacle, a sea-faring man. Immediately they set out to bring peace to the village. This accomplished, there was only one thing left to mar the happiness of Betsy and Michael and when the children took them to the secret fairy place they wished for their hearts' desire and the wish was granted.

"A Cottage for Betsy" is a delightful fairy tale which anyone of any age can enjoy.

THE HEALER

"The Healer" by Frank G. Slaughter is a wholesome and refreshing story of a doctor dedicated to his profession.

When the young girl known only as Rosie, died on the operating table, Dr. Donald Carter, the surgeon, was tormented by the fear that he was responsible for her death. He was attempting to remove a deep-seated tumor from her brain when a blood vessel broke. Dr. Carter felt that, because of weariness, he must have switched to the cutting current of the electro-surgical scalpel rather than to the coagulating current, which should have stopped the bleeding and saved the girl's life.

Only one person could tell Don whether or not he had killed Rosie, and that was Laura Jordan, his operating-room nurse. When Laura lost her memory in an automobile accident, Don faced the most difficult decision of his career. Should he attempt a brain operation on Laura Jordan, which might bring back her memory, when he felt that he had killed Rosie in another brain operation?

Don must not only meet this problem but many others. Should he leave Bolton Clinic and become head of the Hudson House clinic? Should he marry Laura when he loved Miriam Lambert?

As it is so well expressed on the book jacket of "The Healer" Frank G. Slaughter "has written an intense, fast-paced novel of professional competition in New York, and of a love that knew divided loyalies."

GANDHI, FIGHTER WITHOUT A SWORD

"Gandhi, Fighter Without a Sword," by Jeanette Eaton, is a simply written biography about one of the world's greatest figures, a man who spent his life trying to free India from British rule.

Gandhi did not want comforts and luxuries when so many of his people were living in poverty. He ate very little, and a number of times he went on a starvation diet. In his later years he wore only a loincloth.

"Laughter was to him life's most healing gift, even when it was directed against himself. Once he appeared before the king of England in his famous cotton robe and loincloth, and later told an anxious friend that it was all right because the king wore clothes enough for two."

It was in South Africa that Gandhi began working to help the thousands of underprivileged Indians. All over the world he became known as "Mahatma," which means "Great Soul," because of his kindness and thoughtfulness to everyone. Gandhi tried to abolish the caste system of the Hindus, and he took Untouchables into his home. Gandhi tried to unite the Hindus and Mohammedans, yet, when his attempts failed, he agreed to a separate state for the Mohammedans. Gandhi "died a martyr's death, after having given humanity an unforgetable lesson in brotherhood and peace."

"Gandhi, Fighter Without a Sword" is a worthy story about a great man. In Miss Eaton's book Gandhi lives again as hero, saint, and man.

WHAT EASTER MEANS TO US

By the Third Grade

To some people Easter means a party where they have fun hunting eggs, with baskets filled with gaily colored eggs. To others, Easter means tiny, fluffy baby rabbits, chickens, or ducks for pets. Others think of Easter as a time for wearing new clothes to Sunday School or to church.

But to us, Easter means that Christ arose from the dead, ascended into Heaven and lived again. The blooming flowers, the budding of trees, and the turning green of the grass show us that spring is here and that everything lives again.

TICK, TOCK, TIME SWAGGERS ON!

By Carolyn Bradford (Grade 11)

I am a clock! Not just an ordinary clock, mind you, but a master clock! My abode is on the north wall of the auditorium at Holland Hall School. I have many clocks under my lead, though most of them don't follow very well. Some of them are too fast and some of them are too slow. It seems that none of them are ever together.

I have many fascinating experiences during the school year, and I'd like to tell you about a few of them from the year of 1955.

Not too long ago the girls gave a dance. They draped the walls in crepe paper streamers and all but covered my face. Then someone arranged them so that I could not see out. The dance night came, and I felt that I was the center of attraction. Everyone just sat and looked at me; that is, when not busy talking or eating. As the dance came to an end and the people were leaving, some impudent boy brushed the streamers back down in my face. Oh! I was mad! But the next morning when school started, I was uncovered again.

I seem to remember one couple in particular at the dance. The boy looked as if he were very unaccustomed to wearing a tie, and the girl looked as if her feet were killing her. Both spent the evening twiddling their thumbs. Also, as I recall, this couple didn't dance the whole evening.

Then there was the operetta! Gee! It was a dilly! I wish I could have closed my ears to the noise of the rehearsals. Very few people knew their lines at the rehearsals, and no one seemed particularly interested in learning them. All eyes were on me that night.

The night of the operetta came. The audience looked as if they were prepared for anything. I was surprised when the curtains opened and a very good performance was given. I know that I would have clapped if I had been able to. I'll give credit where credit is due by saying that the entire cast really buckled down and learned their parts.

All during the school year there is a rush at the lunch periods. First come the small children. Their lunches have already been served and they eat what is put before them. It's so funny to listen to them singing an off-key grace, and hear their teachers coaxing them to eat all their food. After the small children, come the rest of the elementary grades. During their lunch period I usually brace myself for the upper school onslaught. It arrives with the racing for drinks and then the mad dash for the tables Sometimes the girls sing "happy birthday" or congratulations to some of their schoolmates, and oh! the racket. There seems to be one group that eats more and stays longer than anyone else. You ought to know what I mean and whom I'm talking about. I'm always glad when the lunch periods are over; it's such a noisy time.

I know I'm not boring you and I do have one more subject to tell you about. This subject includes all the different types of assemblies that we have.

Chapel services very seldom differ so there isn't too much to tell about here. I do wish you could see everything that I can though. If Chapel is long or uninteresting the girls sneak sideways glances at me every other second. Their expressions are something to behold! All the long faces and dreamy gazes into space are hilarious. Sometimes I wonder what some of the girls are thinking about. Maybe it's how to dispose of the speaker!

Then there are the assemblies held on Monday afternoons. A very recent one was the talent show. I think during this show I was completely ignored. Of course, I was very intent on watching the show myself so I don't know how accurate this information is. When there is a speaker with a slow moving topic, it's a different story.

On the whole, my lot is a happy one, for I am usually in the spotlight and the center of attraction. I get more glances than any of the beautiful girls at Holland Hall.

A CAT'S LIFE

By Sarah Butler (Grade 4)

When I wake up in the morning, I sleeply get out of my box and jump upon the window sill. Inside I can see the family eating breakfast in the kitchen. Then the little girl lets me in. The house has the smell of bacon crackling over the fire. It makes me hungry. I speak to the little girl and she gives me a piece of her bacon. The lady gives me some milk to drink. Then I sing to the little girl; she calls it purring.

Sometimes I need to sharpen my claws, so I did into the furniture. If the lady sees me, she scolds me. But while she isn't looking, I do it anyway. I like to rub against the little girl. Then I go into the room that has the softest carpet, and I curl up and go to sleep.

When I awake, I can smell my lunch being cooked. I hear the lady call me, so I run into the kitchen. After a long nap, the moon comes up, so I decide to come down. It is now time for me to do my nightly hunting. Suddenly I hear a rustle in some leaves so I creep up on it on my cushion paws. As soon as I start to jump on it, the leaves move, and out scampers a field mouse. I almost catch him, but just as I am about to pounce on him, he runs into a hole.

Behind me I see something move. When I turn around it turns around, so I start chasing it. Soon I find out that it is my own tail! There is nothing else to play with, so I curl up and go back to sleep.

I AM A STREET

By Vannesa Allen (Grade 4)

I have many bumps, stop signs, and stop lights.
I feel the wheels of cars, and the feet of grownups and of children.
I think that some day I will be a busy street instead of a little underpass,
For I hear, more and more, the busy traffic rushing from place to place.

WHY?

By Marcia Smith (Grade 7)

'Twas a balmy Easter day,
Every child was hard at play,
Hurriedly dashing here and there,
Finding eggs more than her share.
There were spotted eggs, dotted eggs, striped ones too,
Chartreuse eggs, sequin eggs, and indigo blue,
But a sad little egg lay sobbing on the ground,
For this little egg nobody had found.
Why he was forsaken, he couldn't understand.
His shape was surely perfect and his colors stood out grand.
What a miserable day this little egg had spent!
Embarrassment o'erwhelmed him, till his little heart was rent.

Verse

THANKS, SPRING

By Hope Harder (Grade 6)

Oh, Spring! Fair Spring!
What magic you bring!

Your lovely voice speaks
Through the little birds' beaks.

Your beauty abounds
On the flowered grounds.

There is no time of year
That brings God so near.

Thanks, thanks to you, Spring
For——just everything!

SPRING IS HERE

By Karen Hamilton (Grade 4)

Spring is here, the grass is green;
Fish are bubbling in a stream;
Frogs come from their beds of mud,
Tiny leaves are all in bud.
Birds are singing in the trees,
Singing in the gentle breeze.
Spring is when the tulips come,
And the bees begin to hum;
Stars shine brightly in the sky;
Mother sings a lullabye.
Round the maypole, round we go,
Turning this way, to and fro.
Spring is here; let's give a cheer!

DUST

By Marian Cole (Grade 7)

Cleaning house is quite an affair,
The dust is blowing everywhere.
But March is ruthless, so we must
Rid our houses of grime and dust.
Fuzzy spiders rudely waken,
As from their "hidey-holes" they're shaken;
Feather dusters clear the way,
And vacuum cleaners join the fray.
Water, bucket, sponge, and mop—
When will all the racket stop?

Don't worry now, nor slacken pace,
And from your brow that frown erase,
For soon the mop and vacuum too
Will be put aside, their work all through.
When the house is spic and span,
Recreation you can plan.

SPRING

By Nanci Thomas (Grade 11)

The birds are singing in the trees;
There's warmth and gaiety in the breeze;
The blades of grass are sharp and green;
The fish are bubbling in the streams;
The meadows and fields are sunshine bright;
The flowers take on a heavenly light;
The sky is painted cerulean blue,
Now Nature's best comes into view.

FLUFF

By Jo Anne Gillespie (Grade 3)

My little rabbit's name is Fluff;
I could use her as a puff.
My rabbit is so very cute
In her snowy Sunday suit.
My rabbit is an Easter bunny,
And I like her 'cause she's funny.

THE EASTER EGG HUNT

By Barbara Jo Davis (Grade 10)

When I was not so very old
There was much excitement, I am told,
When early every Easter dawn
A bunny came to visit our lawn.

He seemed to have a way of hiding
Many gaily colored eggs for finding,
I always tried to peek and see
If I could tell just where they'd be.

He must have been an awful sneak
For I would watch week after week
But he always got here just the same
And turned my doubts into a game.

I never shall forget the fun
When out I went to jump and run.
I shrieked and screamed with great delight;
The Easter Bunny had come at night.

I LOVE SPRING

By Robin Flint (Grade 4)

Spring is coming; spring is fun.
It makes you want to skip and run.
Underneath the big warm sun
Spring's glad work is just begun.

Cool fresh air in your face
Makes you want to run and race.
Spring's the time for pretty lace
I'll pick some flowers for Mother's vase.

EASTER TIME

By Pam Duke (Grade 3)

Easter time is drawing near—
The time when bunny rabbits appear,
To bring gay colored eggs so dear
To every child both far and near.

SPRING

By Steve Janco (Grade 6)

Spring's a happy time I know,
Not like winter when there's snow.
Birds and bees are flying round;
Crickets in the grass abound.

Flowers a-sprouting up so high;
Trees a-climbing to the sky;
Grass a-growing lovely green.
Isn't Spring a pretty scene?

MISS SPRING

By Ruthie Broach (Grade 9)

After a winter of gray skies and snow,
Of icy streets and raw winds that blow,
There's nothing so welcome in my point of view,
As the first brave daffodil, yellow in hue.

MISS MARCH, with her budding flowers and trees,
Her lavender sunsets and sweet scented breeze,
And Spring, with her voice of a singing bird,
Express joy to all without saying a word.

MISS APRIL'S a sign of new life and fresh starts,
So happily bringing true joy to our hearts.
She smiles on egg hunts and on wee bunnies too,
And encourages skies to be sunny and blue.

As she sends gentle rain to the cold earth below,
MISS MAY helps the flowers bright faces to show;
Then, after her showers, a rainbow she sends,
Green, pink and yellow, with purple-blue blends.

After decking the fields to suit her fine taste,
She hurries away in seeming great haste,
For she knows MR. SUMMER is coming soon.
So "Goodbye, MISS SPRING"——"Hello, June."

MY DOG

By Pat McIlnerney (Grade 6)

He tears up my stockings; he chews up my toys;
He bays at the moon with an unearthly noise.
He jumps on the sofa, he begs at the table,
But to scold my dog Amos, I just am not able.

HOLLAND HALL RECEIVES VALUABLE GIFT

Mr. Charles W. Oliphant presented as a gift to Holland Hall this year a series of filmstrips concerning American History. They are filmed by the Yale Press Film Service, Yale University. These films are especially welcome since the school recently purchased a movie projector which shows films in the daylight of classrooms. This will be a great help to show the new films.

ASSEMBLIES

On Monday afternoon, March 7, the students at Holland Hall decided to take over their own assembly. A talent show was given with representatives from each class. The seniors joined their mighty talents to give a cute skit by the name of Daffydill School. The juniors were represented by Ann Winters, who played Rachmanoff's Prelude in C# Minor on the piano, and by Eileen Simpson, Faith Blocksom, Ann Millison and Ann Winters, who presented a skit, entitled "Breakfast at Bishop's." Peggy Seay and Nancy Meadows represented the sophomore class with a brief announcement, "My Dog Has Fleas," accompanied by the ukulele. Louise Gish played the Bumble-Boogie on the piano and Judy Pat Johnson took us on a trip through the African jungle allowing to show the audience our talents along with the freshman class. The eighth grade presented a clever skit entitled "Fire House Five."

After the program the audience applauded each class to determine the winner. The junior class was chosen and their prize was a chocolate eclair apiece the next day at lunch.

On Monday, February 28, Mr. Ben Henneke, Vice-President of the University of Tulsa, presented a brilliant talk connected with his new book, "Reading Aloud." He gave many readings out of the book and impressed upon us the importance of having a large vocabulary that we not only know, but actually use.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Following the football season, the lower school boys took up a variety of winter sports. Facilities were somewhat limited for a full-scale program and the weather was not dependable. However, the boys did get some instruction in boxing, wrestling, gymnastics, and basketball.

Now that spring weather is setting in, the boys plan a busy program of outdoor sports. Track and field will take the limelight until the middle of April. The boys will have a decathlon (ten event competition) and they also hope to have a combined track and field meet with several other schools.

Following the track season, the boys will begin vigorous basketball training. Something different is being added this year. Edward Hitchcock, sixth grade teacher, has initiated the idea of entering a Holland Hall basketball team in one of the "Y" leagues. The league would include teams from several other elementary schools. The season would last into the middle of the summer and thus provide vacation activity for some of our older boys. Those boys who do not wish to take part in the league team will have a month-long basketball season and then will take up tennis to end the year's activities.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH

By Penny Beach (Grade 6)

Spring is here
(As if you didn't know it.)
The grass will grow green,
And you will have to mow it.

HOLLAND HALL VISITS HOCKADAY

Thursday, March 17, members of the Student Council and the Athletic Council left for Dallas, Texas, to attend an inter-school day at Hockaday School. The eleven representatives of Holland Hall were Lucy Diggs, Trinka Bush, Della Jane Dunkin, Gwynne Fuller, Nancy Meadows, Peggy Say, Faith Blocksom, Eileen Simpson, Ann Winters, Jolene Haynes, and Joann Fenton. They were accompanied by Mrs. Eliza Bennett Heavey and Miss Margaret Moulton. The group enjoyed their stay at the Lakewood Hotel Thursday and Friday nights.

Friday morning several students from Hockaday supplied transportation to their school which is housed in two large three story buildings surrounded by fenced-in grounds which contain a swimming pool and a beautiful athletic field.

They were greeted at the school by the Hockaday presidents of the Athletic and Student Councils and the headmaster, Mr. Hobart F. Mossman. Following the general assembly, the student council group from the eight represented schools divided into four discussion groups and compared notes on student government, elections, point systems, and honor systems. During the morning the athletic council enjoyed indoor games since the weather was inclement.

After lunch at the school, the student councils toured the classrooms and dormitories while the athletes rode special buses to St. Mark's School to use the gym there for volley ball and basketball.

The inter-school day closed with another general assembly held to compare notes on the day's activities. This day, the first of its kind in the Southwest, has, as its purpose, the promotion of better relations between Southwestern private schools and the exchanging of ideas on student government.

Friday evening the Holland Hall students had a delicious dinner at the Town and Country Restaurant, followed by the thrilling experience of seeing "Cinerama."

Mrs. O. S. Boggess of Dallas, Peggy Seay's grandmother, entertained the group Saturday morning with a delectable breakfast at her home. After a full day of shopping at Neiman-Marcus, the group began their trip homeward. They arrived in Tulsa late Saturday evening.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

On Tuesday afternoon, March 1, the senior class of Holland Hall played the faculty in volley ball. The faculty team consisted of Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Graham, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Moulton, Mrs. Kaboth, and Mrs. White. The faculty was victorious. The juniors then challenged the faculty to a return match and, much to everyone's surprise, the juniors won.

PIANO RECITAL DRAWS PRAISE

On Friday evening, March 25, the piano students of Mrs. David Williams were presented in a recital. Talented Susan Schempf, the only upper school student appearing, shared honors with 21 younger pupils. Following the program, the musicians served refreshments to their parents and guests.

CHAPEL

On Wednesday morning, March 16, the Reverend Robert Sonen from the All Souls Unitarian Church gave us a very inspiring chapel service. His topic was "Friendship," and he told us of the importance of being the most friendly to those who have no friends.

Alumnae

Ronda Russell, '50, Editor

THEN AND NOW:

Easter vacation is here once again and many Holland Hall Alums will be heading towards home. Some who are planning to be home are: Louise Curran, '51; Linda Donovan, '54; Dale Fleming, '53; Pat Flint, '53; Sue Franklin, '54; and Jeanne and Jackie Warren, '51 and '53.

Sally Teale Green, '50, had a lovely party for Ann Arnold Hood, (Mrs. David Hood), '50. Holland Hall Alums who were there were: Ann Stewart, '50, and Jane McKinney, '51.

Missy Teale, '54, is now going to the University of Wyoming.

Congratulations go to Joan Kennedy, '43, who has recently been re-elected president of the Junior League of Tulsa.

Initiation time is again. Some Holland Hall Alums who have been initiated into their sororities are: Norma Wolff, '54, Kappa Kappa Gamma, at Colorado College; Martha Canterbury, '52; Marie Dickason, '52, and Cadijah Helmerich, '52, Kappa Kappa Gammas at Tulsa University; and Jacque Elaine Lair, '54, Kappa Alpha Theta at Colorado College. Congratulations to you all.

Jo Hackett, '53, has gotten many honors at Smith College this year. She is a reporter for the Smith college newspaper, copywriter for the yearbook, and just recently has been elected chairman of the Sophomore Carnival. Congratulations, Jo.

Congratulations go to two other Holland Hall Alums: Cadijah Helmerich, '52, was crowned Basketball Queen at the University of Tulsa, and Jacque Elaine Lair, '54, was chosen Watermelon Queen at Colorado College.

Suzanne Voth, '51, recently participated in the production of a program for Tau Zeta Epsilon, an extra-curricular organization open to juniors and seniors interested in art and music, at Wellesley College.

WEDDINGS:

On February 19, 1955, in the Rose Chapel of the Boston Avenue Methodist Church, Joanetta Wetzel, '50, was married to Mr. Lee Vincent Sneed, Jr., of Oklahoma City. Joan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newton Wetzel, Bixby, Oklahoma. Pat Delaney Snider (Mrs. Williams S. Snider), '50, New York City, was matron of honor. Following their wedding trip they will make their home in Oklahoma City.

On December 19, 1955, in the Trinity Episcopal Church, Priscilla Jane Carter, ex-'51, was married to Mr. Doyle White Cotton, Jr. Priscilla is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Carter. Miss Jane McKinney, '51, and Miss Marie Dickason, '52, were bridesmaids. Following their wedding trip to Jamaico and Nassau, they will make their home in Tulsa.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Brice announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion, to Mr. Thomas Holmes Griffey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon John Griffey, Tulsa. Miss Ann Henry was a bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Bumsted, Kansas City, Missouri, formerly of Tulsa, announce the marriage of their daughter, Emily Lucy Pattee, '52, to Mr. Joseph J. Neunner, Kansas City, Missouri. Miss Suzanne Lindsay, '52, was a bridesmaid.

Mrs Jane Gaskill Mize was married to Mr. Rex Crockett, on January 29, 1955.

ENGAGEMENTS:

Dr. and Mrs. Harry B. Stewart announce the engagement of their daughter, Ann, '50, to Lt. Samuel Lee McClaren, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. McClaren, Wichita, Kansas The wedding will be an event of April 16, at eight o'clock in the evening in the Rose Chapel of the Boston Avenue Methodist Chuch.

BIRTHS:

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Deck, Jr., (Janet Felt, ex-'48) a daughter, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Armstrong Davis, (Joey Canterbury, '50) a son, Stephen Canterbury Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Edward McNeil, Jr. (Janey Porter, '46) a son, Neal Edward McNeill, III.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Manning (Pat Sloan, ex-'43) a daughter, Patricia.

NEW ADDRESSES

Katty White Beyhan, (Mrs. J. M. Beyhan) '49, 323 Lexington Avenue, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Sally White Jordan (Mrs. J. W. Jordan) '48, 1814 North Lee Street, Odessa, Texas.

Janet Felt Deck (Mrs. G. W. Deck, Jr.) ex-'48, 2534 South Birmingham Place, Tulsa.

Ann Arnold Hood (Mrs. David Hood), '50, 1721 East 30th Place, Tulsa.

Joan Wetzel Sneed (Mrs. Lee Vincent Sneed, Jr.) '50,. 1409 Redding, Oklahoma City.

Priscilla Carter Cotton (Mrs. Doyle White Cotton, Jr.) ex-'51, 3868 South Atlanta Place, Tulsa.

Joey Canterbury Davis (Mrs. Wayne Armstrong Davis), '50, 6321 Ascot Drive, Piedmont Pines, Oakland, California.

OLD EDITORS NEVER DIE; THEY JUST FADE AWAY

Compiled by Nancy Meadows (Grade 10)

The following article is dedicated to the many editors who have slaved to meet deadlines, proofread, written the stories and poems, and "what have you" that have made up the yearbooks and magazines which have amply represented Holland Hall. There is an old adage that sums this up. At this point we must add that this adage has been changed to suit our needs. "Old editors never die; they just fade away."

WINIFRED NICKLOS BAKER

As this magazine goes to press, we have received letters from eleven past editors. The first of these came from Winifred Nicklos, now Mrs. Baker who was graduated with the class of 1928. Winifred had the distinction of being the editor of the 1928 "Windmill" which was the forerunner of the present Holland Hall yearbook, "Eight Acres."

On leaving Holland Hall she attended Mt. Holyoke College and the University of Kansas City where she received a A.B. degree. Her husband is Dr. Robert Baker, a prominent dentist in Tulsa. They have three children: Bob, who is twenty-two and in the army; Anne, who is eighteen and a freshman at Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts; and Joan who is seventeen and a senior at Central High School. Mrs. Baker, long active in civic affairs, belongs to the Junior League, the Children's Day Nursery, and Trinity Episcopal Church.

MARGOT LOCKWOOD MAKAR

Margot Lockwood, 1941 "Eight Acres" Editor, is now Mrs John Makar of Tulsa. She writes us that after her graduation from Holland Hall she spent four happy years at Vassar where she received an A.B. degree. Between college and marriage she worked as a systems service representative for International Business Machines Corporation in New York City; in Wichita, Kansas, and in Honolulu, Hawaii.

She is now employed at Unit Rig and Equipment Company in the tabulating department.

JOAN KENNEDY

After being graduated from Holland Hall in 1943, Miss Joan Kennedy spent her college days at Smith, majoring in art history. She was graduated from there with a A.B. degree.

Prominent in Junior League activities, she has served in the following capacities: Community Arts Chairman, 1950-51; Education Chairman, 1951-52; Vice-President, 1952-54; President, 1954-55.

The former editor of MISS HOLLAND HALL is an enthusiastic worker for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. In 1952-55 she was a member of the Executive Board, Tulsa County; Chairman of Women's Activities, 1953-54; Chairman of Volunteers for the Tulsa County; and was a worker in the Polio Vaccine Field Trials, 1954. She has served on the Board of Trustees at Holland Hall since 1953.

CELIA NESBITT HASBROOK

Celia Nesbitt, now Mrs. Fred B. Hasbrook, 1948 editor of both publications, was graduated from Holland Hall in 1948 and then entered Mills College in Oakland, California, where she spent two years. Her junior and senior years of college were spent at the University of Tulsa from which she received an A.B. degree in 1952.

On December 20, 1952, she was married to Fred B. Hasbrook from Hinsdale, Illinois, having met him while he was a student at Stanford and she, a student at Mills.

The Hasbrooks lived in San Francisco until August of last year when the Columbia-Geneva Division of the United States Steel Corporation transferred Mr. Hasbrook to Denver, Colorado.

Celia writes that she regrets that she could not give us a more exciting account, such as sending an editorial written atop of Mount Everest or some equally singular story, but she assumes that we just "wanted the facts, ma'm," so here they are.

MARTHA HOKE HARRIS

The career of Martha Hoke, 1949 editor of "Eight Acres," now Mrs. Thaddeus William Harris, has been full of interesting accomplishments.

After graduation Mrs. Harris attended Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. In the fall of 1951 she transferred from Carleton to Mary Washington College at Fredricksburg, Virginia, where in 1953 she was given a Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in sociology.

After college she immediately moved to Washington, D. C., where she lived for a year at Friendship House, a settlement in the Southeast part of the city. While living here, she worked for the F.B.I.

One June 12, 1954, Miss Hoke was married to Mr. Harris. They moved to their new home in Libby, Montana, where her husband is a priest in the Episcopol church and is in charge of three small missions in the Libby area.

Mrs. Harris is at present working as a dental assistant in Libby. She is the treasurer of the Libby Chapter of Montana Institute of Art, a cultural organization which has gained statewide popularity.

JULIE PARK

Since leaving Holland Hall, Julie Park has received her A.B. degree from Trinity College, Washington, D. C., in the class of 1953, majoring in political science. At Trinity she was on the yearbook literary staff and acted as photographic editor. Her literary efforts since being the 1949 editor of "Eight Acres" is now limited to being class scribe, and to writing a yearly news article for the Alumnae Journal.

In June, 1956, she expects to be graduated with a master's degree from Yale University School of Nursing. After graduation she is considering work in pediatric nursing, possibly in St. Louis.

As this articles goes to press, she is packing to leave New Haven for three months' psychiatric affiliation at Butler Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island. She says that she is looking forward to the days off when she will take excursions to the Cape and to Martha's Vineyard.

JEANNIE WARREN

Miss Jeannie Crosbie Warren, 1951 Editor of "Eight Acres," spent her first year in college at Christian College, Columbia, Missouri. Her outstanding activity there was riding; she showed for the college in many events. The next year, she entered Oklahoma University where she pledged Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. She is majoring in art with emphasis on the educational and painting phase. She has had several things shown in the O.U. student art exhibitions

She has been on the Dean's list at both Christian College and Oklahoma University, where she has held the offices of program chairman and public relations chairman for her sorority. For the Young Republicans' Club she has served as vice-president and as secretary besides being elected Honorary Lt. Cadet Colonel for the Army R.O.T.C.

Miss Warren has participated in Sooner Scandals, the University's talent show, and is a Sooner (yearbook) beauty queen. She adds that she studied art at Colorado University at Boulder last summer, and intends to be in Tulsa next year where she will probably engage in interior decoration.

Alumnae

JO HACKETT

Jo Hackett, who had the distinction of being editor of MISS HOLLAND HALL in both her junior and senior years, 1952 and 1953, is now a sophomore at Smith College.

She is taking a creative writing course under a professional writer of mystery stories, whose pen name is Roger Scarlett, the co-author of the Beacon Hill mysteries and Catspaw. Next year she intends to major in English.

Attending lectures is one of her most interesting and valuable pursuits since some of the notables featured are Chester Bowles, Ogden Nash, Claude Raines, William Maxwell, and Justice Frankfurter.

As for honors, Jo modestly tells us that the nicest honor she has received this year has been our asking her to write material for this article. But we have news that Jo was elected to be one of the top student government officers, (secretary of the Honor Board) by 2,200 undergraduates.

JANET VOTH

Because Janet Voth 1953 editor of "Eight Acres," is so modest concerning herself, we were able to gather only these few facts.

She was at Wellesley last year but this year transferred to Randolph-Macon, where she is now a sophomore.

She pledged Pi Phi and was on the House crew at Wellesley. At Randolph-Macon she participated in the Sophomore play. Before she left for college Janet was on the college board for Vandever's.

BEVERLY MANLEY

Beverly Manley, last year's editor of "Eight Acres," is attending Oklahoma University. She explains that she is debating with herself between a career in medicine and in journalism.

She is enrolled in the school of arts and sciences where both medical technology and journalism are taught.

She is pledged Delta Gamma and next year will move to that sorority house.

In the fall all sorority and fraternity houses enter a house decorations contest, following a specified theme. This year the theme was story book characters or children's stories. Delta Gamma won first in the sorority division and were especially proud of Beverly since she headed their committee.

She is on the Union Activities Board and is a member of the Double-O Club which helps disabled students on the campus.

SHEILA REILLY

Sheila Reilly, last year's MISS HOLLAND HALL editor, writes us that as a freshman at Rosemont College, Pennsylvania, she leads a lowly existence, at least in the eyes of the upperclassmen. She is taking the usual required courses this year since she has not yet decided what her major subject will be.

She was elected Fire Warden of her dormitory during the first month of school. She tells us that she didn't last long in that position, however, since she slept through the first fire drill. Next she was chosen to be one of the freshman hostesses in the dining room. She adds, "I just can't understand why all my friends say that they have lost weight this year!"

She has continued her work in publications, working as a staff writer on the Rosemont newspaper, "The Rambler." Like most cub reporters, she fills the position of proof-reader, headline-composer, typist, and rewrite-girl. These jobs, she writes, are interesting and good experience. They remind her nostalgically of her days at Holland Hall.

WHICH?

(Continued from page 8)

"May I help you?" was his greeting.

"Yes, at least I think so. Could you help me make up a will? You are the person I should see, aren't you?" she timidly asked.

"Why, yes, I think I can assist you."

She explained that she wished to leave everything to her children. It did not take long to draw up the document and in no time she was on her way back to her shabby home.

She left the office with a heavy heart, wondering what effect the wealth would have on the lives of her loved ones. When she reached home, she realized that the pain in her side was worse——much worse.

* * *

It was early September and life for Ella Richardson continued much in the usual pattern. She was content—almost smug—with the security she enjoyed. One morning the phone rang as she was dusting the already meticulous living room.

A strange voice greeted her on the other end of the wire. "Mrs. Richardson, this is Chester Robins of the State Bank. I have already contacted your brother. I have some important matters to discuss with you both. Would this afternoon be convenient for you?"

"Why, yes. I believe so."

"Then this afternoon at two o'clock. By the way, please don't mention this to anyone."

As she replaced the receiver, she couldn't help wondering what the bank could want to see her about. Maybe her account was overdrawn. But why should they want to see Gabe, too?

The paneled office was beautiful, she thought, and air-conditioned, too. She wondered how long one would have to work to earn an office such as this. Finally Gabe walked in, looking more haggard and careworn than usual.

Mr. Robins began: "I don't know exactly how to approach this. Your mother died a few weeks ago of heart trouble."

Ella gasped. It couldn't be! Mother had always been very healthy; but then, Ella hadn't seen her in a long time.

Mr. Robins continued. "We have had a hard time locating you two. Usually the bank doesn't do this sort of work, tracing down relatives, unless there is some unusual circumstance. In your case, your mother has left you a great deal of money. Oil was found on her property."

Involuntarily, Ella shuddered. What else did this total stranger know about her life? As if he could read her mind, he answered her, "I know all about you, that you crossed the color line and lived your life in this town as whites with no one the wiser. Now the problem which confronts you is, Which will you take; the money, or the life you have been enjoying?" I will give you several days to decide. No one will know what has been said today except the three of us. Good day."

As she drove home, her mind was in complete confusion. Gabe had gone his way in stoic silence. Her thought flashed to Elm Street and to Harry, to the security she was sure of. Then the scene changed to the one of the life she could have, one of ease and luxury. One thought raced through her mind continually, "What ought I to do?"

If faced with a similar problem, what would you do?

CADILLAC OLDSMOBILE

Fine Motor Cars

GREENLEASE-LEDTERMAN, INC.

Boston at Eleventh Tulsa, Oklahoma

Seidenbach's

. . . . . has a glamorous selection of Easter togs to delight Holland Hallers

EASTER

GREETINGS

FROM

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

OF TULSA

COMPLIMENTS

OF

SUE AND DALE MOODY

HAPPY EASTER

TO HOLLAND HALLERS

FROM

MARY GLASS

RIDING SCHOOL

"NERVE CENTERS"

OF INDUSTRY

Electric power moves the wheels of industry.

But electric power must be measured, controlled and distributed by means of "*nerve centers*" such as instrument panels, control panels and switchgear.

The photograph shows part of the switchboard assembly bay at the Nelson factory. Here you see "*nerve centers*" of industry—Nelson control panels and switchgear—in process of manufacture and nearing completion.

Write for a copy of our new Pictorial Index.

MANUFACTURERS OF: Instrument and Control Panels, Benchboards and Consoles • "Centrol" Motor Control Centers • Switchgear and Unit Substations • Motor Starters, Circuit Breakers, Lighting Panels and Junction Boxes in water-tight, dust-tight and explosion-proof enclosures • "Nelex" Mineral Insulated Heater Units

NELSON *Electric* MANUFACTURING CO.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

217 N. DETROIT AVE. TELEPHONE 2-5131

THE

ETHEL TABLER SHOP

SAYS

IT'S COTTON PICKIN' TIME

For the Easter Parade, for work or for vacation pick your gay cottons in Suntan backs, swooped necklines, or Bolero styles. You'll find them all at—

1411 East 15th St. Phone 54-5979

▼

Free Gift Wrapping, Free Parking
and Free Alterations

Bright Students

Know it pays to SAVE Regularly

AT THE

BRIGHTside of Banking in TULSA

Brookside STATE BANK

33RD AND PEORIA • MEMBER F. D. I. C.

DAN P. HOLMES AND ASSOCIATES

Formerly Halliburton Agency

INSURANCE AND BONDS

▼

National Bank of Tulsa Building

Telephone 2-7184 Box 2356 Tulsa 1, Oklahoma

EASTER GREETINGS FROM

THE

STANDARD INSURANCE COMPANY

TULSA, OKLA.

— Home Office —
823 South Detroit Phone 2-2251
Tulsa, Oklahoma

"Bring Your Insurance Up To Standard"

Ben Voth, President

C. L. Wright, Vice-Pres. Lewis Lacy, Sec'y

COMPLIMENTS

OF

AN ADMIRING READER

BARNES-MANLEY LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING

▼

Phone 3-8136

538 South Victor Tulsa, Oklahoma

We give S&H Green Stamps

MICHAELIS CAFETERIA

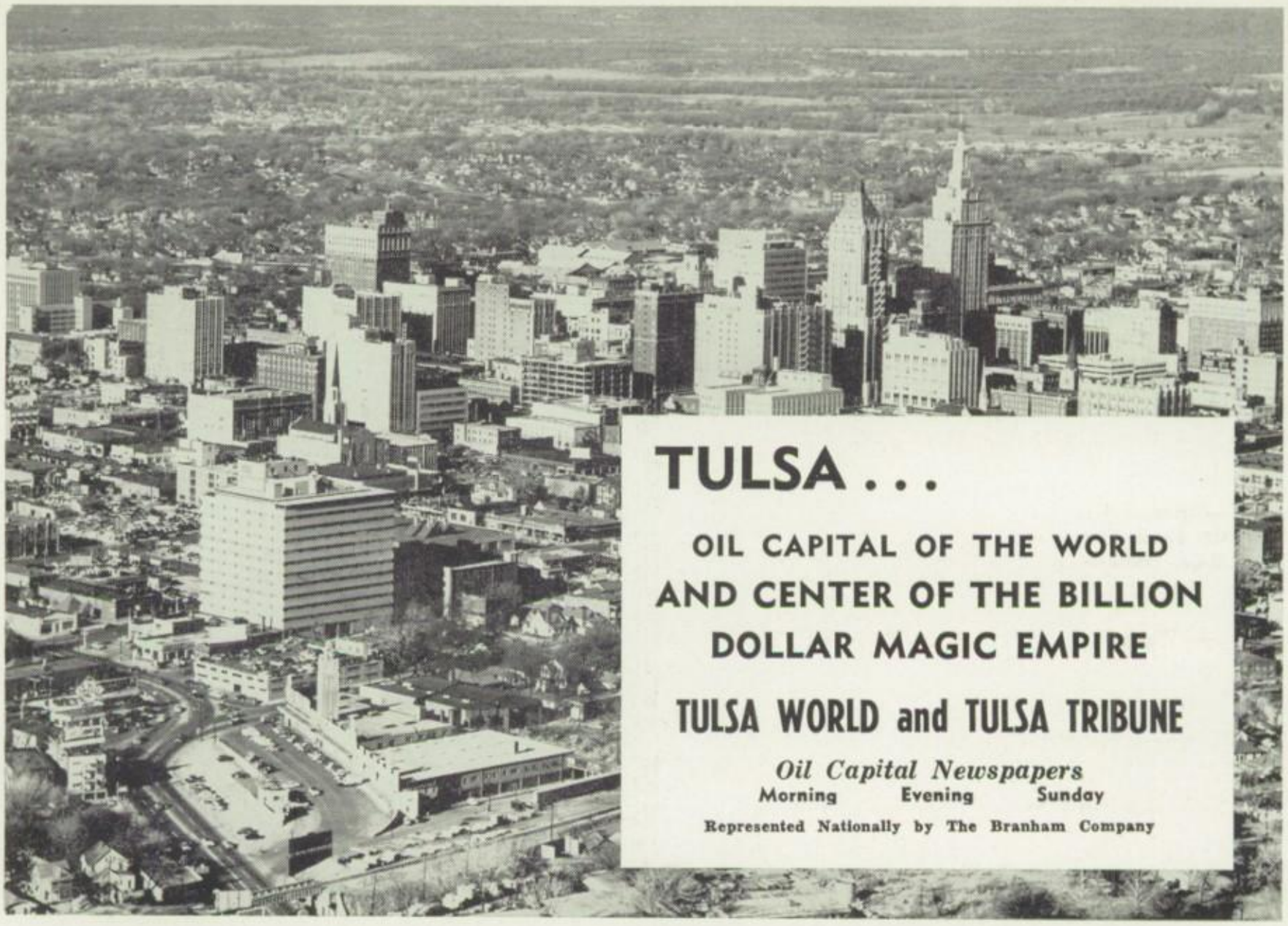
PARTICULAR FOOD FOR

PARTICULAR PEOPLE

▼

507 South Boulder Avenue

Tulsa, Oklahoma


TULSA . . .
OIL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD
AND CENTER OF THE BILLION
DOLLAR MAGIC EMPIRE
TULSA WORLD and TULSA TRIBUNE
Oil Capital Newspapers
Morning Evening Sunday
Represented Nationally by The Branham Company

HOWARD C. GRUBB

BUILDER

▼

Phone 3-2278

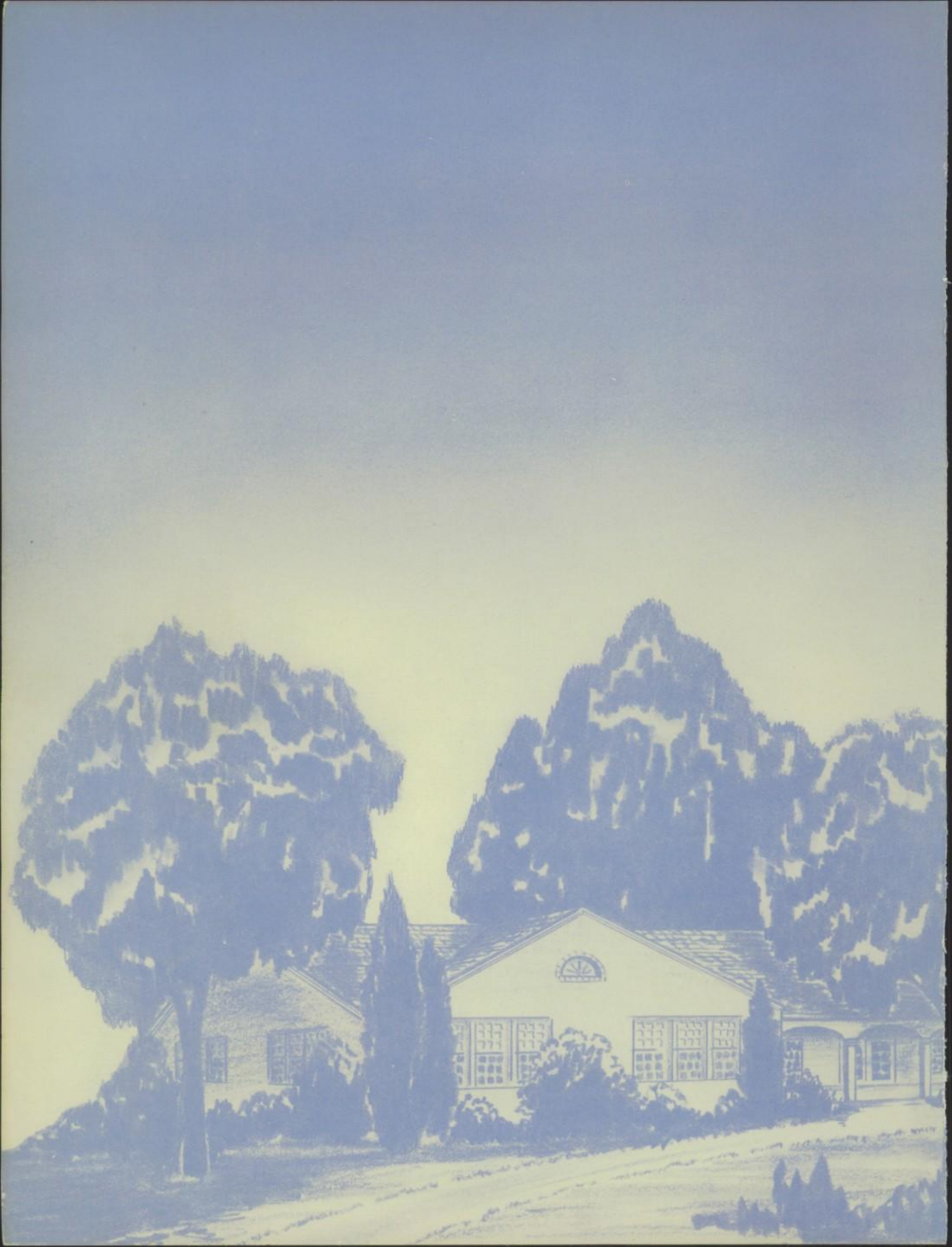
617 Daniel Building Tulsa, Oklahoma

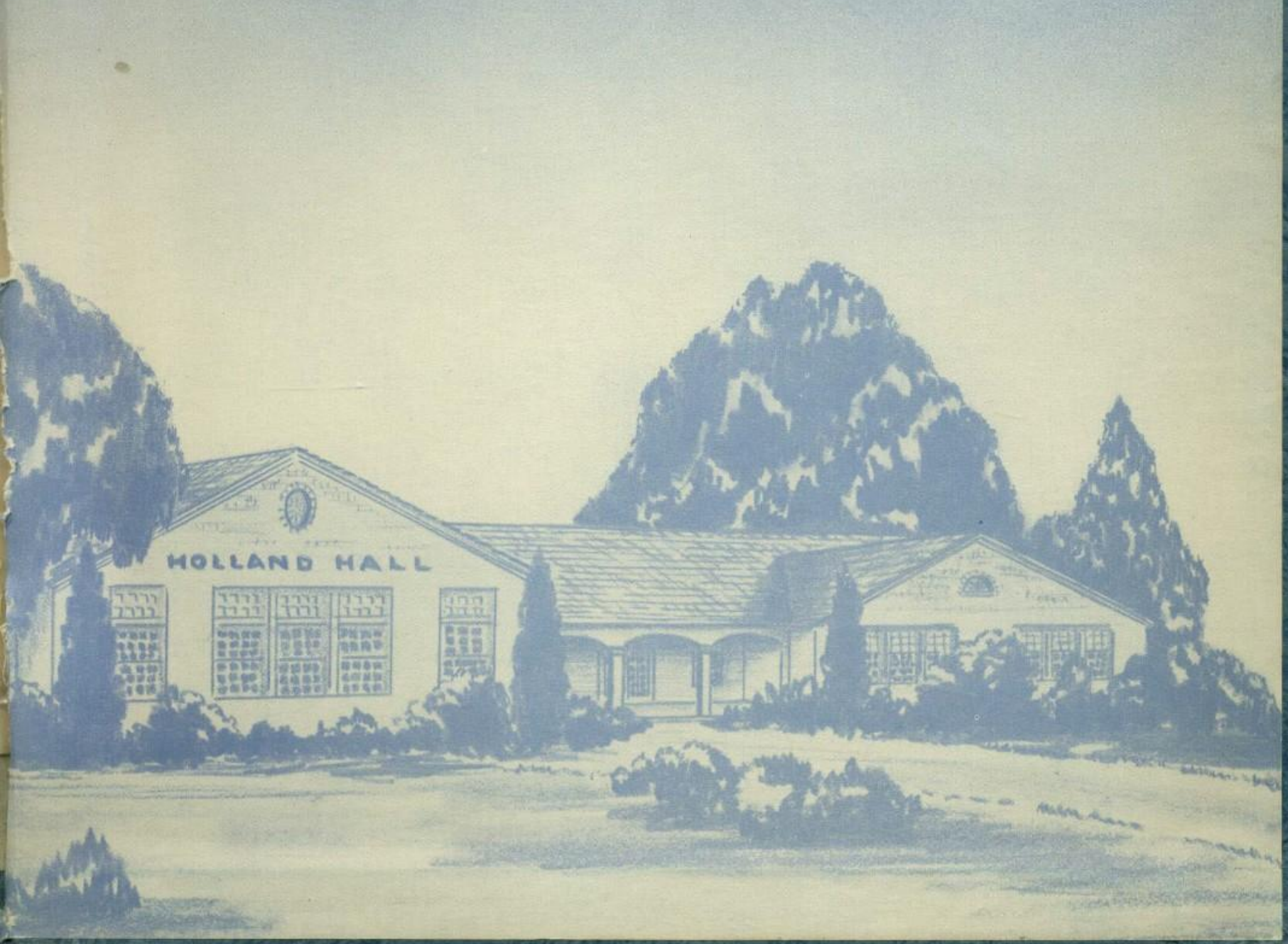
Pick ICE CUBES out of a Basket!

With a new GAS refrigerator you never have to wait for ice cubes. They are always waiting for you! You have no trays to fill. Ice cubes are made automatically, as you need them. Pick a few out of the basket and your GAS refrigerator replaces them quickly.

The automatic ice cube maker is only one of the many big features of the 1955 GAS refrigerator. You get a separate food freezer, adjustable shelves, silent operation and a TEN YEAR WARRANTY, twice as long as any other refrigerator. See the new GAS refrigerator today.

OKLAHOMA NATURAL
Gas Company




HOLLAND HALL

MODERN BINDERY
TULSA, OKLA.